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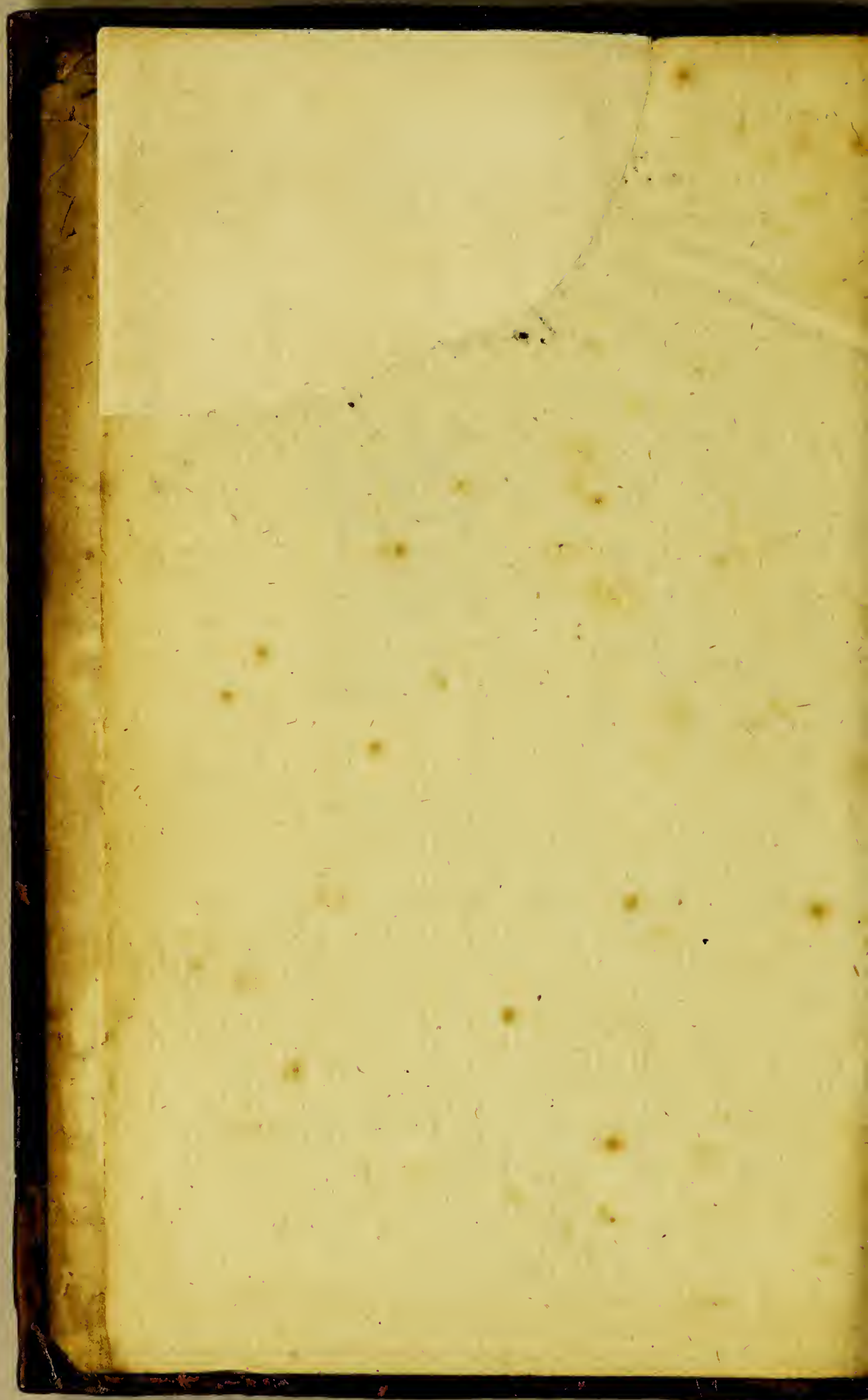
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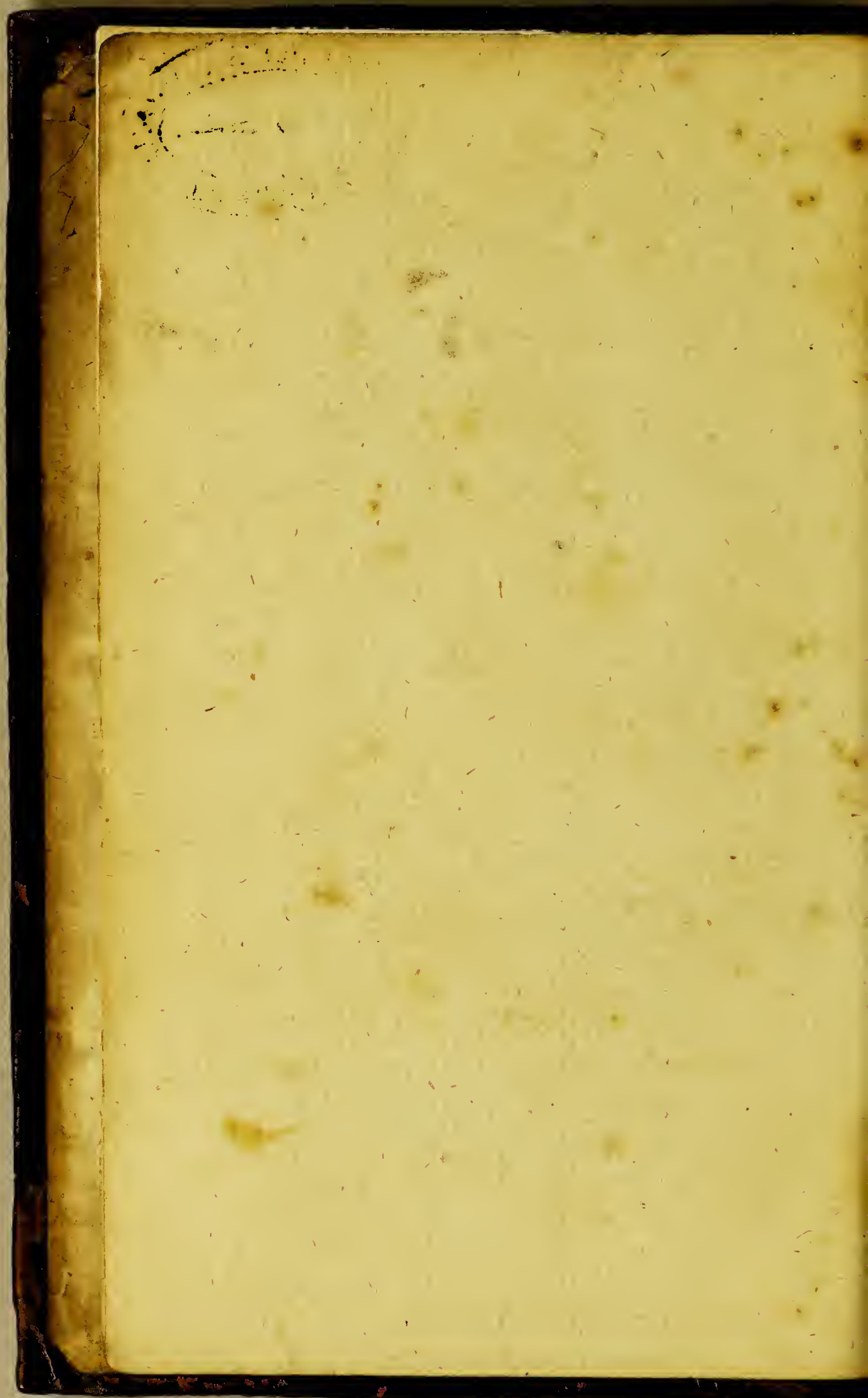
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T H E

I N C A S:

O R,

THE DESTRUCTION

O F T H E

EMPIRE OF PERU.

BY M. MARMONTEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

“Tolerate all Sects, not as regarding them all with an
“Eye of equal Indifference, but as suffering that which it
“has pleased God to suffer, until they can be brought into
“the Path of Truth by the Power of Persuasion.”

FENELON'S *Directions for the Conscience of a King.*

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M DCC LXXVII.

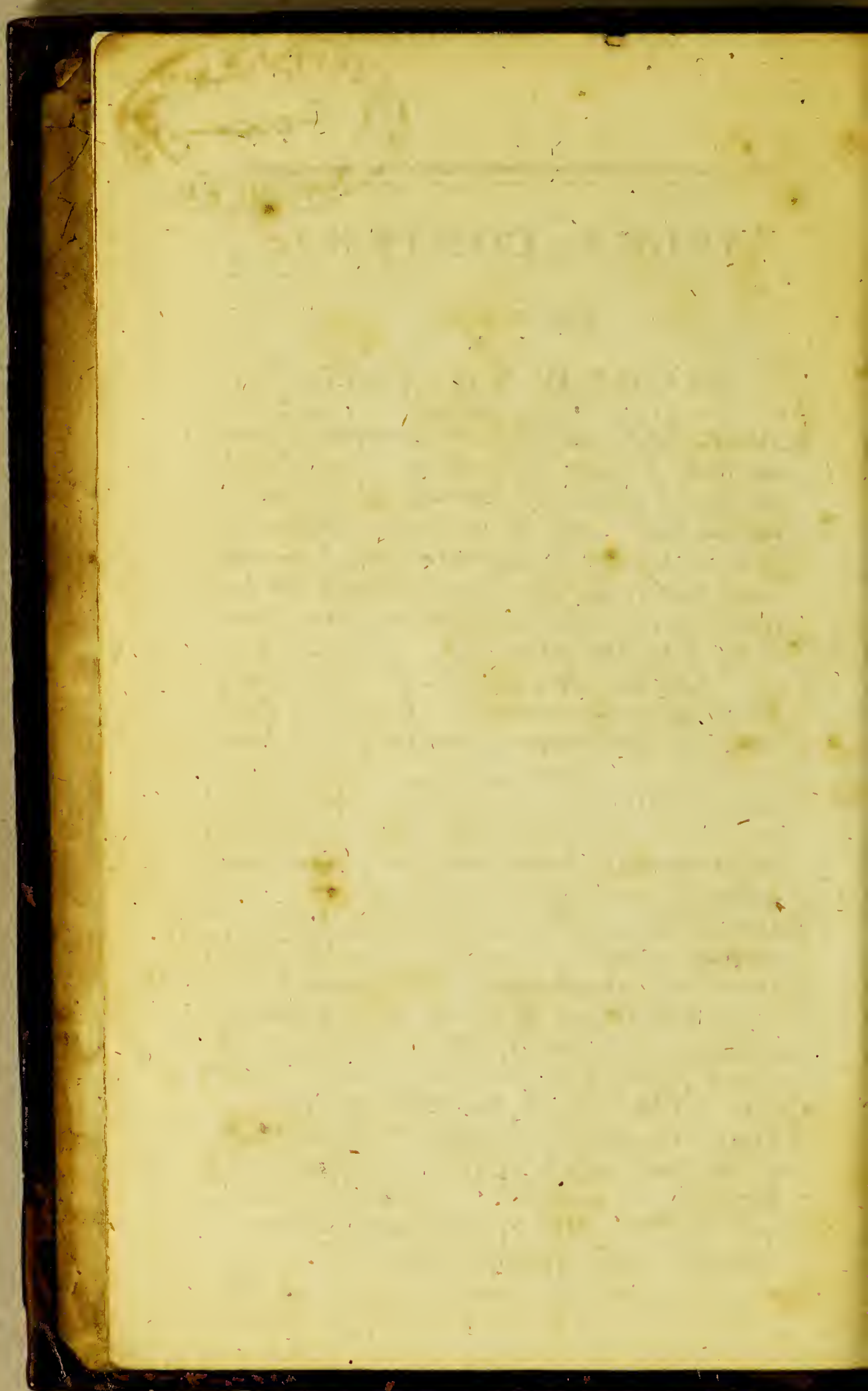


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C H A P. XXVI.

THE confidence of Ataliba authorised Alonzo to explore in his bosom the hidden cause of this melancholy, with which he saw him consumed. "Inca," says he, "I fear the impending danger, of which I was anxious to forewarn you, hath too deeply affected your mind."

"In seeking the ground of my anxiety," replied the Inca, "you afford me consolation. I was afraid to distress you, tho' I wanted a friend to partake my concern. It respects my right to the throne I possess, and from which the king of Cusco is determined to drive me. I want with him, a wise minister and a faithful mediator, and have fixed my eyes upon you. Will you undertake the office?"

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B

"Yes,"

“ Yes,” answered Alonzo, “ if your cause be
“ just.”—“ It is just ; and you yourself will judge
“ it to be so. Understand then the nature of
“ this empire from its origin ; with what view it
“ was founded, and, as it hath been continually
“ expanding, the reasons why it must have de-
“ clined, if it had not been divided.

“ In early times this immense country was in-
“ habited by various nations, who were without
“ laws, unused to discipline, and destitute of
“ morals. Wandering through forests, their
“ prey, and such fruits as an uncultivated soil
“ threw forth, as it were, in pity to their wants,
“ afforded them a casual subsistence. Their
“ hunting consisted of war on each other, and
“ the conquerors fed on the bodies of the van-
“ quished. They waited not for the last sigh of
“ the wounded to drink his blood, but tore him
“ asunder alive *. Their captives they fattened for
“ their detestable feasts. Of these if any were
“ females, they suffered their companions to co-
“ habit with them, or else rendered them preg-
“ nant themselves, for the purpose of devouring
“ their offspring.

“ Some of them, grateful by instinct, wor-
“ shipped every object in nature from which they
“ derived any advantage ; mountains, the sources
“ of rivers ; rivers themselves, and the foun-
“ tains which watered and fertilized the earth ;
“ the trees which afforded them fuel ; those ani-
“ mals of a gentle and timid nature upon which
“ they fed ; the sea abounding with fish, and

* See Garcil. book 1. chap. 12.

“ which

“ which they denominated their Nurse *. But
 “ objects of terror had the most numerous vota-
 “ ries.

“ Whatever was hideous, or horrible, they
 “ converted to a god, as if man was delighted
 “ to terrify himself. They worshipped the ty-
 “ ger, the lion, the vulture, and large snakes:
 “ they adored the elements, tempests, the winds,
 “ thunder; caverns and precipices: they pro-
 “ trated themselves before torrents, the noise of
 “ which depressed them with fear; before gloomy
 “ forests, and at the foot of those dreadful val-
 “ canos, which cast forth upon them torrents of
 “ flame and rocks of fire.

“ Having formed to themselves Deities cruel
 “ and sanguinary, their worship must correspond
 “ to the nature of their gods. One man thought
 “ to please the object of his devotion, by pierc-
 “ ing his bosom, or mangling his entrails; an-
 “ other, still more furious, would snatch the
 “ suckling from the breast of its mother, and
 “ slaughter it on the altar of his blood-thirsty
 “ gods. In proportion as their sufferings were
 “ rendered more exquisite, the enjoyment of their
 “ divinity was supposed to be augmented. From
 “ the gods to whom they sacrificed what was most
 “ dear to themselves, they expected the gratifi-
 “ cation of every desire †.

“ He, whose rays diffuse life throughout na-
 “ ture, beheld, and pitied their error.” “ It is
 “ not,” said he, “ strange that those should be
 “ wicked, whose hearts have no understanding.

* *Mamma Cocha*, mother sea.——† See Garcil. book. I.
 chap. 2.

‘ Instead of punishing them for walking in darkness, let us send them the truth; they will walk in its light. It not less easy to illuminate their minds than their eyes.’

“ He spoke; and sent into these inhospitable climates, two of his well-beloved children, the wife and virtuous Manco, and the beautiful Oello, his sister and wife*.

“ My dear Alonzo, you will see the celebrated and sacred place where these children of the Sun descended†. The savages scattered in the surrounding forests assembled at their call. Manco instructed the men to cultivate the earth; to sow it, and direct the currents of water for its refreshment: Oello taught the women to spin, and to weave, and invest themselves in the clothes they had woven; to devote their attention to domestic cares, to serve their husbands with tender assiduity, and to educate their children. They added to the gift of the arts the blessing of laws. The worship of the Sun their father, an institution inspired by love and founded on gratitude, which never cost nature a sigh, nor reason a murmur, was the first of these, and the soul of the rest.

“ Astonished to behold themselves surrounded by plenty, security and peace, blessings which before were entirely unknown, they seemed

* Garcil. book 1. chap. 15.

† *Where these children of the Sun descended.*] On the borders of a lake about a league distant from Cusco. The Incas had there built a magnificent temple to the Sun.

“ to be translated into a new state of being. Their
 “ wants being satisfied, their terrors vanished.
 “ The pleasure of worshipping a propitious and
 “ beneficent God, and of being just and good
 “ in imitation of him; the facility of being hap-
 “ py, mutual benevolence, in a word, the charms
 “ of an innocent and peaceable society captivat-
 “ ed every heart. Athamed of having been
 “ blind and barbarous they readily yielded to ci-
 “ vilization, and submitted to the mild restraints
 “ of law. Cusco was founded by their hands,
 “ and encompassed by a hundred villages*. The
 “ verable Manco, before he returned to repose
 “ himself with the Sun, his father, beheld un-
 “ interrupted prosperity in the empire he had
 “ founded.

“ His eldest son succeeded him†; and, like
 “ himself, by gentleness, persuasion, and bene-
 “ fits, enlarged the limits of this happy em-
 “ pire.

“ The heir of this prince‡ rendered his arms
 “ respectable; but employed them only against
 “ the ferocity of his neighbours, without embru-
 “ ing his hands in their blood.

“ His successor was less happy. The people
 “ whom he attempted to bring over compelled

* *Encompassed by a hundred villages*] Thirteen on the East, thirty on the West, twenty on the North, and forty on the South.

† *His eldest son succeeded him.*] SINCHI ROCHA, the second king. His conquest extended twenty leagues to the south.

‡ *The heir of this prince.*] LOQUE YUPANGUE, the third king, conquered forty league of country from North to South, and twenty from West to East.

“ him to fight *. The first action was bloody ;
 “ but the virtues of the conqueror atoned for his
 “ conquest. His valour inspired fear, and his
 “ clemency love.

“ The eldest son of this hero † greatly enlarg-
 “ ed his dominions, but with expending either
 “ the blood or the tears of those whom he van-
 “ quished. His return to Cusco was glorious ; he
 “ was borne in triumph by kings.

“ The succeeding Incas ‡, to subdue the fero-
 “ cious people with whom they contended, were
 “ sometimes obliged to beset their retreat, to re-
 “ pel their efforts to escape from it, and there
 “ allow them to resolve on such measures as ne-
 “ cessity might dictate. But our arms awaited
 “ the result of their determination, without ever
 “ assaulting them. If they resolved to live in-
 “ dependent and unhappy, it was a maxim to
 “ give them up, rather than destroy them. Ever

* *Compelled him to fight.*] These were the *Cayaviri*, a Southern people, whom he besieged on their mountain. He fought also the *Collas*, at the ford of a river, the mountaineers of *Atom Puna*, and those of *Villili* and *Dallia* on the West.

† *The eldest son of this hero.*] CAPAC YUPANGUE, the fifth king. His conquests extended on the West as far as the sea ; on the South, from *Tatira* to the country of the *Charcas* ; on the East, to the foot of mount *Antis* ; on the North, to *Racuna*, in the province of *Cbinca*.

‡ *The succeeding Incas.*] ROCA, the sixth king ;

The seventh, VIRACOCUA.

The eighth, PACHACUTEC.

The ninth, YUPANGUE.

The tenth, TUPAC YUPANGUE.

The eleventh, HUAIRA CAPAC, father of the two reigning Incas.

“ in-

“ indulgent and condescending, peace went forth
“ to meet them; and her only requisition for
“ the blessings she offered * was a disposition to
“ enjoy them. It was the great design of the
“ Incas to engage the world to be happy. A pure
“ institution of religion, wise laws, extensive
“ knowledge, useful arts, were the fruits of con-
“ quest; and these the conquered were allowed
“ to gather. Such for eleven reigns was their
“ ambition and their glory, and such was the re-
“ ward of their labours.

“ The difficulty, however, of protecting this
“ empire encreased with its extent. During the
“ long space of ten reigns it had experienced but
“ a single revolt. My father, who was the most
“ gentle and just of kings, saw three; one to-
“ wards the North, and two to the South of
“ these mountains. The extremities were no
“ longer under the eye of one monarch. To-
“ wards the East they had surmounted the lofty
“ Andes †; on the West they ran out into the
“ sea; to the North and the South immense de-
“ serts lye open before us; in short, the whole
“ continent was included in the plan of our con-
“ quests. A partition was therefore necessary
“ among the children of the Sun.

* *The blessings she offered.*] When besieged on the moun-
tains they wanted provisions, and their children and wives had
no other subsistence than the plants of the vallies, not only
were they fed, but loaded back with supplies for their fathers
and husbands, and charged with the offer of friendship and
peace.

† Mountains since called the Cordelieres.

“ My father, having subdued this fertile and
 “ extensive province, thought the time was now
 “ come for making a division. He had married
 “ two wives; the one was Ocello, his sister; the
 “ other, Zulma, a descendant from the royal
 “ line *. Huascar is the eldest of the children
 “ of Ocello; he possesses Cusco, the city of the
 “ Sun, and the empire of our ancestors. I am
 “ the eldest of the children of Zulma; and the
 “ province of Quito, an acquisition made by my
 “ father, was the inheritance which he, liberally
 “ and unsolicited, bequeathed to me, with his
 “ expiring breath.

“ The doubt is, whether he might thus dis-
 “ pose of a possession which he held by his own
 “ right, and owed only to his own valour? This
 “ is the origin of a dispute between my brother
 “ and myself, which if he compel me to take up
 “ arms, must terminate in blood.

“ My brother is haughty and indignant. His
 “ cold pride knows not how to bend. To his
 “ contempt for the will and memory of a father,
 “ he joins the requisition to myself, that I shall
 “ descend from my throne and become submis-
 “ sive to the law of his will. Feel you if I can
 “ comply. I love my brother; it is dreadful to
 “ see his hatred pursue me; it is terrible to re-
 “ flect that his people and mine must become
 “ foes to each other, and that a domestic war,
 “ kindled between the Incas, will render both
 “ an easy prey to a foreign oppressor. But this

* *A descendant from the royal line.* Of the Caciques who
 before the conquest of this province had been kings of *Quito*.

“ scepter, this diadem,—from my father I received them; and shall I suffer my father to be insulted? There is nothing as an equal, an ally, a brother, and a friend, that I would not yield to Huascar. Does he wish to extend his conquests beyond the banks of Mauli *, or the current of Amarumayu †? I will join in the enterprize. Do there remain in the vales of Nasca, or of Pisco, any rebels to be reduced? I will assist to subject them. His enemies shall be mine. But why will he persist to disgrace me? Why, to dishonour and debase his own blood? These tears are witnesses to you of my sincerity. Most earnestly do I wish for peace. I have sensibility, but am violent; and greatly fear myself. It is for thee, my dear Alonzo, to prevent the evils of impending discord. Repair to Cusco. Humanity dwells in thy heart, and truth on thy lips; thy candour, thy integrity, the natural superiority of thy reason to ours, that persuasive charm which accompanies thy words, may, perhaps, prevail upon him, and spare us both the most distressing evils. Shun not to express, in the strongest manner, the horror which a civil war excites in my heart; nor fear repeatedly to assure him that I will never relinquish my rights. My dying father placed me upon the throne which he himself had raised

* A river of Chili.

† The river of Snakes, now the river de la Plata.

“and confirmed: and I, to the last gasp of life,
“will maintain it.”

Alonzo felt the importance and difficulty of such a commission; but was not disposed to decline it; and every thing was soon prepared that could confer a splendor on his embassy, becoming the majesty of both kings.

C H A P. XXVII.

PREVIOUS to Alonzo's departure, the Inca, to commence this pacific enterprise under favourable auspices, offered a sacrifice to the Sun. The Mexicans attended; and Alonzo himself as he partook not in the rites, thought it no crime to be present.

The Virgins of the Sun, who were admitted into the temple, ministered to the Pontiff at the altar. It was their duty to distribute the sacrificial bread *, which one of them, after the offering, presented to the Incas.

The unhappy destiny of Cora ordained that she should officiate on this solemn day.

Alonzo, by the distinguished favour of the monarch, was placed near him. The priestess

* *The sacrificial bread.*] This bread was composed of the finest maize, and was called *Cancu*.

approached

approached with a veil on her head, and her brow crowned with flowers. Her eyes were cast down; but her long eye-lashes permitted a sparkling radiance to escape them. Her lovely hands trembled, her lips were agitated, her bosom panted, and every circumstance expressed the sensibility of her heart. Happy would she have been had her timid eyes been never raised on Alonzo! One glance destroyed her; this imprudent glance presented to her view the most formidable enemy to her repose and her innocence. If he, by his grace and beauty had melted the hearts even of cannibals when thirsting for his blood, what must have been their influence on the breast of a virgin, simple, tender, ingenuous, and made for love! This sentiment, the germ of which nature had planted in her bosom, disclosed itself all at once.

In her agitation, occasioned by the sight of the Spaniard, whose beauty was still improved by his dress, she scarcely could prevent the golden basket that contained the offering, from falling out of her hands. Her cheek lost its colour, and her heart alternately suspended and redoubled its palpitation. A sudden chillness succeeded to the fever that throbbed within her veins, and her trembling knees almost failed to support her.

Having finished her ministry, she returned towards the altar: but Alonzo, who was present to her imagination, still seemed before her eyes. Interrupted and confused, in the performance of her duty, she directed a suppliant look towards the image of the Sun, and it appeared to reflect upon her the features of Alonzo. “O God!”
said

said she, “ O God ! what can this delirium
“ mean ? How hath this young stranger be-
“ wildered my senses ! I am no more my-
“ self.”

The sacrifice being offered, and their devotions concluded, the Inca, attended by his court, retired ; the priestesses left the temple, and returned to that inviolable and sacred asylum where they were concealed from mortal view.

This retreat, in which Cora had found her days to flow on in a peaceful langour, became from that moment a gloomy and dreadful prison. She felt the full weight of her chains, and her heart sighed for freedom, though it were but in a desert and with Alonzo : for she continued to see and hear him, to speak and complain to him, as if he had been actually present. “ What ! never, never,” says she, “ shall the illusion, “ which occupies my fancy, become a reality ! “ Ah ! why did I ever see thee, thou dear object of my thoughts, if I am condemned to “ see thee no more ? Ah ! come, at least before “ I die, come, thou adorable man, and view “ what ravage the sight of thee alone hath made “ in a weak heart ; come, behold, and pity thy “ victim ! Where art thou ? Wilt thou deign to “ think on me ; on me who burn, who die, with “ the hopeless desire of seeing thee once more ? “ Alas ! what a miserable situation is mine ! I “ feel myself drawn towards him by an invincible attraction : my soul incessantly breaks thro’ “ the walls of my confinement to seek him : “ awake, asleep, he alone possesses my thoughts ; “ I would give my life to realize one of my “ dreams, and that but for a moment, even if “ the next I should cease to exist ! Gracious “ God !

“ God ! dost thou delight in tyranny, and does
“ it yield thee pleasure to rend a feeling heart ?
“ Thou knowest if mine consented to the oath
“ which my lips uttered. A power I could not
“ oppose compelled me to speak ; but nature, in
“ a voice that reached to thee at the instant, re-
“ claimed against the unjust compulsion. My
“ heart is not perjured ; it promised thee no-
“ thing. Give me back, then, to myself. Alas !
“ am I worthy of thee ? Too weak, too frail,
“ one moment, as thou hast seen, one glance
“ hath disturbed my soul : wild, distracted, I no
“ longer can command either my senses or my
“ reason.”

At these words she prostrated herself, and not
daring to behold the light of the God she had
betrayed, hid her face in her veil, which was wet-
ted with tears. But soon the image of Alonzo,
and that dreadful idea, *I shall see him no more*,
obtruded themselves, and caused her grief to
burst forth afresh. “ O my father ! what have
“ you done ? And what have I myself done ?
“ Why did I go from you ? Why bury myself
“ alive ? Alas ! my veneration for you was so
“ full of affection ! I would have served you
“ with so much attention and love ! O my fa-
“ ther ! my father ! you would have seen me
“ near you, the gentle consolation of your peace-
“ ful old-age, partaking with my husband the
“ duty of rendering you happy, and under your
“ eyes bringing up my children My chil-
“ dren ! Ah ! never shall I be a mother ; never,
“ at that dear and holy name, shall my heart
“ beat with joy. This heart, dead to the ten-
“ derest feelings of nature and its softest attach-
“ ments

“ments, is dissevered from the purest of pleasures for ever.”

That rapid and terrible lightning, which kindles at once two hearts made for each other, had stricken at the same instant both the young Indian and Alonzo. Surprised to see such a combination of charms, agitated and enraptured with the single look she cast upon him, he followed her with his eyes to the extremity of the temple, and became jealous even of the God whom he saw her adore.

Gloomy, restless, and impatient, he returned to the palace. Every thing distressed and constrained him. He endeavoured to recal his reason; he reproached himself for entertaining so foolish a passion, condemned himself, and blushed at it; he tried to exclude it from his bosom: but vain were his reproaches and ineffectual his efforts! Reflexion, in attempting to draw out the arrow, did but deepen the wound. One look of the Priestess had transfused into his heart the delightful poison of hope. Indissoluble vows, a severe slavery, an incorruptible and vigilant guard, and an inaccessible prison, by turns presented themselves to his thoughts, and though he saw the difficulties that attended each, yet hope deserted not his breast.

To possess Cora is impossible, but not to have known how to please her: “and if she loves me,” says he, “if she knows that I adore her, if our hearts correspond to each other, the consciousness of it will afford consolation; ah! this would suffice.”

In ruminating incessantly upon her, a thousand times a day would he experience every emotion of this wayward love. Consideration, however,
at

at length restored him to himself, and discovered to him the imprudence and shame of his transports. What! amongst a religious people to attempt a sacrilegious violation of their laws! In the court of a king, his friend, to trample on the rights of hospitality! to expose the object of his affection to disgrace, and to the punishment inevitably connected with the forgetfulness of her vows! These were so many crimes and so great, that each of them separately made Alonzo tremble. He immediately repelled the thought, and resolved that it should never overcome him.

Seeking to sooth his melancholy in solitude, he retired to the sacred inclosure where Cora was confined. The bounds were extensive and overshadowed by thick trees, whose stately height added a solemnity to the venerable scene. " Beneath these shades," said he, " the lovely Cora enjoys the cooling breeze. Alas! perhaps she there sighs; and neither pity nor love will dare to break her bonds. These walls are high, and the guard is watchful; but how easy would it be to surmount them! Their sanctity is their best protection. Love, the fatal enemy to repose and innocence, love like mine the inhabitants of these regions have never felt. The habit of desiring only what is permitted, conducts them quietly along the narrow path which their laws prescribe. But how cruel are those laws, to which youth, beauty, and love, are the sorrowful victims! How just and generous would it be to set them free!" Having uttered these words, he trembled at the rising emotion of his heart, and retired from the place.

place. “ Ah !” says he, “ and is this then the
“ glorious design which brought me to the Inca’s
“ court ! I professed myself a hero, and at last
“ am found a perfidious, weak, and despicable
“ ravisher.”

Thus his virtue struggled, and would have
proved victorious, had not a terrible event given
an ascendancy over it, to fear and compassion.

C H A P. XXVIII.

HAPPY are the people that cultivate those
vallies and hills which the sea surrounds, and the
subsiding of its surges compose ! The shepherd
there attends his flock without alarms ; and the
husbandman sows his grain, and reaps its produce
in peace. But wretched are the inhabitants of
those lofty mountains, whose feet the ocean ne-
ver laves, and whose summits pierce the clouds !
Among these the subterranean fires, that rage in-
cessantly beneath, burst forth in dreadful fury,
and form those immense masses of calcined rocks,
fluid metals, ashes, and lava, which collect in
heaps as they fall around the yawning chasms
through which they forced their way. Piti-
able is the lot of those whom the fertility of this de-
ceitful soil allures ! the flowers, the fruits, and
the crops with which it abounds serve but to hide
the

the gulf beneath. The principles of fertility, which penetrate the earth, are but exhalations of that fire by which it is consumed: the increase of its abundance is the presage of its ruin; and it swallows up its inhabitants in the midst of plenty. Such is the climate of Quito. The site of this city was subject to a terrible volcano*, and its foundations had been disturbed by frequent concussions.

When the Indians were one day dispersed in the fields ploughing, sowing, and reaping (for this rich valley presented at once to the eye the various labours of the year) and the daughters of the Sun, in the recesses of their palace, were employed in spinning and weaving the precious texture of wool, to clothe the Pontiff and the king, a sudden sound was heard at first in the entrails of the volcano, resembling that of the sea when a tempest is collecting. By degrees it deepens and at length becomes a low and hollow murmur. The earth trembles; a rumbling noise is heard in the air, and black vapours conceal the sky; the temple and the palace totter, and threaten to fall in ruins; the mountain heaves, and its summits rend asunder by the winds compressed within it: torrents of liquid lava and wreathes of reddening smoke enkindle, and dart forth, from the bottom of the abyss, in rapid whirls, immense shivers of burning rocks. What a majestic and awful picture! to behold rivers of fire urging their headlong course in glittering

* *A terrible volcano.*] Pichencha; see the description of this volcano and its eruptions in 1538 and 1660, in the relation of M. de la Condamine's voyage.

floods over immense heaps of snow, and excavating in them a deep and ample bed!

Within and without the walls desolation, astonishment, and terror at once prevail. The husbandman fears to break the surface of the earth, which fluctuates like the sea beneath his feet. Amongst the priests of the Sun, some trembling rush out of the temple; others in consternation cling to the altar of their God. The virgins distracted desert the palace, the roofs of which threaten to descend upon their heads; and running into the wide inclosure, all pale and dishevelled, they extend their timid hands towards those walls from which even pity herself durst not offer them relief.

Alonzo alone, wandering round this inclosure, heard their plaintive cries. In this universal danger he trembled only for Cora. Every cry that pierced his ear seemed to come from her alone. Wild, and shuddering with grief and fear, like a ring-dove that hovers with trembling wings over the prison in which his companion is confined; or rather like the lioness who, with glowing eyes, roams and roars around the snare in which her young are taken, he searches and at length discovers a passage through the ruins. Transported with joy he climbs the fragments of the sacred wall, and enters this asylum, which no mortal before him had ever entered. Darkness favoured him: the gloomy and melancholy light of day had given place to the night, which was illuminated only by the streams of fire thrown forth from the mountain; and this dreadful light, like that of Erebus, served only to discover to the eyes of Alonzo, the priestesses of the

the Sun, like wandering shades, running in their terror through the gardens of the palace.

Any other eyes than those of a lover, occupied entirely with the object of his passion, would have fought in vain to distinguish one of them from the rest. Alonzo knew Cora again. The graces, which in her terror, had not forsaken her, rendered her at a distance conspicuous to her lover. He suppressed his first transports for fear of alarming her; and advancing with caution, "Cora," says he, in a tone of the sweetest sensibility, "a God watches over us and defends our lives." Cora intimidated at his address, immediately stops; at the same instant the earthquakes, and the mountain, with a loud noise, casts forth a blaze of light, which amidst the surrounding darkness, discovers to the view of the priestesses, Alonzo, with open arms.

Whether from the sudden emotion of surprise, or perhaps of love, Cora threw herself forwards, and fell almost lifeless into the arms of the Spaniard. He supported and revived her, and endeavoured to dissipate her alarm. "O thou," says he, "whom I have adored from the moment I first saw thee in the temple! thou, for whom I live, Cora, be not afraid: it is Heaven hath sent me to deliver thee. Follow me. Let us quit these fatal scenes; suffer me to save thee."

Cora, feeble and trembling, yielded to his intreaty. He clasped her to his bosom, and bore her without difficulty over the broken wall. The first retirement that occurred to his thoughts was the valley of Capana, which belonged to the Cacique, who was the friend of Las-Casas.

"Whether

“ Whether go I ?” says Cora. “ My senses
“ are disordered by affright. I know not where,
“ nor even with whom I am. What will be-
“ come of me ? O pity me !”—“ You are,” re-
plies Alonzo, “ under the protection of a man
“ who lives only for you. I would conduct you
“ far from danger, to a delightful valley where
“ a Cacique, my friend, will receive you as his
“ daughter.”—“ Ah, rather,” says she, “ con-
“ ceal me from every eye. I have forfeited my
“ life, and what is far more dear. You know
“ not how severe a law you cause me to violate.
“ Escaped from this asylum, where can I live
“ concealed ? I am following the footsteps of a
“ man, after having abjured the sex for ever.
“ To what do you expose me ? Ah ! rather let
“ me perish.”

“ Cora, answers Alonzo, “ the first duty of
“ humanity, and that to which the earliest ten-
“ dency of nature inclines us, is self-preservation.
“ At the moment when death surrounded and
“ pursued you, there was neither vow nor law
“ which must not submit to this invincible im-
“ pulse. To-morrow, when all will be calm,
“ before the dawn, you may go back to those gar-
“ dens where your terrified companions will have
“ passed the night, and the secret of your absence
“ will never be discovered.”

In the mean time the danger diminished, and
soon disappeared. The earth ceased to tremble,
and the noise of the volcano abated. The py-
ramid of fire on the top of the mountain, burnt
with less fury and appeared to decline ; the black
volumes of smoke, which darkened the heavens,
began to be dissipated, a breeze from the east
driving

driving them off towards the sea. The sky, by degrees, recovered its azure, and the moon, by her soothing splendor, seemed disposed to restore tranquillity to nature.

Alonzo and his tender companion were now crossing the delightful meadows, in which a thousand trees, bending with fruit, interwove their branches with each other. The trembling moonbeams, breaking through the foliage, shed a golden verdure upon the grass beneath. “Rest yourself, my dear Cora,” says Alonzo, “here repose, and, in the calm and silence of an indulgent night, permit me to satiate my soul with the pleasure of viewing you, and adoring your numberless charms.” Cora consented to sit down. Alonzo’s first care was to pluck the fruits that hung around him and present to her. The delicious savint, the palta still more pleasing, the nut of the cocoa, and its refreshing juice, supplied this simple feast.

Sitting at the knees of Cora, Alonzo scarcely breathed. The solicitude, the surprize, that fearful timidity which blends itself with the impetuosity of desire, and is redoubled at the approach of enjoyment, suspended his impatience. He pressed with his hands and applied to his lips the trembling hand of Cora. “Daughter of Heaven,” says he to her, “and is it thee then that I possess? thee, the sole object of my wishes? Who could have thought that a prodigy at which nature shudders, should prove the means of our meeting, and that the earth should be stricken with terror only to draw off the prying eyes of thy inhuman guard? A God, without doubt, compassionates my love and my distress. Ah; let us avail ourselves
“ of

“ of his offered favour. We are alone, free
“ from restraint, and concealed from every wit-
“ nesses but the night, which never betrays the
“ tender secrets of love. But these precious
“ moments are fleeting, let us improve the
“ next; and if, I am dear to thee, Cora, bid
“ me *be happy*.”——“ Be happy,” she replied,
and from that instant a cloud obscured futu-
rity.

Every object to their eyes now wore new beau-
ty. The serenity of the night, the solitude and
silence which prevailed around them, diffused a
charm they had never felt before. “ Ah! deli-
“ cious retreat!” said Cora: “ Why seek an-
“ other asylum? This mild radiance, this ver-
“ dant seat, these trees, all seem to ask, Whi-
“ ther would you go? Where can you be more
“ happy than with us?”——“ O dear partner of
“ my soul,” said Alonzo, “ thus mayest thou
“ be ever pleased with me! Here let us pass the
“ night, and fly with the morning’s dawn from
“ these scenes of thy captivity. Let us But
“ how know I where destiny may lead us? Were
“ it to some dreary cave, I should there live
“ happy with thee; but without thee cease to be.”
Such was the language which his foolish passion
suggested to Alonzo. Cora pressed him in her
arms, and he felt the tears from her eyes flow
down his cheek. “ My friend,” says she, “ if
“ it be possible, let us force from our bosoms the
“ presage that afflicts us. While in your com-
“ pany I would confine my thoughts to you
“ alone: Why should the blessings which I so
“ ardently desired, be mingled with the bitter-
“ ness of grief?”

Cora

Cora as yet knew not the name of her lover; she requested to hear it: and a thousand times pronounced it. He spoke to her of his country, and even flattered her with the pleasing hope of one day re-visiting, with her, his native place. In this he meant not to deceive her, but the agreeable illusion soon yielded to bitter reflection. Every emotion of their souls was at length suspended by slumber; and Cora, till break of day, reposed on the knees of Alonzo.

The birds, awakened by the morning star, awoke Alonzo with their songs. He opened his eyes and beheld Cora: a thousand charms attract his view. Applying his mouth to her rosy lips, on which pleasure sat smiling, he catches her breath; and his soul flies thither attracted by the fragrance.

Cora awakes; a confused agitation of fear and joy discovers the emotion of her heart. "And is it thou," says she, throwing herself into the embraces of Alonzo, "and do I again find thee? Ah! I thought thee lost for ever."—"No, Cora, be assured, we shall never, never part. But let us haste: see the dawn appears. Let us ascend the mountains, and confiding in nature, who sustains the inhabitants of the forests in their haunts, seek freedom with me, which, next to love, is the first of blessings." "Ah! dear Alonzo," says Cora, "were I but alone with you in those forests where she reigns, and unknown to all the world beside!"—In uttering these words, she pressed him in her arms and trembled, while her eyes, suffused in tears, were fixed on his. Affected and alarmed at her anxiety, he urged her to communicate the cause. She shudders at the distress which her words

words must give him, but at length yielding to his importunity, “Delight of my soul, my dear Alonzo,” says she, “my heart is rent, as thine will be, but forgive me: I am bound by a sacred and terrible duty, which tears me from your arms; and from this moment I must bid you farewell for ever.”——“Ah! what say you, cruel Cora!”——“Hear me. When I was devoted at the altars, my parents became sureties for my fidelity. The blood of a father and a mother is the pledge of my vows. A fugitive and perjured, I give up them to torture; my crime devolves on them, and they must bear the punishment: such is the rigour of the law.”——“O God!—You tremble!—Unhappy woman! what have you done? What have I myself done?” cries he, falling with his face on the ground and rending his hair. “Why did you not sooner discover to me the abyss into which I was falling, and dragging you? Leave me. Thy love, thy grief, thy tears redouble my horror What! would you that I should conduct you back? That to me would be fatal To retain you! Oh! no; I am not a monster. I will never suffer you to become a parricide. I will never suffer it. She goes then Cruel Stop! Stop! I die.”

The distressed Cora, on hearing his cries, returned all-trembling, and fell at his knees. He views her, embraces her, wets her with his tears, feels himself bathed with hers, swears to her eternal love; and, in the excess of grief, grows wild and again relapses. “What shall we do?” says Cora, “you see it is day. If we hesitate, it will be too late, and my father, my mother, — ther,

"ther, and their children must perish. Me-
"thinks I already see the kindling flames."——

"Come then, come," says he, with a gloomy look and an air of deep despondence; and instantly arming himself with that elevated fortitude which tramples under foot the passions, he takes her hand, and, in haste, leads her back, pale and trembling, to the foot of those walls, within which she goes to conceal her crime, her love, and her despair.

Love in the soul of Cora, till the moment of this fatal interview, had been nothing more than a confused and vague delirium: Its power she was ignorant of, till she had possessed the object. Her passion, in becoming more determinate, had redoubled its violence; remembrance and regret fostered it; and desire, void of hope, ever fallacious, and increasing in ardour, was its perpetual attendant. But it was without remorse at least, and without dread of futurity. The confusion of the night, in which the attention of every one had been absorbed by a regard for their own safety, prevented the detection of her flight and her absence; she thought it no crime to wander where danger, fear and love had driven her. Her most distressful forebodings arose from the apprehension that the fire, which devoured her, would never be extinguished. More unhappy is the state of her lover. He experiences the same suffering, and a corroding solicitude beside, which incessantly torments him.

O! under what various and cruel forms does love tyrannise over the heart! Alonzo shuddered lest he should become a father; and this danger, which innocence had concealed from the eyes of

Cora, was continually present to his own. He reviewed with terror the most delightful moments of his life, and detested the love which had made him happy. It was nevertheless necessary for him to set out on his embassy. But in going from Quito, he felt his soul attracted by an irresistible force, to disengage itself from him, and rush back towards those walls within which Cora sighed.

C H A P. XX.

A LEVEL road carried through mountains, over vallies and torrents *, and reaching from one extremity of the empire to the other, presented a stupendous monument of the grandeur of the Incas; but neither this, nor the arsenals which at proper intervals were placed upon it; neither the receptacles which were always open for the accommodation of travellers; nor the

* *Through mountains, over valleys and torrents.*] The road from Quito to Cusco, and beyond, was five hundred leagues. It was made in the reign of *Huaina Capac*; in whose reign also another of the same extent was carried through the flat country, and several more from the centre of the Empire, to its extremities. They consisted of causeways forty feet wide, and were raised on the vallies to the height of the hills.

fortresses and temples which perpetually occurred; neither the * canals, thro' which the currents of rivers were diverted into the champaign country, nor the wonders of a new climate, could efface Cora from the thoughts of Alonzo. Her image, tho' always excluded with a sigh, incessantly returned.

At length however the voice of friendship obtained an audience. Alonzo at once awoke from his delirium; and as he approached Cusco, the object of his embassy occupied his attention. He dispatched three Caciques to acquaint the monarch that "a man, born beyond the seas, and
" on the shores where the Sun arises, a Castilian,
" who had been received in the court of his brother, was coming to see him, and to bring
" him the words of peace."

The fame of the Castilians had arrived at Cusco; and the name already become terrible, struck the haughty Huascar. He sent a part of his court to meet Alonzo; and himself, in all the majestic splendor of the Incas, elevated on a throne of gold, in a palace whose ceiling, and walls were covered with the same shining metal, having twenty Caciques at his feet, and at his side twenty tribes of Incas, descendants from Manco, received him.

Alonzo, who, before, had never seen so magnificent a spectacle, was astonished. The prince, with a grace equal to his dignity, beckoned to him to approach, and speak.

* *Canals.*] One of these on the western plains extended a hundred and fifty leagues from South to North.

“Inca,” says Alonzo to him, “a virtuous
“and affectionate brother is the gift of Heaven;
“a gift of Heaven, not less rare, is a faithful
“friend. You may rejoice, since, in the king
“of Quito, Heaven has given you both. I
“know his soul; and my heart, which hath ne-
“ver yet learnt to dissemble, corresponds to his.
“You are both threatened by a formidable ene-
“my, who is advancing against you from the
“East. You will both need mutual help to re-
“sist his attack. United you may conquer;
“disjointed you are vanquished. The Inca, your
“brother, applies to you for aid, and offers his
“arms in return. This is the purport of my
“commission.”

“I was desirous to hear you,” answered the
Inca, “although sent hither by a rebel; but,
“first, let me ask, are not you yourself one of
“these very strangers, who have lately arrived
“on our shores, and who have spread terror
“through the valley? You call yourself a Casti-
“lian; it is, I think, the name they bear; they
“profess to come, like you, from the shores of
“the East.”

“Yes,” replied Alonzo, “I am one of those
“who appeared on this coast. In their steps I
“fought for glory, but finding only crimes, I
“forsook them. I sincerely love and honour
“rectitude and greatness of soul, and from
“hence arises my attachment to the generous
“prince, who now, in my words, addresses
“you. If both, sprung from the same blood,
“and sons of one father, love each other and
“live in peace, you will be happy and power-
“ful.”

“If

“ If he remembers,” says Huascar, “ of what father we were born, let him recollect, also, the difference arising from our birth. The Sun hath given but one master to this empire; the reign of his son should resemble his own. He hath no equal in Heaven, and I would have none on earth.”

“ Inca,” replies Alonzo, “ I would fain adopt your language, and suppose, what you believe. Have you not so much regard for mankind and esteem for the laws of your ancestors, as to wish that the universe might be governed by those peaceful institutions?”

“ Doubtless,” answers the Inca, “ I both wish and hope it. It is the will of the Sun, and time will see it accomplished.”

“ And then,” asks Alonzo, “ will the world have but one king, as it has but one Sun? Can the wisdom of one man extend his regards as far as the orb of day extends his beams? You cannot believe it; confess then that as your vigilance is circumscribed, so your power ought to be, and that it would be unjust to desire possessions which you could not govern.”

“ Stranger,” says the Inca interrupting him, “ how great is thine audacity to come hither with a view to limit my power?”

“ It is not I that set limits to it, but nature,” says Alonzo: “ I only speak what it hath done. I only remind you that you are a weak man, when your ambition would make you a God.”

“ I am a man, but I am a king,” replies the Inca; “ and this title should teach thee the respect that is my due.”

“ Know,” says Alonzo, “ that my equals address kings without flattery, and respect them without fear. It is for you alone to behold me at your feet ; but begin with being just, and honour the memory of your father who himself was a king. From his hand your brother received that scepter, which you now claim. In disavowing his gift, you insult him in his grave, and trample on his ashes.”

The Inca trembled, but his pride predominated over his piety. “ My father,” “ says he, “ was grown old ; and man impaired by age is credulous, and easily wrought upon. He yielded to the artifice of an ambitious woman ; and, for the son of a stranger supplanted him, whom the wise laws of Manco had nominated his heir.”

“ He remitted to you,” says Alonzo, “ all he received, and hath disposed of no more than he acquired by conquest.”

“ If like him, each of our kings,” says the prince, “ had dissipated his own acquisitions, where now had been this empire ? Unity of power constitutes its grandeur and strength ; and my father, who received it from his ancestors entire, ought to have transferred it unsevered. He was surprised into error, and without ceasing to honour his virtue, or reverence his ashes, I may disavow the weakness of a moment, which made him forgetful of my rights.”

“ Learn,” says Alonzo, “ that at the North of these climates, an empire, as vast, and more powerful than your’s, hath been ravaged, destroyed, and overwhelmed with the blood of its inhabitants, in consequence of intestine division. Its princes, with difficulty escaped
“ from

“ from the sword of the conqueror, have sought
“ refuge in the court of the Inca, your brother ;
“ and their misfortune confirms my prediction.
“ A terrible enemy will find you both, weaken-
“ ed and exhausted by each other. Ah ! regard
“ then the preservation of your empire ; and
“ when the thunder rolls over your head, and
“ the abyss yawns beneath your feet, tremble,
“ unhappy prince ; instead of threatening, do
“ you yourself tremble.”

The whole court, which heard him, appeared disturbed at his language ; the Inca himself was moved ; but dissembling his fear under the exterior of pride : “ It belongs to the usurper,” says he, “ to prevent the evils of which he will
“ be the cause, and to submit himself to my
“ laws.”

“ Hope it not,” says Alonzo, “ surprised at
“ his inflexibility. Ataliba, crowned by a dy-
“ ing father, will never think himself usurping
“ that, which his father delegated to him. His
“ will he regards as an inviolable law. His
“ throne he will never relinquish but with the
“ last gasp of life : I repeat his very words. It
“ is for you then to consider, whether you will
“ imbrue your hands in the blood of a brother,
“ a virtuous brother, who loves you ; who ac-
“ counts it his glory and his happiness to be
“ your ally and your most affectionate friend ;
“ who conjures you, in the name of your fa-
“ ther, not to revoke his gifts ; in the name both
“ of his people and your own, not to urge
“ him to an impious war. Dispose of him and
“ his arms ; he fears not war : his standards are
“ surrounded by a faithful and valiant people ;
“ twenty kings attend him, not less devoted

“ to him than myself. All he fears is to spill
“ the blood of his friends, his family and his
“ people, who, having been the subjects of your
“ father, and born under the same laws, are
“ his children as well as your’s. Like him, con-
“ sult your heart; it must be good, magnani-
“ mous, and sensible, at least, to pity. It is
“ not my present intention to decide on your
“ rights; such contests can be determined by
“ arms alone. The question now is, who will
“ lose most by yielding to the other? On his
“ side, a kingdom is depending, but on your’s,
“ a province only, which can bring you no new
“ accession of glory, power, or greatness. He
“ defends, together with his crown, and his ho-
“ nour, the honour also of his father: And to
“ these interests, what do you oppose? The pride
“ of not allowing a division! And should this
“ then kindle between you the flames of a civil
“ war, at the instant when a common danger in-
“ cites you to unite?”

The haughty Huascar would hear no more. But the undaunted frankness and the elevated sentiments of Alonzo, impressed every person present with wonder and respect, not excepting even the Inca himself.

“ I know not,” says he, “ how it is, but
“ this race of men have something in them com-
“ manding and superior to us. I would gain
“ the good-will and esteem of this man. Let
“ every honour be paid him which is due to his
“ office, and the authority with which he is in-
“ vested.”

He admitted him to his table; and conversing with him, in the familiar tone of friendship:

ship: "Castilian," says he, "I am desirous
 "of acceding, as far as I can with honour, to
 "the peace you propose. Let Ataliba retain
 "the bequest; let him reign at Quito; I con-
 "sent to it, if, as a tributary of the empire,
 "he will render homage to the eldest son of the
 "Sun."

'Tho' there was but little reason to presume
 that Ataliba would submit to this condition, yet
 Alonzo did not think himself authorized to
 reject the proposition without acquainting him
 with it; and while he waited the result of his
 message, his leisure was employed in viewing the
 decorations of this flourishing city and its pre-
 cincts.

C H A P. XXX.

THE temple of the Sun, the palaces of the
 monarch, the Incas and the virgins; the fortress
 with the triple inclosure, which commanded, and
 protected the city; the canals from the neigh-
 bouring mountains, which plentifully supplied it
 with their clear and salutary streams; the exten-
 sive and magnificent squares that adorned it, and
 those monuments, of which nothing but the de-
 plorable ruins now remain, filled Alonzo with
 admiration. "And have all these prodigies,"
 says he, "been effected by the hand of man,

“ without the aid of iron, or the mechanic arts!
 “ Hath it transported from their quarries those
 “ unwieldy rocks? hath it reared these walls,
 “ whose structure astonishes me, and whose so-
 “ lidity will yield only to the attacks of time,
 “ and the dissolution of the earth itself? Can
 “ every thing then be supplied by labour and per-
 “ severance?”

But he beheld with dread those incredible quantities of gold, which occupied the place of iron, wood and clay; and every where glittered in his eyes*. “ Ah!” says he, with a sigh, “ if ever
 “ European avarice should discover these trea-
 “ sures, with what greedy fury would it haste
 “ to devour them!”

At Cusco, the worship of the Sun was celebrated with unrivalled grandeur. The magnificence of the temple, the splendor of the court, the affluence of the people, the order of the Priests, and the chorus of select Virgins†, the greatness of whose numbers inspired respect, every thing in this city gave so august an appearance to the pomp of their worship, as penetrated even Alonzo with wonder.

Their festivals consisted of rites, games, entertainments, and sacrifices, proper to the occasion. The festival of marriage, now to be celebrated, was distinguished by the sacred gift of fire.

* *Every where glittered in his eyes.*] Historians have greatly exaggerated in their accounts of the wealth of Peru. “ There were,” says Garcilasso, “ piles of ingots of gold, “ granaries full of grains of gold, &c.”

† At Cusco there were fifteen hundred.

Alonzo was present. The appointed day was that on which the Sun, having terminated his southern course, rested on the tropic to return towards the North.

They attentively watched the instant, when his orb being on the decline, the mysterious columns cast a shadow towards the East, of equal length to themselves; and then the Inca, prostrating himself before the Sun, his father, thus addressed him: "Beneficent God, thou art now
 " receding from us to restore life and joy to the
 " inhabitants of another hemisphere, whom,
 " far from thee, winter, the offspring of night,
 " afflicts; we do not murmur. Thou wouldst
 " not be just, didst thou confine thy animating
 " presence to us alone, and for the sake of thy
 " children forget the rest of the world. Follow thy course; but leave us as a pledge of
 " thy goodness, an emanation of thyself; and
 " let the fire of thy rays, cherished on these
 " altars, diffuse among thy people consolation
 " in thine absence, and assurance of thy return."

Having concluded his address, he presented to the Sun, the hollow surface of a polished chrystal *, set in gold, an artifice, kept in mysterious secrecy from the people, and, known only to the Incas. The rays, crossing each other in a point, fell on a pile of cedar and aloes, which, imme-

* *A chrystal.*] The hard rock chrystal. Garcilasso says, that they drew fire from the Sun by means of a small cup of gold, like the half of an orange, which the High-priest wore like a bracelet.

diately kindling, perfumed the air with the most grateful fragrance *.

It was thus that the wise Manco exhibited to the Indians an attestation from the Sun himself, that he had sent him to give them laws. “O Sun,” said he, “if I am thine offspring, let thy rays, from the summit of heaven, kindle this pile, which my hand consecrates to thee;” and the pile was instantly inflamed.

The multitude, at the sight of this prodigy, which was annually renewed, broke forth into exclamations of joy; and, each being eager to procure a spark of this sacred fire, the monarch

* There is so intimate a resemblance between the fact here supposed by M. MARMONTEL, and a passage in the *AIΘIKA* of ORPHEUS, as will appear to the reader extraordinary, if the former had not borrowed it from the latter.

Κ Ρ Υ Σ Τ Α Λ Λ Ο Σ.

Κρύσταλλον φαέθοντα διαυγέα λάξεο χερσὶ
 Λάκην, ἀπὸ ῥέϊκον περιφεγγέος ἀμβρόσιον ἀγλῆς.
 Αἰθέρι δ' ἀθανάτων μέγα τέρεται ἀφθιτον ἦτορ.
 Τὸν κ' εἶπερ μετὰ χεῖρας ἔχων περὶ νηὸν ἵκηαι,
 Οὐτίς τι μακάρων ἀρνήσεται εὐχολῆσι.
 Κέκλυθι δ' ὄφρα μάθῃς μένος ἀργεννοῦ λίθοιο.
 Εἰ γὰρ ἄτερ κρατερεῖο θέλεις πυρὸς εἶς φλόγας ὄρσαι,
 Κέκλυμαι ἀνχλέων μιν ὑπὲρ δαίδων καταθεῖναι.
 Αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἡελίοιο καταντίον ἀνυγάζοντος
 Αὐτίχ' ὑπὲρ δαίδων ὀλίγην ἀκτῖνα τανύσσει.
 Ἡ δ' ὅτε καρφαλῆς τε θίγη καὶ πόντος ὕλης,
 Καπνὸν, ἔπειτα δὲ πῦρ ὀλίγον, μετὰ δὲ φλόγα πολλὴν
 Ὄρσει.

imparted

imparted it to the Incas, and they to the people, while the priests were occupied in preserving it upon the altar.

Then the lovers, who were arrived at the nuptial age advanced*; and nothing could be more striking than the immense circle composed of youth in the blossom of life, who constituted the strength and hope of the state, demanding the right of giving birth to others, and enriching it in their turn with a new race. Health, the daughter of labour, there reigned, in union with beauty, or supplied the want of it.

“Children of the state,” says the prince, “it now expects from you the price of your birth. Every man who regards life as a blessing is obliged to transmit it, and multiply the gift. He alone is exempt from giving being to others to whom life is a curse. If any such person be among you, let him speak; let him declare the cause of his hatred to life, and I am ready to hear his complaints. But such of you as peacefully enjoy the benefits of the Sun, my father, approach, mutually plight your faith, engage to continue your race and perpetuate the number of the happy.”

Not a complaint was uttered; and a thousand couples, in turn, presented themselves before him. “Love one another, observe the laws, adore the Sun, my father,” said the prince to them; and as an emblem of their united labours and cares, in joining their hands, he caus-

* *The nuptial age.*] The same author informs us that this was at twenty-five for men, and twenty years for women.

ed them to touch the ancient spade of Manco, and the distaff of Oello, his laborious companion.

Alonzo, viewing this circle of youthful beauties, said to himself with a sigh: "Ah! Cora, heavenly maid, if thou wert present, this whole assemblage of charms would disappear in the effulgence of thine."

One of the young brides approached the Inca, with her eyes suffused in tears. The prince, perceiving it, enquired into the cause of her distress. Timidity and a painful reserve prevented her from answering. The Inca condescended to encourage her. "Alas!" says she, "I hoped to have consoled the lover of my sister: for she is so lovely that they have reserved her for the temple; and the unfortunate Ircilo, to whom my father refused her, came and poured forth his sorrows to me." "Elina," says he, "one day, you are not as beautiful, but you are not less gentle: your heart is good and compassionate; you have a tender regard for Meloe; I know how dear you are to her, and I wish to behold her in you: in pity to me supply her place. At first I refused; but Meloe, dissolved in tears, importuned me to become her substitute." "Who," says she, "will console him, if you will not? Behold how his disappointment afflicts him." "I consent," replied I to her, "if that will console him." "He thinks it will; he promises it shall. But now he confesses to me that he can love no one but her, and that he shall for ever lament the loss of her."

The Inca sent for the father of Elina and Meloe. "Bring Meloe to me," says he. "You have

“ have reserved her for the temple, but those
“ hearts, which the Sun requires, must be free,
“ and her’s is not. She loves this young man ;
“ and it is my will that he be her husband. As
“ for Elina, I will take care to choose one, who
“ shall deserve her.”

The father obeyed. Meloe approached distressed and trembling. But when she saw Ircilo, and heard that it was to him her hand should be given, her beauty revived ; an emotion of delight overspread her face, and directed her eyes full of tenderness towards those of her young lover :
“ Will you then,” says she, “ be afflicted no
“ more ? My wish is completed.”

A new couple present themselves, and, at the same instant, a young man forcing his way through the crowd, rushes between them, and falling at the feet of the Inca ; “ Son of the
“ Sun,” cries he, “ prevent Ofai from violating
“ her engagement to me. It is I whom she loves.
“ She is hastening to make herself unhappy, by
“ making me miserable.”

The king surprised at his audacity, but touched by his despair, permitted him to speak. “ In-
“ ca,” says he, “ deign to hear me. It was in
“ the season of harvest, when I being busily
“ occupied in collecting the produce of my fa-
“ ther’s fields, was informed that the harvest of
“ her father would the next day begin. Alas !”
says I, “ to-morrow they will reap the crop of
“ the father of Ofai ; my rivals will there as-
“ semble : how unfortunate for me if I should
“ be absent ! Let us hasten, and redouble our
“ efforts to finish our harvest. It was ended,
“ and I, exhausted with fatigue, went to repose.
“ De-

“ Deceived by my slumber, I awoke not till
“ your father had enlightened the world. Griev-
“ ing at my mishap, I came and found Ofai in
“ the fields, with young Mayobé, who, from
“ the dawn, had been labouring with her.”
“ Go,” says she to me with contempt, “ you
“ neither love me, nor regard my father: love
“ and friendship would have been more dili-
“ gent.” “ She would not hear my excuse, and
“ ever since hath shunned and fled me. But she
“ still loves me; be assured she loves me: for
“ she, who is a stranger to deceit, hath often
“ told me; Nelti, I will never love any one but
“ you.”

“ Ofai,” demands the prince, “ is this true?”
“ No, never should I have loved any one else;
“ but, ungrateful! he neglected the harvest of
“ my father, who loved him as a child of his
“ own.” At these words she relented. “ You
“ love him and you forgive him,” replies the
Inca. “ Receive his hand. And do you,”
says he to Mayobé, “ resign to him your mis-
“ tress; and to compensate your loss, behold!—
“ Is not she sufficiently beautiful?”——“ Ah!
“ so beautiful,” answers the young man, “ as
“ to eclipse in my eyes the charms even of Ofai
“ herself.” “ Well then, if you are pleasing
“ to her, I present her to you,” says the prince.
“ Do you consent, Elina?”——“ I do,” replies
she, “ if he will not repine: for the happiness
“ of the husband is the glory of the wife. My
“ mother has often told me so, and my heart
“ confirms it.”

These, amongst this virtuous people, were the
only troubles of love.

In

In the midst of the songs and dances, which preceded the sacrifice, a prodigy, appearing in the air, attracted every eye. They beheld an eagle assailed and wounded by kites, which, alternately, pounced rapidly on him *. The eagle, exhausted, fell beneath their bloody talons, at the foot of the Inca's throne, and in the midst of his family. The king, as well as the people, was at first seized with astonishment and terror; but recovering that firmness which never entirely forsook him: "Pontiff," says he, "sacrifice on the altar of the Sun, my father, this bird, a striking image of the enemy, which threatens us, and which will fall beneath our strokes."

The Pontiff invited the prince to enter the sanctuary. "I follow you," says Huascar, "but suppress the fear that appears on your countenance. The vulgar need no incitements to terror."

"Observe," says the Pontiff, "before you enter the temple, those three circles upon the pale face of the wife of the Sun." The moon was then rising in the horizon; and the Inca saw distinctly three circles on her disk, one of the colour of blood, one black, and the other nebulous, like a streak of smoke.

"Prince," says the priest, "let us not disguise the truth of these omens. The circle of blood presages war, the black one, calamity, and the third, more dreadful than both, portends our ruin."

* This circumstance is taken from Garcilasso.

"Hath

“Hath the Sun,” asks the Monarch, “disclosed to you this dreadful futurity?” “I foresee it,” says the Pontiff, “but the Sun has not discovered it to me.”——“Leave me then,” replies the Inca, “hope, the last blessing that belongs to man, which encourages and supports him amidst his misfortunes. All this may be nothing more than a sport, or accident of nature, and which should not be interpreted as ominous, at least it cannot now be proper to intimidate the vulgar.”

C H A P. XXXI.

SO far was Huascar from betraying the anxiety which preyed upon his mind, that to the observation of Alonzo he appeared more determined than ever. Next day the king conducted him to those splendid * gardens, which exhibited an elaborate imitation, in gold, of every plant, flower, or fruit, that those climates produced. This, which, amongst us, would have been an unparalleled instance of luxury, served only to shew the plenty and inutility of that metal.

* This description is taken from history.

From these gardens, in which art had endeavoured to copy nature, the Inca led Alonzo into those, where nature herself displayed her abundance. They were situated in a delightful valley, on the banks of the river Apurimac, and afforded an epitome of those luxuriant landships, which the New World contained. Clumps of majestic trees, uniting their shades, and interweaving their branches, formed, by the variety of their shapes and foliage, an uncommon and beautiful mixture. At a little distance, thickets of flowering shrubs attracted and delighted the eye. On the one hand were fragrant meadows diffusing their perfumes: on the other, fruit-trees, bending under their delicious burdens, and soliciting the hand to gather their produce. In a word, every plant, that was valuable, either for its virtue or flavour, offered relief to the sick, and pleasure to the healthy.

Alonzo beheld these enchanting gardens with a look of melancholy mixed with compassion. "And will these delightful scenes, says he, these sacred retreats of peace and wisdom be profaned by our European plunderers? and shall those trees, whose venerable umbrage hath protected the heads of kings, fall, before my eyes, beneath the impious axe?"

Not far from Cusco is a lake, which the Indians highly revered: For on its borders, they affirmed that Manco, together with Oello, his consort, descended. In the center of this lake, on a delightful island, the Incas had raised a superb temple to the Sun. So great a profusion of fertility and beauty did this spot comprize, that the whole seemed to have been the effect of enchantment.

chantment. Neither the meadows of Chita, where sported the flocks of the Sun, nor the fields of Colcampara, whose harvest was sacred, nor the valley of Youcaï called the Garden of the Empire, could vie with this island in charms. Here ripened the most delicious fruits, there grew the maize, of which the select Virgins made the sacrificial bread.

Hither Huascar would also conduct Alonzo. The young Castilian could not forbear admiring, at every step, the wonders of culture.

He saw the priests of the Sun, themselves, labouring in their fields. One of them, whose age and venerable aspect had distinguished him from the rest, he thus accosted: "Inca, can it be
" requisite for you to devote yourselves to such
" severe labour? Does not the sacredness of
" your office exempt you? and is it not a pro-
" fanation of it that you thus degrade your-
" selves?"

Although Alonzo spoke the language of the Incas, the priest thought he had misunderstood him. Supporting himself on his spade, and beholding him with astonishment, "Young man," says he, "what is it you ask? And what, in the
" art of fertilizing the earth, do you find that
" is degrading? Do you not know that without
" this divine art, mankind, dispersed in woods,
" would be again reduced to contend with fierce
" brutes for their prey? Remember then, that
" it was Agriculture, which united men in the
" bands of society, and raised for us our walls
" and our temples."

"These advantages," replies Alonzo, "con-
" fer honour on the inventor of the art; but
" the exercise of it is not less humiliating and
" mean,

“ mean, than toilsome : at least, it is so accounted in the climate where I was born.”

“ In your climate,” rejoins the old man, “ it should be disgraceful to live, since it is accounted shameful to labour for subsistence. This labour, without doubt, is toilsome, and for this reason every person should undergo a share of it ; but it is no less honourable than useful ; and among us there is nothing disgraceful but vice and idleness.”

“ It is, however, strange,” replies Alonzo, “ that those hands, which are consecrated to the altars, should, the moment after they have been offering perfumes and sacrifices, take up the spade and the pick-axe, and that the earth should be cultivated by the children of the Sun.”

“ The children of the Sun,” says the priest, “ imitate their father. Do you not perceive that he is daily employed in fertilizing our fields ? You admire him for the benefits he confers, and reproach his children, for following his example in their labours.”

The young Spaniard, though confounded, yet persisted in his enquiries. “ Are not the people,” asked he, “ obliged to cultivate those fields, which afford you provisions ?”

“ The people are obliged to help us,” replied the old man, “ but we ought to be avaricious of the sweat of their brows.”

“ You have sufficient,” says Alonzo, “ to recompense their toil, and your superfluities”

——“ We never have any,” returned the old man.——“ What ! not from such immense riches ?”

——“ These riches have their use. If you have
“ seen

“ seen our sacrifices, they consist of a pure offer-
“ ing the most inconsiderable part of which is
“ consumed on the altar : the rest is distributed
“ among the people. Such is the manner in
“ which the Sun requires his treasures to be em-
“ ployed. This is the worship most worthy of
“ him : and it is by this character that his chil-
“ dren are known. Having satisfied our wants,
“ the rest of our possessions is no longer our own :
“ it then becomes the portion of the orphan and
“ the helpless. The prince is the depositary
“ of them ; and it is his province to dispense
“ them : for no person should better know the
“ wants of his people, than he who is their fa-
“ ther.”

“ But, in thus stripping yourselves, do you
“ not lessen the veneration, which the people
“ would entertain, if they beheld you magnifi-
“ cently spreading those riches, that now pass
“ from you without ostentation ?”

The wise old man smiled at this question, and took up his spade.

“ Forgive,” says Alonzo, “ the imprudence
“ of my age : I see that I have excited your pity ;
“ but I only sought for instruction.”

“ My friend,” says the old man, “ I know
“ not whether splendor and magnificence inspire
“ so much veneration, as the simplicity of an
“ innocent life ; but this would be a still further
“ reason for discarding our wealth : If we sup-
“ posed ourselves to be loved, and honoured for
“ our riches, we might perhaps neglect to adorn
“ ourselves with virtues.”

Alonzo quitted the old man, impressed by his piety, and penetrated by his wisdom.

He

He expressed a desire to see the sources of that gold, the profusion of which has so much surprised him; and the Inca himself readily accompanied him to the Abitanis, the richest of all the mines, that have been hitherto discovered. A numerous people, spread on the summit of the mountain, were indolently employed in drawing forth gold from the veins of the rock. Alonzo observing that they scarce troubled themselves to penetrate the surface of the earth, and that they gave up the richest veins when it became necessary to dig, though ever so little, to pursue them, exclaimed, “ Ah! with how much more ardour would the Castilians urge on their labours! Fearful and weak people, they will make you penetrate into the entrails of the earth, tear open its sides, and descend into its abysses, to hollow out a vast tomb for yourselves. Still ye will not have assuaged their relentless avarice. Your opulent masters, indolent and proud, will become tributaries to the abilities and arts of their laborious neighbours; they will pour into Europe the treasures of America, which will resemble pitch thrown into a burning furnace: lust, irritated by riches and luxury, will be amazed to behold indigence continually recurring on its increasing wants; gold, in accumulating, will soon sink in value; the price of labour increasing, will follow the progress of riches; hoarded by the avaricious they will become less a blessing than scarcity itself, and ye, unhappy people, and your posterity, will have perished in those mines, exhausted by your labours, without having augmented the riches of Europe.

Alas!

“ Alas ! perhaps ye will have even encreased
 “ its misery with its wants, and its misfortunes
 “ with its crimes.”

C H A P. XXXII.

ALONZO, on his return to the city of the Sun, received in these words, the answer of Ataliba : “ if the king of Cusco has forgotten
 “ the will of his father, the king of Quito has
 “ not. He wishes to be the friend and ally of
 “ his brother ; but will never be one of his vassals.”

The young ambassador, perceiving an immediate war to be inevitable, was solicitous to prepare Huascar for the refusal of the Inca, his brother : “ Explain to me, Inca,” says he, “ by
 “ what peculiar privilege it is that, of all the
 “ kings, your father alone is placed with his face
 “ towards the image of the Sun ?” — “ It is
 “ because he was his beloved son,” replies the Inca, “ that this glory is conferred upon him.”
 — “ *His beloved Son !* Is it not servility and falsehood that have graced him with this title ?”
 — “ It was given to him by the united voice
 “ of his people, and a whole people never flatter.
 — “ In my opinion,” said Alonzo, “ you should
 “ abolish

“abolish this unjust distinction, as you well know
“he did not deserve it.”——“Stranger,” returned the Inca, “respect both my presence and
“his memory.”

“Would you have me then,” replies Alonzo,
“respect a king, whom yesterday his son affirmed to have been foolish, perjured, and sacrilegious? Has he not crowned your brother? Has he not violated the laws? Has he not with his expiring breath, kindled the flames of civil war between the children of the Sun, and is it his merit that entitled him to a place in the temple of the Sun, and in the immediate view of his image? Either you are unjust, or he was: the war is either your crime, or his. Whose you must decide: for the king of Quito is determined to adhere to the will of his father.”

A proud and impatient steed is not more surprised at the restraints of a bold and skilful rider, when he first feels the curb, than was the haughty Inca at the powerful consideration, which Alonzo opposed to his impetuous rage.

“Have you then received,” said he to the young Castilian, “the answer of this rebel?”——“I have,” answered Alonzo, “and Heaven be thanked, his firmness renders him worthy, both of your friendship and mine. I should have renounced him, if he had surrendered the lawful claim of independent royalty to become a vassal.”

Huasca, full of rage, re-entered his palace. Resentment and vengeance were the first emotions of his heart. But, in giving way to them, he must disgrace his father and outrage his memory; which, in the estimation of the Incas, was

the highest impiety. Nature opposed the dreadful idea; and the soul of Huascar, alternately swayed by opposite sentiments, knew not amidst the trouble that surrounded him, what part to act.

During the struggle of these contending passions, his favourite wife, the beautiful and modest Idali, found him so violently agitated, that she trembled as she approached him. In her hand she led the young Xaira, her son, who was heir to the empire, upon whom she cast her eyes with all the tenderness of maternal affection and wept. The king, beholding her with a gloomy and distressful look, and observing her tears, extended his hand to her and inquired the cause of them. “Alas!” answered she, “I still tremble. I was with my son, and careressing the image of the husband I adore, when Ocello, your august mother, came to me, pale and disordered with trouble and terror in her eyes.” “Tender and unfortunate Idali!” says she, “you are delighting yourself with this child, the sole object of your hopes; you are delighting yourself with the prospect of his future glory; but alas! how uncertain is that futurity while the right which calls him to the empire is become so precarious! As an odious peace hath substituted the will of the Incas in the room of our sacred laws, the example, once allowed, will serve for a precedent hereafter. The caprice of a man, the artifice of a woman, the charm of novelty, the illusion of a moment, may be sufficient to blast all our hopes. The scepter of the Incas will pass into the hands of her, who availed herself of the last emotion of love or weakness, and while
“ the

“ the son of a foreign woman reigns in Quito,
“ and is acknowledged to be a lawful king, no-
“ thing for the future can be deemed sacred.”
“ Ah ! dear child !” cried she, and pressed my
son to her bosom, “ never may thy father,
“ though he hath ratified thy grand-father’s per-
“ jury, follow his example !” “ Having said this,
“ she demanded to see you.”

Ocello instantly appeared ; and to the reproaches
of the Inca, who was offended at her suggestions,
she answered by recriminations, which were still
more bitter.

Ocello having been rivalled by Zulma, and,
upon her account, deserted, retained that enmity
for the son, which she had borne to the mother.
The name of Ataliba was odious to her. That
jealousy, which at first was inspired by love, had
in vain yielded to the effects of age ; even when
dying, it left its poison in the wound : As infide-
lity is destructive to love, so the object of it will
ever be odious. From this source was derived
that hatred for the blood of Zulma, with which
the most haughty of the Pallas * strove to rouse
up vengeance in the soul of her son.

“ Are you then resolved,” said she, “ to yield
“ to the rebellious pride of the usurper of your
“ rights ? Are you determined to declare to the
“ world that the laws of the Sun must bend to
“ the will of man ? that the allotment of a state
“ depends on the folly, error, or caprice of a
“ a king ? that an unjust father may exclude his

* By this appellation the females of the royal blood were distinguished.

“ son from the inheritance, destined for him by
“ nature, and dispose of it according to his own
“ inclination ?”

“ I am far from commending,” replied the
Inca, “ these dangerous maxims; and if I have
“ disguised the injustice of a father, be assured,
“ I thought myself obliged to do it.” He then
particularized the reasons which opposed his re-
sentment.

“ These specious pretences,” said the mother,
“ are meant to hide from me the two real rea-
“ sons of your conduct, which I have discover-
“ ed, and which you dare not avow. The one
“ is, a hope that you, also, will be allowed to
“ substitute passion for the laws; and haughty
“ rivals are already dividing among their chil-
“ dren the wreck of your inheritance, and the
“ empire of the Sun. The other reason, which
“ restrains you, is indolence and effeminacy, the
“ trouble of taking up arms, and the dread of
“ being vanquished: Such, at least, is the unani-
“ mous opinion of your people, who as witnesses
“ of this infamous peace, are not led away by
“ empty pretexts. The reigns of all your an-
“ cestors have been marked by glory; your’s will
“ be distinguished by indelible infamy. This
“ empire, which they founded, enlarged and es-
“ tablished by their courage and firmness, will
“ owe its speedy declension and ruin to your
“ weakness; the blood, which, in regular suc-
“ cession, flowed through their veins, will be
“ diverted from its lawful course; and he who
“ affords the first instance of shameful acquies-
“ cence is my son! Is it thus you honour the
“ memory of a father? As if to debase their
“ blood

“ blood were not the most criminal of all outrages
“ against him, your ancestors, and the god him-
“ self, from whom you are descended? Was
“ your father possessed of virtues? Imitate them.
“ Was he, for a moment subject to weakness?
“ Avow it and correct what you cannot conceal,
“ that he was a man liable to error, and was
“ once misled by the caresses of a wife. After
“ such an avowal, subject to the laws, which
“ are always wise and just, that blind passion,
“ and transient caprice, which regret disowns,
“ and condemns.

The Inca insisted on the evils inseparable from civil wars. “ Go, haste,” says she, “ and consent to this disgraceful peace, which the usurper imposes; if it be necessary to bend him, lay your scepter at his feet.” “ O unhappy child!” cries she, “ how do I pity thee! and who can tell but that one day thou wilt blush for thy father?” At these words she retired.

The Inca, deeply wounded by these reproaches, went and dispatched a messenger to acquaint the ambassador from Quito that war was declared, and that he must instantly depart. Alonzo requested permission to see him again; but all his intreaties were vain; and the same evening he was conducted back, beyond the Abancai.

C H A P. XXXIII.

ATALIBA was dejected at the ill success of Alonzo's embassy. - Having privately heard from him the particulars, he exclaimed : " Proud king, " nothing then can bend thee ; thou art deter- " mined either upon my disgrace, or destruction ! " Heaven is more righteous than thou, and will " punish thy pride." At these words, he threw himself into the arms of the young Spaniard : " O my friend," cries he, " what effusions of " blood wilt thou behold ! our people slaughter- " ed by each other ! It is his wish, it shall " be accomplished ; but punishment will follow " his crime."

" I," says Alonzo, " am at your disposal. " Allow me to show the same ardour in repelling " the war which animated my negotiations for " peace ; and, whatever be the fate of arms, " suffer your friend to conquer or to die at your " side."

" No," said the prince, embracing him, " ne- " ver will I involve thee in the crimes of an im- " pious war. Preserve thy valour for a worthy " occasion. Thou, generous and virtuous youth, " art not made to command the murderers of " their nearest kin. It is enough that I am con- " demned to it. Thou and some faithful friends, " to whom I have confided my distress, alone, " can tell the secrets of my heart. The rest of " the

“ the world, when they see two brothers armed
 “ by discord against each other, will confound
 “ the innocent with the guilty. Leave my dis-
 “ grace to myself alone; and preserve your life
 “ to partake only of my glory.”

Orozimbo and his Mexicans, Capana and his savages, were eager also to arm themselves for his defence. But he declined their offers in the same manner, and would only allow them, as he had the young Spaniard, to accompany him to the fields of Alausi, on the confines of both kingdoms.

The Inca of Quito, in the mean time, caused his standard to be raised, on one of the summits of mount Ilinissá; and his people were all put into motion at the signal.

The place of their rendezvous was in the fertile plains of Riobamba. The people who first came, were the inhabitant of a champaign country, included from North to South, between two long chains of mountains, and though beneath them, it ran out into the most delightful vallies, was higher than the summit of the Pyrénées*.

From the foot of Sangai, whose burning top incessantly poured forth smoke above the clouds — of the roaring Cotopaxi†, — of the terrible

D 4

Lata-

* *Than the summit of the Pyrénées.*] The valley of Quito is fourteen hundred and sixty toises, above the level of the sea, higher than the Canigou and the Southern Pike, which are the highest mountains of the Pyrénées, (M. de la Condamine.).

† *Of the roaring Cotopaxi.*] Its eruptions were terrible in 1738, 1743, 1744, 1750, and 1753. In the last of these years

Latacunga *—of Chimboraco, near to which Emus, Caucasus and Atlas would be but hillocks †,—of Cayambur, blackened with lava, the rival of Chimboraco, all the inhabitants rushed to arms in defence of their king.

From the northern regions went the people of Ibará and Carangué, who from being indigent, treacherous and savage were rendered by conquest happy and faithful. They once slaughtered upon the altar of their gods, and afterwards devoured, those Incas, who had been left in their country to civilize and instruct them. This crime was followed by a dreadful punishment; and the lake, into which their mutilated bodies ‡ were cast, was thence named the Lake of blood §.

To these were joined the people of Otovalo, a fertile || country, intersected by a thousand

years the flame rose five hundred toises above the summit of the mountain. In 1743 the noise of the eruption was heard at the distance of a hundred and twenty leagues. Fragments of rocks, from twelve to fifteen toises square, were thrown by the volcano three leagues into the plain. (M. de la Condamine.)

* *Of the terrible Latacunga.*] The trembling of this mountain, in 1738, overturned the town of its own name, with that of Hambato. The inhabitants were almost all buried in the ruins.

† *Would be but hillocks.*] The height of Chimboraco, is three thousand two hundred and twenty toises above the level of the sea.

‡ *Their mutilated bodies.*] To the number of two thousand, according to Garcilasso, and twenty thousand, according to Pedro de Cieca.

§ *Yabuar Cocha.*

|| *A fertile country.*] The soil here produced a hundred and fifty for one.

streams,

streams, which, beneath the ardors of a burning sky, diffused a salutary freshness.

On the western shores, from Acatamés to the fields of Sullana, all the inhabitants of those vallies, which are watered by the Emerald, the Saya, the Dolé, and the branches of that river, whose torrent repels the waves in the gulph of Tumbez, came, with their quivers on their shoulders, and their spears in their hands, to follow the Inca, whither soever he should call them; and when they were assembled * he thus addressed them :

“ People, whom my father conquered not, less
 “ by his favours than his arms, do ye remember
 “ to have seen him, with his hoary hair and venerable looks, sitting in the midst of you, and
 “ saying : ‘ Be happy ; this is the sole return I
 “ expect from my conquest ?’—this good king is
 “ no more. He left two sons, to whom, when
 “ dying, he said : ‘ Both reign in peace, one in
 “ the South, and the other in the North of my
 “ empire.’ My brother, at that time, satisfied
 “ with the division, replied to his dying father :
 “ ‘ Thy will shall be a sacred law to us.’ Such
 “ was his promise, but he hath broken his word,
 “ and now seeks to strip me of the inheritance I
 “ received from my father. To your judgment
 “ I submit. If I am wrong, desert me ; if I am
 “ right, defend me.” “ Thou art right,” cried
 “ they, with one voice ; “ and we gladly under-
 “ take thy defence.”——“ Behold my son,” replied the Inca, “ who ought to succeed me in

* They amounted to thirty thousand.

“ my kingdom and to surpass me in wisdom ; for
“ like me, he hath the example of the king’s
“ our ancestors, and with theirs he will also have
“ mine.”——“ May he live,” answered they ;
“ and when thou shalt be no more, may his con-
“ duct remind us of his father !”——“ Come
“ on,” continues the Inca, “ defend my rights
“ and his. My brother, more powerful than I,
“ disdains me, and at his leisure, is preparing
“ for war, the report of which, no doubt, he
“ flatters himself, will strike me with fear ; it is
“ my wish to prevent him before his forces are
“ collected.” “ To-morrow, let us march for
“ Cusco.”

The next day, he advanced by the fields of Alausi, towards the walls of Cannara, a city still famous for its magnificence and the gold with which it abounds. The Incas, by adorning it with walls, a palace, and temples, had provided themselves a fortress to keep the Chancas in awe.

This populous, warlike, and powerful nation, was composed of various tribes. Some of whom were the people of Curampa, Quivala, and Tacmar, who, being proud of their imaginary descent from a lion, the object of worship amongst their fathers, still invested themselves in the skin of their god ; and while they wore his mane on their foreheads, they carried in their eyes his fire. Others of them were the people of Sulla, Vilca, Hanco and Urimarca ; the first of these boasted that they were sprung from a mountain, and the rest, from a cavern, a lake, and a river, to which their fathers were accustomed to sacrifice their first-born. Though this horrible wor-
ship

ship had been abolished, they could not be undeceived with respect to their origin; and this error supported their martial disposition.

The Chancas, surprised by Ataliba in a defenceless condition, demanded of him why he entered their country, in arms? "I am going," replied the Inca, "to solicit the alliance of the king of Cusco, and to swear to him, if he will grant it, an inviolable friendship on the tomb of our father."

Though nothing could less resemble a suppliant king than this prince, at the head of a powerful army, yet they affected to believe him; and he, deceived by appearances, was preparing to continue his rout, till a Cacique of the country entered his tent. This Cacique, who had been hurt by the pride of the Inca of Cusco, having saluted Ataliba, thus addressed him. "You think to pass in safety through the country of this people, because you have forbidden your army to injure or oppress them! but know, that in a council, at which I was present, conspiracy hath been formed against you. I love you, because they assure me you are affable and good; but I hate your rival, because he is austere and proud. He hath slighted me. I am the son of the Lion, and will not brook an affront."

Ataliba thanked the Cacique, and consulted his lieutenants on the information he hath received. These were Palmore and Corambé, who had both been bred to arms, under the standards of the king his father, and were revered by the troops they had commanded in the conquest of Quito. "Prince," said one of them to him, "behold those heaps of bones, overgrown with
"grass,

“grafs, that rife on yonder plain; thefe are the
 “honourable remains of twenty thoufand Chan-
 “cas, who, in defence of their liberty, fell in
 “battle*. Their children are not deftitute of
 “courage. Should we conquer, as I expect,
 “they will ceafe to be dangerous, but, as the
 “event of war is uncertain, it would be madnefs
 “not to provide for the worft. Though I have
 “exprefsed my hopes of victory, yet it muft not
 “be difsembled that we may be overcome; and
 “if this fhould be our fate, thefe people, em-
 “boldened by fuccefs, will purfue their advan-
 “tage to our deftruction. Neglect not then
 “the advice of this Cacique. The fortrefs of
 “Cannara will ferve to fupport or defend us,
 “and, fhould we be defeated, will enable us to
 “rally. As the fafety of the army depends on
 “this poft, it cannot be too carefully guard-
 “ed; if I may venture to give an opinion, Inca,
 “you yourfelf fhould undertake the charge.”

The Inca, feeing nothing more in this prudent
 advice than the intention of leaving him in a
 place of fafety, was offended, and faid to Corambé.
 “If my prefence excite your fufpicions, you
 “know not my heart. Your age, your exploits,
 “the efteem of my father, have entitled you to
 “my confidence and I never gave it by halves.
 “You fhall command; I will be your firft fol-
 “dier, and the reft fhall learn from me to obey

* *Fell in battle.*] In the reign of the Inca Roca; there re-
 mained on the fpot thirty thoufand men, eight thoufand of
 whom belonged to the Inca. The plain Sascahuana, where
 this battle was fought, received from thence the name of *Tu-
 baur-pampa, the field of blood.* See Chap. 30.

“ you

“ you with ardor. If we be victorious, fear not
“ that your king will rob you of your honour.
“ It is no longer a time to be anxious for my
“ life. My rights are the object of our defence,
“ and it would be shameful that I should be ab-
“ sent while you are engaged. Speak no more
“ then of placing me at a distance from dang-
“ er.”

“ No, prince,” replies Corambé, “ I should
“ be unjust to your merit, if I suspected your
“ courage, but you think I am jealous and en-
“ vious of your glory. You will reproach your-
“ self hereafter with having injured the zeal of a
“ friend, whom your father better knew.”

“ Ah ! generous old man,” says the Inca,
embracing him, “ forgive me. I have been,
“ for a moment, unjust. But, why would you
“ leave me inactive beneath the shade of these
“ walls ?”

“ It shall be my post,” replied Corambé,
“ Leave me but three thousand men, those va-
“ liant Caciques, and this stranger, who, like
“ them, is impatient to serve you.” The Inca
no longer refused. Alonzo, Capaña, the brave
Orozimbo, the savages and the Mexicans embrac-
ed the proposal with joy, resolving to shed their
blood in the Inca’s defence. Having left with
them this number of chosen men in the fortress
of Cannara, he marched with his army towards
the fields of Tumibamba.

C H A P. XXXIV.

THE king of Cusco, in the mean time, was active in assembling his forces; while the various tribes around him, quitting their fields at his summons, ran to arms, and resorted to his standard.

From the banks of that celebrated * lake, where Manco descended, came the people of Afilo, Avancani, Uma, Urco, Cayavir, Mullama, Affan, Cancola, and Hillavi, who were all united under the name of Collas. These left their fertile pastures, where they formerly worshipped a white ram, as the god of their flocks, and the source of their riches. They supposed themselves to have arisen from this lake, which their cottages surrounded, and that, after death, they should descend into it, as into another Lethe, to assume new bodies, and revisit the light.

Next to them advanced the haughty and brave nation of the Charcas, who were subjected not by arms, but by reason. When the Incas informed them that they were come to give them laws, their young warriors earnestly demanded to be led forth either to conquer, or to die in defence of their freedom. But when the old men extolled the great wisdom and goodness of the Incas; they

* The lake of Collao.

dropped their arms and ran in crowds to prostrate themselves before the son of the Sun, who was desirous of becoming their king.

The warlike Chayantans were still more wise. Their voluntary submission to the power of the Incas is an unexampled instance of wisdom. The prince, who went to subdue them, having informed them by his deputies that he was come to offer them laws, morals, order, religion, and a more rational and happy life than they had hitherto known, the Chayantans answered: "If this be true, your king hath no need of an army to reduce us. Let him leave his forces on our frontiers; let him come himself and convince us, we will submit ourselves to him: It is proper that the wisest should command. But let him also promise to leave us in peace, if, after having heard him, a change of religion and manner, should not appear to us so advantageous as he represents." On these equitable conditions the Inca came, with but few attendants, and addressed them. After having listened to him with attention, and perceived the benefits they should enjoy from the laws of the Incas, they submitted themselves to him and rendered him thanks. Such were these savages, whom the Europeans have thought it not possible to civilize but by murder and slavery.

A less numerous people advanced from the East, who cultivated the foot of the inaccessible mountains of the Andes. Their ancestors worshipped those enormous snakes *, with which

* *Those enormous snakes.*] They are twenty-five, and thirty feet long.

their country abounded; and also the tyger, on account of his ferocity. Though they had abjured the worship of the latter, yet they continued to wear his skin, and their hearts had not lost his savage disposition. Among the Andes, from whence they descended, a mother, before she presented the breast to her suckling, smeared it with human blood, that their infants by receiving blood with their milk, might be taught to thirst after it the more.

From the North resorted to the banks of Apurimac the people of Tumibamba, Cassamarca, Zamora, and that irritable nation, whose walls have preserved the name of Contour*, whom their fathers revered as a god. A plume taken from this terrible bird† distinguished the children of his votaries, and proudly waved on their brows.

Next to them, came a chosen body from the people of Sura, a country abounding in gold; from Racuna, where beauty seemed to be the gift of the climate, so generally was it possessed; and from the fields of Pumalacta, formerly the haunt of lions, to whom the inhabitants paid their adoration.

From the plains of the West assembled in crouds the brave people of Imara, Collapampa, and

* Cuntur-Marca.

† *This terrible bird.*] It is black and white, like a magpye. Nature has not furnished this bird with talons; its beak, however, is so hard and strong, as, with a single stroke, to penetrate the hide of a bull. Its wings, when expanded are about twenty feet wide. Two of these birds are sufficient to kill a bull; and devour him.

Queva,

Queva, by whom the empire was saved when the Chancas * revolted, and who still wore as marks of their glory, the same ornaments that distinguished the offspring of the Sun †.

Last came the inhabitants of the rich valleys of Yca, Pisco, Acari, Nasca, and Rimac, all of whom were easily conquered; and those of Huaman, who, though more obstinate, were in their turn subdued. When the worship and laws of the Incas were proposed for their acceptance, they answered,—That the sea, a beneficent and liberal divinity was the object of their worship; that they forbade not the people of the mountains to adore the Sun, whose influences were grateful to them, and who tempered the severity of their cold climates; but as for themselves, whom he consumed, and whose fields he destroyed, they never would make him their god; that they were contented with their king, and the deity they worshipped, and were determined to defend both, at the price of their blood. The war was long and terrible, but the enemy, to reduce them, having diverted the streams which supplied their parched furrows, necessity compelled them to yield: and the mild equity of the reign of the Incas, authorised the violence to which they resorted.

Scarcely had these nations reached the walls of Cusco, when intelligence came that the king of Quito was arrived at Tumibamba. Huascar on

* Under the Inca Roca. See Chap. 30 & 34.

† *The same ornaments that distinguished the offspring of the Sun.* Their hair was cut, their ears pierced, and they wore the fringe called *Lantu* on their foreheads.

receiving

receiving this advice, prepared to intercept him, at the ford of the river that crosses those fields. But a fortunate incident gained him an advantage, which could not have been obtained from his prudence or councils.

Ataliba had passed the river; and intended to incamp on an opposite hill. The day was declining, and the army of Quito having had a long march, the soldiers were overcome by fatigue, and stood in need of repose. But, zeal for their cause inspiring them with vigour, they ascended the eminence in safety. No sooner, however, had they gained the summit than a column of the king of Cusco's army was there ready to receive them, and the signal to engage was instantly given. The advantage of ground, and numbers, over troops already worn out with fatigue, rendered every effort of valour abortive. The army of Quito, though it rallied twenty times, was as often overpowered, and were it not for the approach of night, which favoured their retreat, must have been entirely destroyed. It was necessary to repass the river, and the king, who defended the ford, in person, fell into the enemies hands.

Huascar would not condescend to see him. "He shall undergo," said he, "the fate of a rebel. Let him be carefully guarded in the fort of Tumibamba."

This disaster spread dejection through the army of the captive king. The whole camp was in confusion. The son of Ataliba ran every where distracted, stretching forth his hands and crying to the people, "my friends! restore to me my father." His grief and disorder redoubled the

the distress with which they were every one filled.

Palmore, afflicted, but tranquil, goes to Zorai, and bringing him into his tent, said to him: "Prince, be calm. We should never despair. Your people are faithful. He shall be restored."—"You flatter me," said the young man, trembling both with fear and with joy.—"I do not flatter: he shall be restored to you. Go, and shew to your people an example of fortitude."

The night passed on; and a mournful silence, the effect of consternation, brooded over the whole army. Palmore alone, shut up in his tent, sleepless and ruminating, said to himself: "What shall I do? If by force I should attempt to rescue my king, I well know his enemy: he will sooner destroy, then surrender him. And should any indications of irresolution, weakness, or fear escape me, the whole army will be dejected and all must be lost."

While he was absorbed in these gloomy reflections, an old soldier entered his tent. "Do you remember me," asked he? "I fought under your standards in the conquest of Quito. You may still see my scars. When the Cacique of Tacmar was conquered, taken and imprisoned in the fort of Tumibamba, I was one of his guards. An attempt was made to rescue him, through a long cavern, which reached to the prison. The enterprise, however, was discovered, and Tacmar being brought to submit, the Cacique obtained his freedom. Peace soon effaced the remembrance of war, and this avenue, which was dug to the fort, hath never been filled up: I know the entrance of it, though

“ though it be now over-grown, and if the pri-
“ son of the Inca, be as I think, the same with
“ that of the Cacique, I wish only for ten men
“ of experienced courage, to set him, this night,
“ free.”

Palmore, applauding his zeal, bid him choose ten companions worthy of himself, and saw them go from the camp in the profoundest silence. He spent the rest of the night in the most distressful alarms. Fear, hope, uncertainty, probability and the danger of the event, alternately agitated his breast. On the one hand, was the liberty, on the other, the life of the king. The important decision hung upon a moment.

In this interval the king of Quito was groaning under the weight of his chains, more tormented by the thought of his people and his son, than by any regard for himself.

At once, in the midst of the reflections into which he was sunk, a sound, issuing from beneath him, called off his attention. He listened, and the noise seemed to approach him. The ground trembled under his feet. He retired; and saw the earth loosening. In a moment it was thrown up as from a grave, when a man, rising, without speaking, gave him a signal to be silent, and, seizing him by the hand, drew him into the cavern, which had opened before him.

Ataliba, without resistance, gave himself up to his guide, and, on coming out of the cavern, saw himself surrounded by soldiers, who said to him :
“ Come, Prince, you are free. Come, your
“ people wish for you. Restore them to life and
“ hope.”——“ I am free! and by your means!
“ O my deliverers!” said he to them, “ what do
“ I not

“ I not owe you ! Shall I be ever able to reward
“ your desert ? But to give this enterprize its
“ proper effect, their minds must be caught by
“ the appearance of a prodigy. Let them not
“ know that you have delivered me.” They pro-
mised him to keep it a secret, and, by favour of
the night, Ataliba crossed the river, arrived at
his camp, and reached, undiscovered, the tent of
Palmore.

The old man, worn out with anxiety, on see-
ing his master, fell at his knees. The Inca rais-
ed, and embraced him. “ Soldiers,” says Pal-
more, “ let one of you, without noise, run to the
“ prince and acquaint him with his father’s re-
“ turn.”

This affectionate and beloved son instantly ar-
rived, distracted with joy and surprize. The mu-
tual transports of the young Inca and his father
were interrupted by the shouts of the army, who,
as soon as they awoke, pressed round in crowds,
demanding a sight of their king. He appeared,
and their shouts were encreased : “ There he is :
“ it is he : ’tis himself. He is free, and restored
“ to us again.”

“ Yes, my people,” said Ataliba, “ the Sun
“ my father hath eluded the vigilance of my
“ enemies. He hath caused me to escape from
“ the walls that confined me. I owe my delive-
“ rance to his paternal regard.”

To this recital the multitude (ever fond of ex-
aggerating the object of its wonder) added, that
Ataliba had escaped from his prison in the form
of a snake *. This report, communicated from

* This circumstance is taken from the history.

one to another, was soon confirmed and received as a signal indication of the favour of Heaven.

“Palmore,” said the king, “now is the moment to surprize my enemies, and repair my disgrace.”

“No, Prince, no,” answered Palmore, “you shall expose yourself no more. You have caused us, this night, but too much anxiety. Do you repair to those who are defending Canara, and send Corambé to me.” The king yielded to the importunities of his General, and ordered his son to be called.

“Prince,” said he, “I leave you under the conduct of my friends, and the guard of my people. Remember your ancestors. They entered the field with a wise intrepidity. Imitate their prudence, or rather consult the chiefs, who command you. A wise compliance with the advice of those whom years have stored with experience, is the prudence that belongs to your age.” “My friends,” says he, to Palmore and the warriors that surrounded him, “I commit him to your care, and into your hands I delegate my rights as a father. Adieu, my son! Return worthy of all my affection.” At these words, the king, pressing to his bosom the young man, who possessed every attraction of beauty that could render virtue more amiable in ingenuous youth, dropped a tear; and fixing, upon Palmore and the Caciques, a look, that expressed every emotion of paternal love, again committed his son to their care, and turned from them his eyes.

C H A P. XXXV.

WHILST Ataliba, on his return to Cannara, was crossing the fields of Loxa, information, that the Cannarians had revolted, was brought him. All the people, in one body, surrounded the citadel, and threatened to cut off the communication between it and all water. The extremity was urgent. There was no way of compelling this warlike people to raise the siege, but by leaving the walls, and attacking them, at the hazard of being hemmed in, and overpowered by numbers.

At this juncture the most astonishing phenomenon in nature appeared. The object of devotion in those climates, at once, and in the midst of a cloudless sky, grew dark. A deep, and instant gloom overcast the earth. The shade no longer spread itself from the East; but fell from the summit of the heavens, and veiled the whole horizon. The atmosphere became cold and damp. The animals, suddenly deprived of the heat that enlivened, and the light that guided them, motionless and sad, seemed to ask the cause of this unexpected night. Their instinct, which counted the hours, told them that it was not yet the hour of repose. In the woods, they called to each other in faltering voices, astonished at not being able to see one another; in the vallies they assembled, and crowd together in fear. The birds,
which,

which, on the faith of day, had ascended aloft in air, surpris'd by the darkness, knew not whither to fly. The turtle threw itself into the way of the vulture, and he was alarmed at the meeting. Every thing possessed of life was seized with affright. Even the vegetables were not insensible of this general crisis. It might be said that the immense current of life, which flowed through an infinitude of veins, was ceasing to circulate, and that the soul of the world appeared to be expiring.

And man! alas! in him reflection, to the terrors of instinct, adds the trouble and perplexities of a helpless foresight. Blind and inquisitive, whatever is inexplicable he converts into phantoms, and, preferring fear to ignorance, torments his imagination with distressful forebodings. Happy, at such a season, are the people to whom the wise have disclosed the secrets of nature! They behold the Sun, darkened at noon, without fear; and wait without alarm for the instant, when the earth shall again emerge into light. But what words can express the terror and amazement, that possess at such a time, the worshippers of the Sun! In a sky perfectly serene, when their God, in all his splendor, hath attained the zenith of his glory, he, at once, disappears! while both the cause and duration of the prodigy are equally unknown. The cities of Quito, of the Sun and of Cusco, with the camps of both Incas, were filled with lamentations and dread.

At Cannara, a sudden horror prevailed. The besieged, and their assailants, lay prostrate on the earth. Alonzo, in the midst of these distracted
Indians,

Indians, observed, with a mixed emotion of surprise and compassion, the prevalence of ignorance and fear on the human heart. He beheld the most intrepid warriors turn pale, and tremble. "Friends," say he, "hear me. Time is pressing on. It is of importance for you to be now undeceived. This appearance in the heaven is no evil portent. Nothing is more natural, and when I have explained it, you will no longer be afraid." The Indians, whom this language began to encourage, listened with attention, and Alonzo proceeded. "When, in the shade of a mountain, you no longer see the Sun, you say, without fear: he is hidden by the mountain; it is myself, and not he, that is in the shade. He remains in the heaven the same." Well then, instead of a mountain, it is as a large and solid globe, a world like the earth which is now passing under his disk. But this world, which is pursuing its course, will shortly pass on, and the Sun reappear more radiant than before. Be no longer afraid of a transient shadow, but avail yourselves of the terror that possesses your enemies."

Error, amongst the people of the new world, is not deeply planted. So slight a hold has it gained in the heart, that the first breath of truth tears it up by the roots. As they adopt opinions without examination, so they discard them without regret. Alonzo by means of a single image, which was obvious and sensible, undeceived their understandings, and encouraged their hearts. In fact, the Sun, like a circle of gold, surrounding the shade, began to recover his light. "What then!" cried they, "is this no defect in our

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“ God, nor a mark of his anger ?” and Corambé, intirely to dispel their apprehensions, said to them : “ Soldiers, what this man hath foretold “ I have known to happen. He is wiser than “ we. Haste then, take arms, sally forth and “ drive these, whom fear hath already sub- “ dued.”

At the shouts of the besieged, who on the first appearance of returning light, burst forth from the walls of the fort, the Cannarins, abandoned themselves to the impulse of terror. They were attacked in their camp, and instantly routed. The Sun, restoring light again to his fields beheld them dispersed, dying and dead.

Alonzo, in this sally, had never quitted Capana ; and at the head of his savages, they were pursuing the line they had broken, when at a distance they saw another party engaged. “ See there,” says Alonzo, “ a troop, as I think, of our friends, “ on whom the Cannarins are taking their re- “ venge. Let us fly to their aid.” They scoured across the plain with the fury of a tempest ; and a whirlwind of dust marked the path they had taken, They came up. It was the king, the Inca himself, whom his valiant guard had surrounded, and was defending, against a superior force of the enemy.

Ataliba was distinguished by Alonzo, from the cincture of his head, the splendor of his shield, and his courage, which rendered him more conspicuous than both. The lightning bursts through the clouds with less violence, than the sword of the Castilian opened him a passage through the numerous assailants of Ataliba. The king, at the sight of Alonzo was animated with the hope of success. Nor was he disappointed. Exerting their united

united efforts they charged, repulsed and overturned every opponent.

When the Cannarins had given way and fled before them, Ataliba throwing himself into the arms of Alonzo: "How happy am I," says he, "O my friend, to owe my deliverance to you! "As I am wounded, I leave you to rally my "men. Spare all you meet with unarmed." Having thus said he ordered them to bear him to the fort.

His wound, though painful, was not dangerous. The gum of the mulli, a valuable balm (which nature, as if to expiate the crime of bestowing upon them gold, had given to the inhabitants of these climates) being applied to the wound, effected an immediate cure, and restored this unfortunate prince to life, and to sorrow.

The news of the Inca's victory was carried by Corambé to the camp. Palmore however, was willing to wait till it might reach that of the enemy, and spread through it an alarm. He then went to the king of Cusco, and thus addressed him: "the Inca, your brother, was desirous of "peace, and you have declared war. Before "hostilities were commenced, he came, and repeated his desire. An unexpected incident, "which hath given you the advantage ought not "to make you vain of your success. We wish "for peace, from the love of peace alone, and "the just horror with which we behold a civil "war. Inca, weigh well your answer. Our javelins are no longer in our hands; our bows "are unstrung; and the arrow of death sleeps "in its quiver; think before it be drawn, what "distress one word of your lips may prevent, or "occasion. It is in circumstances like these that

“ language can murder, and the tongue of a king
“ become a dart with a thousand barbs. You
“ will answer to the Sun your father for the blood
“ of his subjects and his children. Equality, in-
“ dependence, but with concord and union, I am
“ commissioned by the king your brother both to
“ offer, and demand.”

The monarch answered, that the Incas, his ancestors, had never been prescribed to. Palmore, with a deep sigh, replied: “ Since it is
“ your will ! to-morrow.”—And returned to the camp.

At the break of day, both armies were drawn out on the plain, and it was the first time in eleven reigns that the standard of Manco had been borne on opposite sides. As it was the pledge of victory, the center, in which it was placed, became the chief object both of attack and defence.

At a distance from the post of danger, and on an eminence towards Cusco, the throne of Huascar, canopied with feathers of a thousand hues, and borne by twenty Caciques, reflected the rays of the morning. The Inca, from this elevation, on a height that commanded the plain, seemed to preside over the destiny of the impending contest.

The two armies approached each other with equal pace; and at once the war-cry of these people, the terrible word, *Illapa**, repeated by a hundred thousand voices, made the woods and the mountains resound. To this reverberated

* See the last note of the *second* chapter.

cry was joined the sound of arrows thirsting for blood.

But their quivers were soon empty, and the arrow from that moment, gave place to the javelin, which, thrown from less distance, failed not to wound. Battalions that could scarcely maintain their ground, might now be seen closing their ranks to fill up their vacancies, and conceal their loss. Pain extinguished their shouts, and death preserved an indignant silence: the Indian, lest his enemy should have the joy to hear him complain, retained to the last sigh the voice of his anguish.

To the javelin succeeded the hatchet and the club. These weapons appeared terrible amongst people, to whom iron and nitre, the gifts of the furies, were entirely unknown. Equal bravery hitherto held the battle in suspense. Victory, hovering over the field, in doubt, between either army, dipped her wings in the blood of both.

The superiority of a people inured to war over those, who have long lived in peace was on this occasion, very apparent. The bravest part of the army of Cusco was stationed to defend the hill. The rest, consisting of shepherds, whom indolence rendered effeminate, had greatly the advantage in numbers, which, however, were but of little avail when contrasted with the courage of those that opposed them. Fresh battalions supplied the places of such, as, broken and routed, turned their backs on the enemy; but these all gave way in succession.

The enemy continually advancing, threatened to surround the body that defended that standard.

The king of Cusco, perceiving from a distance his centre overpowered, detached from the hill to their support those chosen warriors, to whom had been committed the care of his person. This, being foreseen by Corambé, while the party detached were hastening to their post, he, with some chosen companies in reserve, charged the weakened guard that surrounded the throne, cut, through them, a way to the Inca himself, took him alive, bound him in fetters, and conducted him out of the field.

This disaster was instantly proclaimed by a thousand exclamations of grief. The report spread through the army, and carried with it despair. Terror and dispersion succeed. The people distracted at their loss, threw away their arms and sought to escape: grief, perplexity and dread prevented their flight; they fell, dispersed on the plain, having nothing to hope from, but the mercy of their conquerors; yet this they vainly implored. No pity was shewn them: the forces of Ataliba were transported with rage. The two old men, who commanded them, gave orders to desist, and stop the effusion of blood, but their orders were issued in vain; the carnage was prolonged, without abating their fury. Never, they thought, could they be sufficiently revenged for the loss, which had rendered them furious and cruel. The prince, the son of their king, Zorai was no more. O unhappy father! how wilt thou lament thy conquest!

When the standard was attacked, Zorai advanced at the head of his men and animated them by his own example. Emotions were excited in every heart by his youth, beauty, and courage.

courage. The enemy, seeing him expose himself to their strokes, admired and pitied him; forgetting to fear him they dared not strike him. One only, a savage inhabitant of the Andes, at the moment, when the young prince, in the ardour of the contest, seized the standard, aimed at him a fatal arrow. The flint, with which it was barbed, penetrated his breast. He tottered, and his Indians pressed around to support him, but alas! in vain. His eyes lost their fire, and the flower of beauty faded on his cheek, a mortal chillness began to spread through all his limbs. As a young cedar on the edge of a forest, torn from its roots by a storm, inclines on the surrounding trees, which hold it up from falling, and appears to be still alive, though its drooping branches and withering leaves discover that the earth, which nourished it, supports it no longer; so appeared the young Inca, mortally wounded and leaning on his soldiers. "O my father!" cries he, with a faltering voice, "how great will be thy grief! Tell him my friends, that my blood hath at least gained him the victory. Wrap me in the standard which hath cost me my life, to conceal from the eyes of my father, too painful a sight, and console him with the thought, that I died worthy of him."

The united exclamations of grief and revenge resounded around him. "No," says he, "it is enough to have conquered; I wish not for vengeance. I am an Inca, and I forgive." They bore him from the field of battle, where fury renewed the onset. Some moments after, lifting his eye-lids towards Quito, he once pronounced the name of father, and the endearing

title hung, half-uttered, on his parting breath. At the instant he expired, the distressful cries of the guard informed the army of Cusco that their king was taken.

Terror on the one side, and fury on the other, presented nothing but confusion and slaughter in the fields of Tumibamba. Cusco was taken and sacked; the eldest of the king's brothers, the brave and wise Mango, who defended it, finding that he must either perish or give it up, retreated, fighting, and escaped to the mountains. The haughty Ocello, the lovely and tender Idali, with the beloved child *, whose birth had destined him to succeed in the empire, had scarcely time to flee; and the generals of Ataliba, having employed every effort to terminate the ravage, at length collected their forces on the banks of the Apurimac.

C H A P. XXXVI.

HERE it was that the impetuous Huascar, under an inexorable guard, abandoned himself to every impulse of his wayward passions. Palmore and Corambé, on entering his tent, prostrated themselves, as was usual, before him, and addressed him in the most respectful and soothing

* Xaira.

expressions.

expressions. He scarcely raised his head; and beholding them with a look of indignation: "Traitors," said he, "either break my fetters, or imbrue your hands in my blood. It is to aggravate my misfortune that ye thus mingle respect with insult. If I am a king, give me back my freedom; you may then bend before me. But if I am a slave, why not trample upon me?"

He had scarcely finished, when his ear was filled with the loudest exclamations of grief. "You are not the only person that is unhappy," said Palmore. "Ataliba hath lost his son."—"Ah!" cried Huascar, while his eyes shone with inhuman joy, "I shall then behold his tears. May Heaven requite him with all the evils he hath brought on me!"

The people of Quito, being re-assembled in their camp, demanded to see the body of the Prince; which had been concealed from their view, and the cries, that had just been heard, were their expressions of sorrow and rage at the sight. As soon as they were soothed, and had retired, they were prevailed upon to repass the river; and the return of this victorious army from conquest, resembled the funeral pomp of a young man, whom his family, of which he had been the only hope, were attending to his grave. Consternation, mourning, and silence, surrounded the bier on which the prince, wrapped up in the standard, a melancholy, but glorious evidence of his valour, lay extended. Close behind, followed the king of Cusco, borne on a seat of equal height, enjoying in his soul the public distress.

The two generals of Ataliba accompanied the funeral bed, with pensive looks and dejected foreheads, forgetful that they had conquered an empire, and attentive only to what this unfortunate father would suffer.

“ Alas !” says Palmore, “ he confided him to our care ; from us he again expects him ; his paternal arms will be open to embrace him ; and we have nothing to restore to them, but a breathless corpse ! How shall we appear before him ?”

“ He is a man,” said Corambé : “ his son was mortal : I feel for his loss : but, instead of flattering his weakness, I would inspire him with fortitude to withstand his misfortune. Let me precede the army, and, before the report arrive, prepare him to receive it.”

Ataliba, recovered of his wound, but still feeble and languishing, was mortified to find that the defeat of the Chancas had but too well revenged him. He sighed over his victory, and was ruminating in uneasiness on the dangers to which his people, his friends, and his son were exposed, when he received information that Corambé was arrived. Surprised, and impatient to know the cause of his return, he ordered him to be immediately introduced. Corambé appeared before him. “ Inca,” said he, “ the contest is ended. The empire is your’s, without a division : your enemies are all either destroyed or disarmed. Huascar, the only one remaining, is a prisoner, and on his way to you.”

Scarcely had he spoken, when Ataliba, in a transport of joy, arose, embraced him, and said :
“ In-

“Invincible warrior, I expected every thing from thee and thy colleague; but this prodigy exceeds my expectations, and was beyond the reach of my most sanguine wishes. Proceed, and complete the felicity of thy king. He is a father; and the anxiety of a father ever fills his heart. Where is my son? Where hast thou left him? Why did he not accompany thee?”——“Your son he hath been in perils that might have daunted the bravest.”——“And, I doubt not, defied them? Tell me. This silence is dreadful.”——“What shall I answer? Alas! he never beheld the horrors of battle before. Nature hath feelings, which virtue cannot conquer.”——“Heavens! what do I hear? He fled then! he is covered with ignominy! he hath disgraced his father!”——“Would it have been better that he should expose himself to inevitable death, and have fallen?”——“Heaven grant he had!”——“Well then, be comforted. He hath obtained the height of glory, and fell worthy of you.”——“He is dead then!”——“Your army, in tears, are bringing him hither: He was at once the object of their affection and example. Never was such valour displayed at so early an age.”

The heart of Ataliba was pierced by this terrible stroke, and in seeking consolation he increased his distress. He sunk, overcome with affliction, and a torrent of tears gushed forth from his eyes. “Ah! Corambé, by how cruel an experiment,” said he, “have you prepared me to sustain my misfortune! You slandered my son! and I believed the calumny! Dear child! forgive it: my tears shall never cease to expiate my error. The glory of thy death
“in-

“inhances my injustice. Disasterous day ! fatal
“battle ! thus doth Heaven avenge an impious
“war : the vanquished and the victors are con-
“founded in punishment ; and its wrath admits
“no distinction.”

It was now become necessary for this afflicted father to assume the care of his new empire. This rich and extensive conquest, which had cost the joint labours of eleven reigns, and which, in a single day, was become his : Cusco, now obedient to his laws ; his rival a captive, and subject to his power ; nothing could alleviate his distress. He importunately demanded his son. The procession approached, and the body, wrapped in the fatal standard, was deposited before him. The Inca, after viewing it for some time in silence, beckoned to the attendants and his court to retire. They obeyed ; and he, having shut himself up in the inmost recess of the palace, with the only object of his sorrow, approached it, and with a trembling hand lifting up the veil, as soon as the bloody corpse appeared, he uttered a cry ; and fell backward on the ground. Pale, speechless, cold and motionless, here, he for some time, remained. But his grief, at length, reviving as his senses returned, he indulged, without restraint, its powerful emotions. A hundred times he embraced his son, as often he clung to his livid lips, and pressing to his bosom that heart, which no longer beat responsive to his own, he importuned Heaven to restore him to life, though at the expence of his own. One while, contemplating the wound, he washed off with his tears the blood that was congealed in it : another, fixing steadfastly his looks on the eyes of his son, he

he fancied he might still trace some wanderings of life. "Ah!" says he, "if this cold body could revive! if these eyes could behold me again! Alas! there is no hope! These eyes are closed, they are closed for ever. Neither his graces, his beauty, nor his virtues, could protract his days; and this is all that remains of a son, in whom my glory and my happiness were centered." Thus, forgetting his prosperity and his triumphs, he yielded himself up to the transports of grief.

When this gust of passion was abated, and nature overborne by its violence was fallen into a listless dejection, this unhappy father suffered himself to be separated from the melancholy remains of his child. His friends, and especially Alonzo, attempted to console him. "Ah! allow me," said he, "to pay to nature the tribute of a feeling heart. I have tasted the cup of felicity; I have drank up its sweets. The dregs are bitter, but I must exhaust them. My son, my dear son, had filled my imagination with so many delightful illusions! with so many seducing hopes!—Grief succeeds to joy, and alas! will be of longer duration. It knows no intermission, and joy, is flown from my heart, never more to return."

They enlarged to him on his power, the care requisite to confirm it, the properest means to preserve it. "How shall I," says he, "support the oppressive burden? Am I a God to watch over an immense empire, and be continually, and every where present, subservient to its wants? Let my brother be brought hither. Yes, I wish to appease him; and, I trust, the sight of my tears will call forth his pity, and

"con-

“convince him that I am more wretched than
“himself.”

Huascar, manacled, appeared before Ataliba.
“Behold,” said the afflicted father, “Cruel man,
“behold how dear you have cost me!”—It well
“becomes thee,” answered the irritated Huascar,
“to reproach me with one death, when
“ten thousand Incas have fallen victims to thy
“rage! Thou weepest, tyger! thou oughtest to
“weep; but is he the object of thy tears? Go
“view the ravages of murder amongst the sub-
“jects of thy father; behold Cusco, its palaces,
“its temples glutted with the blood of old-men,
“women and infants, its walls destroyed, its
“fields converted into graves; then lament thy
“son, if thou darest.”

These dreadful words extinguished in the heart
of Ataliba the feelings of his own distress: The
king supplanted the father. He glanced at his
lieutenants an inquisitive look, and their silence
acquiesced in what he had heard. “Is it then
“true?” said he: “And by what blind fury
“have ye rendered me execrable on earth! This
“only was wanting to complete my misfortunes.”
Then, falling back on his throne, and turning
his eyes from the light, he for some time remain-
ed absorbed in woe, and breathed only in sighs.
“Till the moment that your son fell,” said Pal-
“more, touched at his sorrow, “your people
“obeyed my commands; but from that instant,
“their grief, transformed to frenzy, would hear
“no restraint. Punish them, if you will, for
“having loved him too much; or pardon their
“despair, which had but too just a cause; the
“sufferings of your own heart will plead their ex-
“cuse.”

“cuse. They have revenged your son, as they
“would have revenged yourself.”

“Huascar,” replied Ataliba after a long and
painful silence, “see to what dreadful excesses
“nations are impelled, when discord and war
“have once broken the most sacred ties, and
“driven from the heart the suggestions of nature.
“Let us stifle these excesses in a mutual embrace.
“Take back your sceptre and your empire, and
“forgive me your misfortunes.”

Huascar, indignant, rejected the offer and said:
“Go, thou murderer of my family, go reign
“over the dead, enthrone thyself on ruins, and
“applaud thyself, at the prospect of carnage and
“desolation. Such is the empire thou offerest
“to me. From thee I wish only for death. Keep
“thy gifts, thy commiseration; keep the reward
“of thy crimes; let them perpetuate thy shame;
“and let the wretches I have left thee, to make
“thee more detested, be condemned to obey
“thee.”

“You know,” replied Ataliba, “well you
“know, that I am free from the crimes you lay
“to my charge; but your sufferings make you
“unjust. I leave it for time to reduce you to
“reason. You will one day remember that I
“detested war, that I solicited you for peace,
“that I, more deeply wounded and depressed
“than yourself at the calamities we have
“brought on each other, solicit it still. You
“will then find your brother, what you now
“see him, flexible, humane, compassionate and
“just. Adieu. I leave you in these walls a
“captive, indeed, but a captive no longer than
“you yourself choose. The very day when,
“on

“ on the altar of the Sun, our father, you will
“ consent to ratify with an oath a treaty of al-
“ liance and inviolable peace, your throne, and
“ your empire, undiminished, shall again be re-
“ stored.”

C H A P. XXXVII.

THE citadel of Cannara was the prison of the captive king. The conqueror there left a faithful guard under the severe Corambé. He sent Palmore to govern, in his name, the states of Cusco; and restoring, on his way to the vales of Riobamba, Mulliambo and Illinica, the labourers drafted from thence, he returned without pomp to Quito, attended by the bier of his unfortunate son.

The arrival of Ataliba exhibited the most affecting picture of public distress. His family, in the deepest affliction, came forth to meet him. An innumerable crowd accompanied them; but not a voice was heard to felicitate the conqueror: every heart was occupied with sympathy for the father; and had night concealed from his view the concourse that surrounded him, he might, by the sighs, which interrupted the general stillness, have supposed himself in a desert, where some bewildered wretches were invoking in their distress the assistance of Heaven.

In

In this multitude, and in the midst of the Inca's family, appeared a woman distracted. Her veil rent, her hair disheveled, her bosom torn, her eyes wild, her paleness, the convulsions of grief which distorted every feature, her hands compressed and extended towards Heaven, every thing bespoke the mother, and a mother in despair.

At the moment she came within sight of the Inca, he descended from his seat, hastened to meet her, and taking her to his bosom: "My beloved," said he, "the Sun, our father, hath recalled thy son. He disposes of his children as he pleases. Happy is he whom innocence, virtue, glory and love, attend to the tomb! His harvest is ended; he hath quitted the field of life. Thy son hath lived too little for us, but enough for himself: he hath carried with him, what years can scarcely acquire, and what one moment might have taken away, universal regret and affection. Let us be sorry to survive him: the mourner is more worthy of compassion than the person for whom he laments. But let us not by the excess of our grief, arraign his destiny, nor reproach the Sun for refusing one of his gifts." Slight sorrows may be soothed by truths like these, but their power is ineffectual to assuage the anguish of a mother! She required to see her son; and at that instant his remains were placed before her, with a cry that proceeded from her very entrails, she threw herself upon the lifeless body, embraced it, clasped it to her heart, overwhelmed it with her tears, till, suffocated and exhausted, she sunk, unconscious of her grief.

The

The Inca, in the arms of Alenzo, felt his wounds bleed afresh at the sight. The young man mingled his tears with the tears of his friend, and the nephews of Montezuma, at the desolation of an august family, thought on their own misfortunes.

Aciloe (so this unhappy mother was called) was carried into the palace; and the Inca proceeded to the temple, where the corpse of his son, sprinkled with perfumes, was lodged, till the day appointed for the funeral.

After an humble sacrifice of thanks to the Sun, the Inca departed from the temple, and under the portico, where his people were assembled, he elevated his voice, and demanded their attention. "My cause was just," said he, "and
"our God hath protected it; but the blind ar-
"dour of my troops, in avenging my son and
"myself, hath dishonoured my victory; and the
"excesses committed in my name are punished
"in me. I wish, my people, fully to expiate
"every instance of cruelty and injustice. But
"it is enough for your king to be unhappy; com-
"plete not his misery by imputing to him guilt.
"Guilty he is not. When at Cannara so much
"blood was spilt, I was expiring there; when
"Cusco was sacked, I was not present: such ra-
"vages I detest. In the name of the God who
"hath punished me, I conjure you to spare me
"the reproach. May my name be clean for-
"gotten, rather than remembered with the ad-
"dition of cruel! The king, my brother, whom
"fate hath subjected to my power, shall be an
"example of my forbearance, in opposition to
"himself. Should, however, the cry of cala-
"mity

“ mity reach your ears, should it tell you that
“ Ataliba was violent and sanguinary; O my peo-
“ ple, raise your voice, and reply, that Ataliba
“ was unhappy.”

The same evening, in company with Alonzo, seeking to console his dejection, he said: “ You
“ know my friend, with what horror our dis-
“ cords inspired me; the event hath exceeded
“ my fears; and in this abyss of evils I see my
“ melancholy forebodings but too amply fulfilled.
“ Whoever voluntarily engages in war becomes
“ responsible for all the crimes and calamity in-
“ separable from it. To hope for moderation
“ from those, who are purposely assembled to
“ murder, is to expect that the headlong torrent
“ of the mountain will suspend its course, at
“ your bidding. No king was ever more deter-
“ mined than myself to repress the impetuosity
“ and abuse of victory; yet, notwithstanding,
“ how many millions of mankind regard me as
“ their scourge!”

“ Alas! Prince,” replied Alonzo, “ if man,
“ when he hearkens to his passions, be so liable
“ to obey their influence, and is incapable of
“ controlling himself, how will he restrain an
“ unruly multitude, to whom he himself hath
“ intrusted the dangerous licence of committing
“ evil! But this whole empire is witness that
“ the inflexible king of Cusco compelled you to
“ take up arms. Load not yourself with unjust
“ reproaches; and if those whom war hath made
“ unhappy should accuse you, let your virtues
“ vindicate your innocence, and repel the injury
“ by clemency and kindness.”

These words revived the courage of Ataliba;
and his grief was suspended, till the day which
had

had been appointed for the funeral of Zorai. This was the festival of the Sun, when repassing the equator, he again enters into our hemisphere, and returns to dispense spring and summer among the inhabitants of the North. It was also the festival of paternity.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

AFTER the hymns, vows, and usual offerings, the monarch, on a throne, erected in a spacious avenue * before the temple, with the Caciques at his feet, and the old men who were judges of the manners †, beheld the fathers of families approaching, each preceded by his children, who were arrived at the age of youth.

Having bowed in homage before the Inca, the father, who bore in his hands a bundle of palm-branches, distributed them to such of his children as had faithfully performed the sacred duties of nature. These palm-branches are monuments of filial piety. Every year, each of the children, whose obedience and affection have obtained this

* This place was called *Cuti-Pata*, the place of rejoicing.

† The name of these magistrates was *Lacta-Camayu*.

reward,

reward, adds it to his trophy; and of these branches acquired in his youth, he composes a canopy for the paternal seat, from whence himself will one day govern his descendants. This seat, in each family, was like a consecrated altar: the head of the family alone had a right to sit upon it; and the palm-branches that crowned it, while they recalled to his children his virtues, admonished them also, to obey him, who himself knew how to obey; and revere him, who revered his father. At the approach of death, he caused himself to be placed under this venerable trophy, and there yielded up his last breath. When buried these branches were placed by his children to shade his tomb. The severest menace a father could utter, to a child that had forgotten his duty, was: "Unhappy child! what mean you? if you are unworthy of my affection, you will have no palm-branches to adorn your grave." This then was the evidence and pledge that each father produced to the monarch, as their general father, of the obedience, zeal, and affection of his children.

If any one had neglected the duties of filial piety, to him the palm-branch was refused. The father, with a sigh, submitted to the law, and became the accuser of his son. Regretting the painful necessity, he feelingly discloses the truth. If the instance of disobedience be flagrant, the rebellious child is exiled from the house of his father. Condemned, during this exclusion, to the disgrace of being useless, he is neither allowed to cultivate the domain of the Sun, the fields of the Inca, those of the widow, the orphan, nor the infirm; even the field that affords
his

his father subsistence is interdicted to his profane hands. The time of expiation is limited by the law. The unhappy youth anxiously numbers the tedious moments; and is observed, alone, estranged from his friends, and his family, lingering incessantly round his paternal habitation, without daring to approach the threshold. He, whose exile expires with the close of the year, enters, on the anniversary, again into favour; the Decurions* bring him back before the throne of the monarch; his father opens his arms in token of reconciliation; and he instantly rushes into them with the same eagerness as the wretch, that hath long been tossed on a tempestuous ocean, clings to the first shore upon which he is thrown. From this time, he is reinstated in the full rights of innocence: for, after a criminal is punished, it is not the custom among this wise people to cut him off from all hope of regaining the esteem of mankind. When an offence is once expiated it leave no stain behind: even the remembrance of it is totally effaced.

After these useful lessons of clemency and severity, the monarch thus addressed them. “Ye fathers hear me. Like you I am a father; I participate this relation also with yourselves: your children are mine. For what is royalty but a general paternity? This is the most honourable distinction that the Sun, who is the father of nature, could confer. I come then, as responsible for your rights, to confirm them to you, and as the exemplar of your duties

* *Cbinca-Camayū*, those who have the charge of ten.

“ to instruct you: for your rights are founded
“ on your duties, and your titles result from
“ your merit. Life is the gift of Heaven, who
“ dispenses it according to its pleasure. Be-
“ ware then not to arrogate to yourselves the
“ power of conferring it, and know that ye me-
“ rit not the name of fathers till, having receiv-
“ ed from the hands of nature your new-born
“ offspring, and remitted it into the bosom of
“ its mother, ye watch over the lives of both,
“ and exert every effort to provide for their
“ wants, and secure their repose. And, in this,
“ ye do no more than the vulture, the serpent,
“ the tyger, the most ferocious of brutes, for
“ their young. What distinguishes and conse-
“ crates the character of a father is education,
“ the care of sowing and cultivating in his chil-
“ dren the experience that he himself hath ac-
“ quired, which is the only gain of life, and
“ the wisdom that springs from it, which alone
“ can compensate the evils we endure. To
“ form, from the tenderest age, both by your
“ instructions and example, a soul to virtue, a
“ heart to sensibility, a citizen to obedience, a
“ husband, a faithful friend, a father, who, in
“ his turn, may be revered and beloved by his
“ children, in a word, a man, according to the
“ views of nature and society, is the object of
“ your duties, your merits, and your titles; as
“ also the foundation of your rights.

“ And ye, children, remember that nature
“ hath prolonged the weakness and ignorance of
“ man, but to bind him the closer to those who
“ gave him birth, and habituated him, from ne-
“ cessity, to depend on, and love, them. Had
“ she

“ she intended to dispense with this tribute of
“ affection and gratitude, she would have fur-
“ nished him with the means of living indepen-
“ dently, almost as soon as he entered into life,
“ and have given him the power to provide for
“ himself. His long infancy is destitute of
“ strength and understanding; his weakness
“ hath no resource in agility, artifice, or instinct.
“ Such is the constitution of nature to compel a
“ child to love and reverence his parents. She
“ seems to have left him to them, that they
“ might acquire merit by their cares, and to
“ have acted like a cruel step-mother, that their
“ tenderness to their offspring might be more
“ fully displayed. Thus in with-holding every
“ thing from him, she supplies him with every
“ thing by paternal affection. Recal then your
“ infancy; and reflect that whatever was neces-
“ sary, during that long state of weakness, to
“ secure you from want, or protect you from
“ danger, your parents supplied; that nature
“ had cast you upon the rocks of life, confiding
“ in their love for your support. But that for
“ which ye are more indebted to their tender vi-
“ gilance is the knowledge of conducting your-
“ selves happily through life. Destitute of their
“ instructions, which have rendered you gentle,
“ humane, and obedient to the laws of equity,
“ reason and wisdom, ye would have been,
“ like your ancestors, savage, stupid, and fero-
“ cious. Love then your parents for teaching
“ you the right application of life, which derives
“ its charms from innocence, and its value from
“ virtue.”

At these words tears of joy and love flowed
down from every eye. The children, in tran-
sports

sports of gratitude, clasped the knees of their fathers, while they, with the conscious satisfaction of having performed their duty, embraced their children. The Inca, at this sight, felt, more than ever, the loss of his son. "Merciless war," said he, "but for thee, and thy furies, I should have partaken the joy and the glory of these good fathers. He had been present and would have received the first palm-branch from my hand. Who hath deserved one better?" He added no more: sobs stifled his voice. For some moments he remained silent and dissolved in tears. At length, he proceeded, "No, let my son be brought hither; he shall not be deprived of the last tribute of love and praise. From the height of Heaven, he will hear the sorrowful voice of a father, and will pity my distresses."

His command was obeyed; and the funeral bed, on which the body of Zorai lay, was placed at the foot of the throne. "People," cried the monarch, hastening towards the corpse, "behold this pattern of filial love; behold the most affectionate, respectful, and amiable of children. Such hath he been, from his birth to his death. Immediate pleasure, hopes yet more delightful, every thing that could give the heart of a father consolation and joy, were the reward of my cares, and the presage of your happiness beneath his reign. It was impossible that so good a son should not have been a good king. A taste for goodness, a love of order, and an attachment to justice, were congenial with his soul. Glory he esteemed only as the companion of virtue; falsehood he detested as the parasite of vice; and truth he al-

“ ways adored. Magnanimous without ostenta-
“ tion, and modest with dignity, simplicity was
“ his distinguishing character, and he loved it
“ wherever it appeared. His birth he regarded
“ in no other light than as it destined his life to
“ the happiness of the world; and the title of
“ son of the Sun was so far from filling him with
“ pride, that it continually rendered him hum-
“ ble, by making him feel the weight of the du-
“ ties it imposed. If any one of the young In-
“ cas appear more deserving than I, to govern
“ this august empire, he, would he often say to
“ me, should fill your place on the throne; it is
“ my duty to surrender it to him. Judge then
“ if he would have made you happy! Ye would
“ have been his subjects; and his father, still
“ more happy, would have expired in the arms
“ of such a successor, without a care. A just
“ God, however, was unwilling to afflict the
“ sensibility of his soul with the crimes and ra-
“ vages of a war, alas! too destructive. My
“ son would have poured forth his tears over this
“ trophy of my victory, this standard steeped in
“ so much blood. He is no more. We have
“ lost, I, the most virtuous of sons, ye, the most
“ virtuous of Princes. Let us submit, and pay
“ him the gloomy honours of the tomb.”

On this the monarch, at the head of his family and people, accompanied the body of his son to the temple, where it was placed on a throne of gold, fronting the image of the Sun, with the standard that cost him his life beneath his feet, and the palm of filial love in his hand.

Cora was not in the temple. The eyes of Alonzo sought her there, but not being able to find her, his heart was seized with terror.

The

The monarch on his return from the temple, sent for him. “My friend,” said he, “having now performed the melancholy office, it is time that the father should give place to the king, and that I should begin to prepare for this formidable enemy, of whose attack you have warned me. My hope relies on your zeal, experience, and valour.”——“It shall not be deceived,” said Alonzo, “and I wish to Heaven that the defence and safety of this empire may cost only my blood! I would spill it with joy.”——“O my friend!” said the Inca, embracing him, “how have I deserved from you so generous and disinterested a zeal?” At this instant, the king was informed that the High Priest of the Sun demanded an audience. Alonzo retired, and went to seek in slumber a consolation for his sufferings, and the dreadful apprehensions that tortured his breast.

C H A P. XXXIX.

WHEN the soul is abandoned to a storm of the passions there is no evil so great as uncertainty. Agitated incessantly by the billows of hope and of fear, courage is unable to exert itself; even the resolution to become unhappy is in continual fluctuation.

In such a state was the soul of Alonzo during this long and painful night. At length sleep, in compassion to his distress, closed his heavy eyelids. A noise, however, soon broke his slumber; he raised himself, and by the glimmering light of the dawn, perceived a venerable old man before him. Hoary locks hung round his forehead, and his countenance, though pale and gloomy like a spectre retained amidst his grief a noble and majestic air. “I am the father of Cora,” said he. “My daughter sent me. I come in compliance with her last request. Go, unhappy youth, and leave us to bear the misfortunes in which you have involved us. You have brought disgrace and death into an innocent family, which had been still innocent, but for you.” At these words, the old man felt his knees sinking beneath him, and fell down in a swoon. Alonzo, pale and trembling, stretched forth his arms and raised him. “Speak,” said he, “What have I done? Of what misfortune have I been the cause?”—Cruel man! can you ask? Can you hear it from the lips of a father? You spoke to us of the virtues; benevolence and candour smiled on your face; but vice and perfidy lurked in your heart. Be satisfied. My daughter, too weak, and too simple, alas! to resist your artifices, my daughter hath disclosed to me her perjury and sacrilege in yielding herself the victim of your wishes. Her pregnancy she no longer could hide. To-morrow her shame will be known: to-morrow, she, her mother, and I, her innocent sisters and brothers, will be led forth to receive the sentence of the law. Solitude, infamy, and eternal sterility will mark the place

“ of

“ of her birth. Our ashes will be disperled.
“ We shall have no grave. Go then : my daugh-
“ ter conjures you. The unhappy girl still loves
“ you ; and when she confided to me the secret
“ of her soul, she made me promise not to be-
“ tray it. But she dreads lest your distress should
“ discover you ; and therefore intreats it as the
“ only compensation for her death, of which you
“ are the cause, that you will not be present at
“ her sufferings.”

While the Indian was speaking, remorse and despair rent the heart of Alonzo. his eyes fixed on the ground, his hair rising with horror, his motionless stupidity, all bespoke a criminal condemned by his judge ; and that judge his conscience. He fell at the old man's feet, and, in broken accents, with difficulty articulated these words : “ O my father ! my crime you know ;
“ but do you know by what fatality I was urged
“ to commit it ? Do you know how terrible a
“ moment of fear and disorder gave into my
“ power your dying daughter, and threw her in-
“ to my arms ? I call both my God and yours to
“ witness, that in this dreadful danger, my sole
“ resolution was to save her. We are both un-
“ done, and have involved you in our ruin. I
“ seek not to appease you. Behold my bosom,
“ behold my sword. Strike ! avenge yourself.”
“ I avenge myself ! ah ! know you not,” said
the old man, “ that vengeance is mad ; that she
“ adds crime to misfortune, and affords conso-
“ lation only to the wicked ? Go, thy blood
“ will neither restore to me the mother nor her
“ children. It will not exempt me from death,
“ and it would cause me to die guilty. Leave
“ me, at least my innocence : all else is gone.

“ You were distracted, I believe it : you are nei-
“ ther wicked nor perfidious ; but when you are,
“ we have in heaven a God to judge and to pu-
“ nish.”

“ Divine old man !” cried Alonzo, “ you
“ overwhelm me, you confound me. . . . And
“ shall shame, and death, and the worst of tor-
“ ments, be the reward of thy virtues ! And your
“ daughter, as virtuous, not less innocent than
“ you ! . . . No, ye shall not die. Despise me
“ not so far as to think that I wish to conceal my-
“ self and basely fly. I will appear, confess the
“ whole, undertake your defence, and rescue you
“ from the abyss into which I have plunged you,
“ or perish in it myself. But do you now return
“ to your wife and your children.”

“ Know you,” asked the old man, “ any
“ protection against the laws, and the remorse
“ that follows the breach of an oath ? I have
“ promised the Sun to remain subject to his laws.
“ My word and faith are stronger ties to me than
“ chains. An Inca knows no other ; and I will
“ die without breaking them. You are not
“ bound by these severe laws, and therefore may
“ remove. Let my daughter have the consola-
“ tion to know that you are far from danger.
“ Spare her the horror of your punishment.”——
“ Go,” said Alonzo, penetrated with respect,
grief, and gratitude, “ go swear to her that her
“ lover will never desert her. I am a husband
“ and a father. There is no danger that courage
“ cannot surmount, when inspired by love and
“ by nature.” Extending his arms to the old
man, who still trembled, he continued, “ My
“ father, my father ! either embrace me, or
“ pierce my heart. I cannot support thy resent-
“ ment.”

“ment.” The old man sunk on his bosom, embraced, pitied, and forgave him; and they mingled, at parting, a profusion of tears.

In the mean time a report was spread that the asylum of the Virgins had been profaned; that one of them had broken her vows; that she bore the fruit of a sacrilegious passion; and that the Sun, provoked at this abominable perjury, required an expiation. A crime, till now, unknown, filled every mind with horror. The misfortunes by which it became public, and of which it, perhaps was the cause, the flames of civil war kindled between two brothers, all the blood shed in it, the son of Ataliba and heir to the crown, cut off from his people by an untimely death, this long train of crimes and calamities were instantly produced as signs of his resentment, which the Sun, by an eclipse, had already confirmed. It was feared that the jealous God might not be appeased, and that he might avenge on the whole people the injury done to his glory. O superstition! that a people the most gentle and humane, should cry out for vengeance from a God, whom for his clemency, they adored! The general consternation was not dissipated till it was known that the Pontiff had impeached the criminal before the supreme tribunal, that the pit was dug and the pile prepared.

C H A P. XL.

ON this day the Sun concealed himself in dark clouds, and the gloomy appearance of nature augmented the terror with which every heart was inspired. The king appeared, as usual, in the portico of the palace. A trembling multitude surrounded the throne; and through the assembled crowd the pontiff, the priests, and the officers of the law, opening themselves a passage, conducted before the Inca the young and timid priestess. Her father overwhelmed with grief, her mother pale and fainting, her two sisters not less lovely than herself, and her three brothers the hopes of an illustrious family, all, victims of the same law, appeared to receive their punishment.

Cora, whom on account of her weakness and terror it was necessary to support, sunk down, without colour or life, at the sight of her judge. After some time she was revived, and he interrogated her. She replied with frankness: “ It “ was on that horrible night when the volcano “ threatened to destroy these walls: my terror “ threw me into the arms of a deliverer. This “ was my misfortune and my crime. Son of the “ Sun, if it be possible to remit a part of the “ punishment, attend to the voice of nature, “ which opposes this law. I implore not mercy for myself: I know that my death is inevitable.

“ evitable. But behold a father, a mother, sisters, and brothers, who are guiltless ; it is for them that, with my dying breath, I ask for favour.”

The father then spoke. “ Inca, in a moment of distraction and terror my daughter was weak, imprudent and frail ; it is for God, who sees the heart, to judge it ; but it is my duty to accuse the author of her ruin. The first person guilty was myself. My blind piety devoted my daughter to the worship of the altar, and there offered her a victim. In the moment of sacrifice I heard the sighs of her heart, and, religiously cruel, hardened mine against them. An unnatural father, I beheld her tears ; I saw her recline on the bosom of her mother seeking protection against the violence of paternal power, and without pity or remorse, completed the parricide. Her crime, alas ! her first crime, was obedience to me ; her respect, her love for me, have destroyed her. I am the executioner of my daughter. I drag her to punishment !” On uttering these words, the old man embraced his daughter ; sobs stopt his voice ; his heart was agonized with grief, and the tears that gushed forth from his eyes streamed over the bosom of Cora. Every one sympathized in his sorrow.

The monarch himself was moved ; but constrained by the law to exercise rigour, proceeded, and ordered Cora to discover her ravisher and accomplice.

Cora trembled, and remained for some time silent ; but the instances of her judge at length compelled her to utter these words : “ Son of

“ the Sun, will you be more cruel and violent
“ than the law? The law condemns me to death,
“ and involves my family in my ruin. Is not
“ this sufficient? Do you require a new kind of
“ parricide? Will you that, while I am bearing
“ to the pit, in which I am to descend alive,
“ with the fruit of my fatal affection, I should
“ accuse him also, who gave it being? Would
“ you behold my entrails burst asunder in horror,
“ and my astonished infant rend itself from the
“ bowels of its mother?”

These words impressed the heart of Ataliba with terror; and, without insisting longer, he ordered, with a sigh, the depositary of the laws to pronounce the fatal sentence; when instantly Alonzo struggled through the crowd, and prostrating himself at the foot of the throne: “Inca,” cried he, “It is I that am guilty; Cora is innocent. Punish only her ravisher.” At the appearance of Alonzo and on hearing the language, which despair had prompted him to utter, the king shuddered; the people stood motionless with astonishment; and Cora, trembling and cold, exclaimed as she fell, “Alas! could not I then save him!”——“No,” replied Alonzo, “she deserves not blame. She was insensible when I bore her away; and her distracted soul could neither consent to, nor resist her misfortune.”

The Inca was solicitous to save Alonzo. “Stranger,” said he, “our religion is not your’s; you are ignorant of our laws; and what in our estimation is a crime, is in your’s only an error, which I have no right to punish. Leave us. Our laws oblige only my subjects and myself.”

“ self. You were imprudent, but not criminal,
“ at least, if you used no violence; and Cora,
“ alone, has a right to accuse you.”——“ No,
“ no,” said she, “ a charm no less delightful
“ than irresistible gave me up to his wishes.
“ Cease, Alonzo, cease to arrogate my crime to
“ yourself. You make me suffer a thousand
“ deaths.”——“ So far is she from accusing you,”
said the king, “ that, you hear, she declares you
“ innocent.”——“ Can I be innocent,” cried Alon-
zo, “ after having dug a grave beneath her feet,
“ a grave, into which you compel her to descend
“ alive? O height of horror! this dreadful grave
“ yawns to my view, ready to receive her; and
“ am I innocent! I see the kindling pile, on
“ which her father, mother, and all her kindred
“ are speedily to perish; and am I innocent!
“ Inca, your friendship for me hath blinded
“ your judgment; and you wish to overlook my
“ offence. But I, more just than you, feel its
“ malignity, and acknowledge my guilt. For-
“ give ye unhappy victims of an infatuated pas-
“ sion, forgive me. At least, I will not under-
“ go the shame and the pain of having survived
“ you; and, if ye are led to death, I will pre-
“ cede you; I will ascend the pile, and devote
“ myself, the first, to the flames. There, this
“ sword, which ought to defend a virtuous peo-
“ ple, and a king, whom I am no longer wor-
“ thy of calling my friend, this sword shall pierce
“ my heart. I only ask, before my death, the
“ favour to be heard.”

“ I am neither ungrateful nor perfidious,” re-
sumed he, with firmness. “ Received in the
“ court of the Inca, honoured with his confi-
“ dence, loaded with his kindness, I never de-
“ signed

“ signed to betray his hospitality. I am young,
“ impetuous, and too susceptible of passion. I
“ saw Cora: love inflamed my heart, but I re-
“ spected her asylum. It was not till the terrible
“ moment when the mountain, roaring, threw
“ forth a deluge of fire, the heavens in flames,
“ and the earth quaking, presented on all sides
“ the inevitable horrors of a thousand deaths,
“ that, through the ruined walls of the sacred
“ inclosure, I fought, seized, and bore off Co-
“ ra.

“ She hath told you that she yielded! and
“ who would not have yielded like her! Is a law
“ to extinguish in us the feelings of nature suffi-
“ cient to suppress its emotions? Ye require
“ from youth the insensibility of old-age! from
“ weakness the most arduous conquest of strength
“ and virtue! Ah! it is superstition, that, in
“ the name of a God, commands you to be cru-
“ el. Will ye obey its dictates? Do ye forget
“ that the God, whom ye worship, is, in your
“ estimation, goodness itself? What! can the
“ Sun, who himself is the source of fertility, can
“ he, who enables every being to propagate its
“ kind, make it criminal to love! This passion
“ is itself an emanation from him by whom ye
“ are enlivened. It is the same genial principle
“ that pervades metals, plants, the veins of ani-
“ mals, and, more than all, the heart of man,
“ it is this fire that ye worship in its inexhausti-
“ ble source. Ye condemn its influence; and
“ because a virgin, innocent, feeble and timid,
“ hath yielded to the most natural emotions of
“ the heart, and the most delightful that Hea-
“ ven hath inspired, her father, her mother, her
“ sisters, and brothers will be condemned to pe-
“ rish

“rish with her, in the midst of torments ! No,
“people, I call to witness your God and mine;
“for the Sun is his image, that these horrors
“cannot be grateful to him ; and that the law
“which commands them, he never prescribed.
“A man was its author ; it came from
“some jealous, proud, and tyrannical king,
“who attributed to his God a heart like his
“own.

“Ye have been told that the Sun hath made
“it a crime for his priestesses to become a mother,
“and that to expiate the crime, the most horrid
“torments are necessary ; ye have been told it,
“and your simplicity was credulous ! Alas ! and
“were not your fathers also told that their gods,
“the snake, the vulture, and the tyger, required
“of a mother to spill on their altars, the blood
“of her innocent suckling ; and like you, the
“mother, devoutly cruel, sacrificed her babe.
“This worship ye have abolished ; and your’s
“not less barbarous, is still more irrational.”

Then, like one inspired by a God, and as
though the God himself had spoken from his
mouth : “O king, ye people,” cried he, “learn
“to distinguish by infallible proofs between that
“truth which comes from Heaven, and the er-
“rors of men. Cast your eyes on nature : ob-
“serve the order and design that every where
“appear. Whoever the God may be that pre-
“sides over this immutable order, which himself
“hath established, he hath adapted to it his
“laws. And of what import to this eternal or-
“der, is the vow that a young and feeble mor-
“tal hath imprudently made, to wither, like a
“fruitless plant, in the languor of sterility ?

“Was

“ Was this what nature, when she formed her,
“ enjoined?” “ Behold,” said he, seizing the
veil of Cora, and rending it, with a boldness
that commanded respect, “ behold this bosom :
“ these are the proofs for what her God hath
“ designed her. From these two sources of life,
“ acknowledge the right, and the sacred duty of
“ becoming a mother. It is thus that the God,
“ who forms nothing in vain, declares, and ex-
“ plains his designs.”

During this address of Alonzo, a confused
murmur prevailed among the multitude, indicat-
ing a change in their minds. The monarch avail-
ed himself of the moment to fix their convic-
tion. “ He speaks,” said he, “ the language
“ of reason, and reason is superior to law. No,
“ my people, I must confess that this cruel law
“ was not given by the wise Manco : his succes-
“ sors framed it; they thought to become ac-
“ ceptable to the God, whose injury they aveng-
“ ed; but they were mistaken. This error ex-
“ ists no longer; the truth resumes its rights.
“ Let us thank this stranger, who hath unde-
“ ceived us, enlightened us, and induced us to
“ revoke an inhuman law. This is too important
“ a benefit not to efface an unfortunate impru-
“ dence. Let the priestesses of the Sun have no
“ other restraint but a pure and voluntary zeal;
“ and let those, who repent the temerity of their
“ vow, be instantly absolved from it. A just
“ God cannot desire to be served with reluctance;
“ and his altars were never raised to be surround-
“ ed by slaves.”

Thus spoke the prince, animated by the dou-
ble joy of abolishing a destructive abuse, and pre-
serving the life of a friend. The aged father of
Cora,

Cora, prostrated himself, with his children, at the knees of the monarch; all the people, with hands lifted towards Heaven, broke forth in shouts of joy; Alonzo, in triumph, threw himself at the feet of his mistress. Alas! she had again fainted in the arms of her mother, and her eyes still dim were unable to perceive her lover. On seeing him sacrifice himself for her sake, anxiety, affection and terror had overwhelmed her. Cold, trembling, inanimate, her feeble knees sinking under her, she hung reclined on the breast of her mother, who, supposing she had, for the last time, embraced her, had not the cruelty to call her back to life. It was the cry of nature that reached to Heaven from the hearts of fathers, mothers, and a whole people, in unison, that re-animated her senses. She returned from the slumber of death, respired, opened her eyes and saw herself in the arms of Alonzo, who in transports said as he embraced her: “Live, dear object of my heart; thou art mine; the fatal law is no more.—“What say you? what do you, unhappy man?” said she, “begone and let me die.”——“No, thou shalt live,” replied Alonzo. “Nature and love have prevailed; the sacred names of father and mother are no longer criminal in us.” At these words, Cora, in the excess of surprise and of joy, sighed, pressed to her breast her lover and her deliverer; and too weak to support so violent and sudden a reverse, fainted once more.

Whilst Alonzo was employed in recovering her, the people pressed around to see and congratulate them. A father, a mother distracted, their children still trembling, Cora, who in the
arms

arms of Alonzo with difficulty was recalled to life, the anxiety, the agitation, the tenderness of her lover, who feared lest she should instantly expire, the joy and rapture of the people around them, all united to form so delightful a scene, that the king, the Incas, and the Mexican heroes could not refrain from tears. Amazili especially, and her faithful Telasco partook of their transport. “Ah! Telasco,” said this charming maid, “how happy will these lovers be! “They, like us, experience a transition from “the excess of misfortune to supreme felicity. “How sincerely will they love one another!”— “As we do,” said Telasco. “Heaven has bestowed upon them two hearts entirely like “ours.”

The crowd retiring, and the monarch, with the Incas, having re-entered the palace, Cora and her lover were called; and the priest spoke to them to this effect. “Cora is free. A God “who wills nothing but love, can never require “constraint; and I have the satisfaction, before “I go down to my grave, to see, from among “the number of his laws, a cruel one expunged, “which was not worthy of him. But, in his “sight, the sanctity of marriage is inviolable. “He requires that interchange of mutual fidelity in his presence shall consecrate the ties.” —“Ah! Heaven and earth are my witnesses,” cried Alonzo, “that I am the husband of Cora; “that she is the half of myself; that she hath “received my plighted faith, that my life is devoted to her; and that it is my most sacred “duty to deserve her love. I only ask, wise and “virtuous Incas, that we may deliberate whether “your

“ your religion or that of my country be more
“ worthy of the God, whom the universe ought
“ to adore. I hope that we shall soon have but
“ one altar; and that, at the foot of this altar,
“ under the eyes of the supreme Being, the re-
“ ligion most acceptable to him may sanctify the
“ vows of nature and of love.”

C H A P. XLI.

SUPERSTITION*, which ranges the earth with hallowed chains to fetter the nations, was enraged to behold the abrogation of the only law that she had dictated to the worshippers of the Sun. But, to console herself, she turned her eyes toward Europe where she reigned, and Spain, where she had established the dreadful seat of her empire. Her triumph was there preparing; and it was at the time of celebrating her abominable festival, when the ship of Pizarro, having crossed the vast seas, entered that famous

* *Superstition.*] Fanaticism is the phrenzy of zeal. Superstition is the delirium of piety. The one is the disease of violent spirits, the other of weak minds. Both profane religion; the one by its furies, and the other by its fears.

gulph *,

gulph *, through which the ocean opens for itself a passage to the shores of Egypt and of Scythia.

This great man, entirely occupied with the importance of his measures, was revolving in deep reflection the formidable difficulties that might embarrass their progress. Of these, one was the situation of his fortune. The little gold he had acquired in his first voyage was lost and dissipated by his companions, to whom it had been intrusted. His undertaking, which from the beginning was accounted a mad one, had now no advocate. All confidence in it and the assistance depending upon it were lost. Nothing less than the favour of the prince was able to revive it. But, with what horror ought the court of Spain to have been filled, at the ravages and barbarities that were exercised in America? Are not these ravagers and scourges of India held in execration by their country, astonished at their excesses? A young king especially, whom the lust of wealth had not yet corrupted, must detest them; and from the opinion he entertains of their ferocious dispositions, must consider every solicitor as applying for a licence to imitate their example, and render his reign odious to the people of another hemisphere. The lamentations of nature, the cries of religion, its ministers thundering and darting forth anathemas, on those who had rendered it the accomplice of their sacrilegious devastations; such were the thoughts that occupied Pizarro, when a favourable gale

* The Gulph of Cadiz.

brought him to the shores of Andalusia, and the harbour of Palos, from whence embarked the intrepid Columbus, when on the faith of a mariner, whom storms had instructed*, he went to discover this unhappy New World.

Pizarro, on his arrival, took care to publish the news of his return at Truxillo, the place of his

* *Whom storms had instructed.*] In fourteen hundred and eighty four, Alonzo Sanchés de Huelua, going from the Canaries to Madeira, had been driven, it is said, almost to St. Domingo. He returned to Tercera with only four of his companions. In this island Christopher Columbus, a famous pilot, by birth a Genoese, received them. They all died in his house, and it is reported, that from their journal he undertook the discovery of America.

*** As M. MARMONTEL, by implicitly following the writers of Spain, appears in the list of those who have sought to rob Columbus of his honest and well-earned glory the following note is inserted with the view of ascertaining the justice of his claim. Should this volume ever reach M. MARMONTEL I doubt not but he will approve the motive.

Dr. ROBERTSON's History of America, vol. I. P. 434.

“ Some Spanish authors, with the meanness of national jealousy, have endeavoured to detract from the glory of Columbus, by insinuating that he was led to the discovery of the New World, not by his own inventive, or enterprising genius, but by information which he had received. According to their account, a vessel having been driven from its course by easterly winds, was carried before them far to the west, and landed on the coast of an unknown country, from which it returned with difficulty; the pilot, and three sailors, being the only persons of the crew that survived the distresses which they suffered, from want of provisions and fatigues in this long voyage. In a few days after their arrival, all the four died, but the pilot having been received into the house of Columbus, his intimate friend, disclosed to him, before his death, the secret of the discovery which he had accidentally made, and left him his papers containing

his birth ; and went immediately to Seville, where the young king kept his court. The better to observe the manners and dispositions of the new court, Pizarro visited it in disguise. Every object in this deplorable country appeared changed, and the alteration drew forth his sighs.

His first astonishment arose from the solitude of the cities and the desertion of the country, through which a contagion seemed to have passed. "What then," said he to himself, "is it to

ing a journal of the voyage, which served as a guide to Columbus in his undertaking. Gomara, as far as I know, is the first who published this story, Hist. c. 13. Every circumstance is destitute of evidence to support it. Neither the name of the vessel nor its destination is known. Some pretend that it belonged to one of the sea-port towns in Andalusia, and was sailing either to the Canaries, or to Madeira ; others that it was a Biscayaner in its way to England ; others a Portuguese ship trading on the coast of Guinea. The name of the pilot" [whence M. MARMONTEL learnt it he has not informed us, any more than the time of the discovery, or destination of the voyage] "is alike unknown, as well as that of the port in which he landed on his return. According to some, it was in Portugal ; according to others in Madeira, or the Azores. The year in which this voyage was made is no less uncertain. Monfons Nav. Tracts. Churchill, III. 371. No mention is made of this pilot or his discoveries by And. Bernaldes, or Pet. Martyr, the contemporaries of Columbus. Herrera, with his usual judgment, passes over it in silence. Oviedo takes notice of this report, but considers it as a tale fit only to amuse the vulgar. Hist. lib. II. c. 2. As Columbus held his course directly west from the Canaries, and never varied it, some latter authors have supposed, that this uniformity is a proof of his having been guided by some previous information. But they do not recollect the principles on which he founded all his hopes of success, that by holding a westerly, course he must certainly arrive at those regions of the East described by the ancients. His firm belief of his own system led him to take that course, and to pursue it without deviation."

throw

“ throw themselves into the deserts of the new world, that these fertile and happy fields have been forsaken !” Nor was he less surpris’d at the austere reserve and the mysterious and taciturn gravity of this people, who formerly were shewy, sprightly, full of candour and openness, preserving a dignity even in their pleasures, and a magnificence in their feasts. Anxiety and dejection were now painted on every face ; distrust appeared in every eye ; and fear compressed every heart.

Immediately on his arrival at Seville, he visited every part of the city, and found silence and mourning wherever he came. Accidentally entering an extensive square, which was surrounded by churches and palaces, he beheld in the midst of it a large pile, and near it a throne, adorned with purple and gold. He stopped to contemplate this solemn preparation, and saw a multitude approaching but without tumult, and preserving a gloomy silence, like that which terror inspires. He enquired of every one around him what sacrilege, what parricide, was to be punished with so much solemnity, and whether the king were to preside at the execution of criminals, as the splendor of the throne seemed to intimate. But no person answered. “ Whoever you be,” at length said an old man of whom he had enquired ; “ either cease your attempts to inveigle us, or if you have no such intention, look, hear, and tremble like ourselves.”

Pizarro soon beheld the terrible train of judges and avengers of the faith approaching. He saw them ascend and seat themselves on this awful throne. Serenity appeared on their faces, and pleasure sparkled in their eyes.

The

The victims advanced, the pile was kindled. A crowd of wretches, pale, trembling, bent beneath the pressure of their chains, came forward to receive their sentence. And this decree, which condemned them to be burned alive, was pronounced with the tender and affecting tone of charitable assistance and indulgent goodness.

The young king had required that, at least, in this dreadful moment when they received their sentence, it should be permitted them, before the people, and in the view of Heaven, to speak, defend themselves and utter their complaints: a weak consolation which he wished to oppose to the rigours of this tribunal, but which, having irritated the judges, was treated as an insult, and allowed to be practised but once.

In this number was an old man, who had been surpris'd in the observation of judaical rites. In his early youth promises and threatnings had prevailed on him to abjure his religion, but his mind still retaining the impressions received from the faith of his fathers, reproached him for having deserted it, and induced him again to embrace it: in privacy and fear, he had addressed to Heaven the devotions of ancient Sion. His crime was discovered, and now on the brink of the grave he shunn'd not to avow it; he proceeded to his punishment, as a victim to the altar. But when he heard that all his goods, given up to the avarice of his judges, were stripped from his children, his fortitude instantly forsook him. "Barbarians!" said he, "is it thus that you devour your prey? I deserved death, when I betrayed my soul, when I disavowed with my mouth what I revered in my heart; but what have my children done that they must be stripped

"ped

“ped of the little property I left them? They
“have borne, from their cradle, the yoke of
“your new law: I gave them up to you. Ah!
“leave their mother, to feed these unfortunate
“sufferers, one loaf sprinkled with my blood,
“and let them steep it in their tears.”

“What then,” answered him with a placid
countenance, the chief of this horrible tribunal.
“know you not that God visits the sins of the
“fathers upon the children; and that whatever
“belonged to those who rebel against him be-
“comes the property of the ministers of his
“vengeance, as the entrails of the victims are al-
“lotted to the priest; that the slave has not any
“thing, which is not his master’s; and, in a
“word, that such as you are born slaves among
“Christians. If those goods, which no longer
“are yours, be reserved to ourselves, it is to use
“them better; and how can the property of
“infidels be more properly employed, than to
“reward the defenders of the faith? If the la-
“bourer be worthy of his hire, shall he that
“pursues error be deprived of his recompence?
“and is it not very just that an accursed race
“should pay, at their death, for the laborious
“and salutary care of their extermination?”

“Shameless and faithless men,” cries the old
man, “the secular arm is at your direction, and
“your hypocrisy insolently abuses the power of
“oppressing us. But tremble lest Heaven, at
“length should no longer suffer itself. . .” They
prevented him from proceeding; and he was in-
stantly cast into the flames.

The next was a young man, artless and timid,
who was born amongst Christians, educated in
their

their belief, and not having even an idea of the errors laid to his charge. He loved a girl as artless, as devout, and as tractable as himself who loved him in return; an enraged rival accused him of heresy; and this villain had for his accomplice a confident worthy of himself. In dungeons, and under tortures, the unfortunate youth had a thousand times invoked earth and heaven to witness his orthodoxy and his innocence; but he was not regarded. On appearing before his judges and seeing the pile, his lamentations and cries were redoubled. “Ministers of the God
“I worship, and ye O people,” said he, “I
“declare with my dying breath that I have lived
“faithful to the religion of my fathers. I be-
“lieve all that our pastors have taught me from
“my childhood. Let me be informed into what
“error I have involuntarily fallen; I will abjure
“and detest it. What ask ye more?”——“We
“require from you a sincere confession of your
“guilt.”——“I am ignorant of any. Let me,
“at least, be confronted with my accusers. Let
“these appear and convict me in your presence.”
——“No,” rejoined they: “the interest of
“the faith does not permit us to discover those
“who watch over its safety and inform us of
“errors. Have you not yourself declared that
“you have no enemies?”——“Alas! no: I hate
“no one, and I know not any one who can hate
“me.”——“Well then, it is not hatred, but
“zeal, that accuses you, and a zeal that deserves
“our credit.”——“O my father!” said the
youth to a Religious, who was exhorting him to
prepare for death, “I am loath to die; these
“flames make me shudder. Tell me what con-
“fession

“ fession is expected from me ; and innocent as
 “ I am I will accuse myself.”——“ I teach you
 “ falshood !” said this man, devoutly cruel.
 “ God forbid. No, my son, rather suffer as a
 “ martyr than delude your judges. After all,
 “ flatter not yourself that this tardy confession
 “ can avail you. It is now too late. Your guilt
 “ should have been acknowledged during your
 “ confinement ; at the approach of punishment,
 “ it is not true repentance that speaks, but fear ;
 “ and the language extorted by fear will not be
 “ regarded.” On this the young man gave way
 to the impulse of grief, and the tears that gushed
 down his cheeks, were accompanied by those of
 the beholders. “ O God !” said he, “ they
 “ tell me that thy pure and holy religion is the
 “ support of innocence ; yet thy ministers !” . . .
 They interrupted him to be dragged to the
 pile.

Whilst a wreath of flames enveloped him alive,
 and his shrieks pierced all hearts, a Moor, of al-
 most the same age, but more hardy and coura-
 geous, was condemned as a blasphemer for hav-
 ing murmured against fanaticism and its hateful
 tribunal. They pronounced sentence upon him,
 and at the same time exhorted him to declare
 before God and man who could have instigated
 him against the avengers of the faith. “ Ye
 “ people,” cried he with indignation, “ know
 “ ye whom they would have me accuse ? It is
 “ my father : they have named him to me in my
 “ chains, as the accomplice whom they earnestly
 “ urge me to impeach. It is he whom they wish
 “ me to drag to torture. They promise me in-
 “ dulgence if I would be so base and unnatural
 Vol. II. G “ as

“ as to blacken and slander the author of my
“ life. Ah ! so far from accusing him, I call
“ all the powers of Heaven to testify his inno-
“ cence. He groans like you, but it is in the
“ recesses of his soul ; and unless tears be offen-
“ sive to our tyrants, he will never offend them.
“ More impatient than himself, I have spoken,
“ I have loudly execrated this odious tyranny.
“ I have demanded, in the name of Heaven,
“ from what hatred of truth, from what horror
“ of innocence, the natural and sacred rights of
“ a lawful defence hath been forbidden the ac-
“ cused ? Why must the accuser, exempted from
“ appearing, be allowed to strike in the dark,
“ like a cowardly assassin, and remaining wrap-
“ ped up in the mantle of the judge, be yet ac-
“ counted a witness ? This infernal procedure,
“ this iniquitous preparation, these chains, these
“ prisons, these dungeons, a dreadful silence, all
“ the snares of artifice and falsehood, to sur-
“ prise, or to terrify an unhappy creature given
“ up to calumny, to the most subtle and black-
“ est fraud ; lo, these are my instigators against
“ them. They hear me, my freedom wounds
“ them. They will punish me ; but a day will
“ come when these villains will be unmasked,
“ and their crimes will recoil on themselves, like
“ a deluge augmented by the vengeance of Hea-
“ ven.”

At these words wrenching himself from the
hold of his attendant : “ Let me alone,” said he,
“ I acknowlegde not the God whom my execu-
“ tioners worship. O God of justice, God of
“ clemency, father of all men,” cried he, “ re-
“ ceive my soul.” And voluntarily drag-
ging

ging his chains, he threw himself into the flames.

He was followed by a crowd of youths of both sexes, who had been privately educated under the law of the Koran, and for this crime were now given up to the inquisitors of the Faith. They were promised to be saved from punishment, if they would become Christians. Weak, fearful, and credulous, they accepted the condition, and were immediately led to the pile. They claimed the promise, on the faith of which they had renounced their religion. "This promise," it was replied, "will be accomplished in another life. Ye will be saved from a punishment, in comparison of which the present is nothing. My children, consider only that ye die in the faith, and too happy, in submitting to so slight an expiation, resign yourselves without a murmur." Their tears were ineffectual; and from the midst of the flames into which they were thrown, their arms were extended in vain; their suppliant arms fell; and the whole of them were soon after consumed.

Pizarro (who, at a distance from the tribunal, had heard only the cries, on seeing these victims heaped up on the pile and devoured by the flames, while the air resounded with holy songs of joy, and the pious fanatics, lifting their hands to heaven offered the smoke for incense) stricken with terror and compassion, said to himself: "Hath Spain changed the object of her worship? Hath she adopted the Gods of India, whom the savages adore, and whom they imbrue in their blood?" He beheld the people, pensive and intimidated, disperse; he left the scene; and

on returning to his apartments there found Gonzalo, one of his brothers, who, being impatient to see him, was come to Seville.

C H A P. XLII.

AFTER the first emotions of tenderness and joy, Pizarro, having taken proper care that their conversation might neither be over-heard nor interrupted, began with a recital of his adventures to Gonzalo. This was followed by a discovery of his intended voyage; and he concluded with inquiring what strange revolution had happened during his absence, in the genius, manners, and religion of his country; and what horrible festival he had just beheld celebrated?

“ You were too young and obscure, when you left this country,” said Gonzalo, “ to be acquainted with such scenes; but as the success of your fortune depends upon them, it is proper that I should inform you. Attend then, my brother, and sigh.

“ The Moors, our conquerors, were dispersed thro’ Spain; wherever they came they brought with them arts, agriculture, and commerce; and while they instructed the minds of the people, they softened the ferocity of their manners. The prosperity, grandeur, and opulence of the kingdom, which was cultivated,

“ en.

“ enriched, adorned by their labours, deserved
 “ to have obliterated their invasion and ravages.
 “ When conquered, in their turn, they only
 “ asked for that freedom which the laws allow-
 “ ed, and offered to live in subjection to our
 “ kings, if they might practise the religion of
 “ their fathers; and had not Isabella been blinded
 “ by superstition, no reign would have ever been
 “ more happy or illustrious than her’s. But this
 “ queen, who was possessed of genius and cou-
 “ rage equal to the greatest of men, was unfor-
 “ tunately deluded by a fanatic *, in whom she
 “ implicitly confided. From her earliest youth
 “ he had intoxicated her with a false zeal, and
 “ had induced her to swear, if ever she ascended
 “ the throne, to exterminate heresy, and render
 “ the faith triumphant by sword and fire. It
 “ was to accomplish her rash oath that she had
 “ erected this tribunal.

“ Armed with an enormous power, freed
 “ from all the laws by which innocence was pro-
 “ tected, and consecrated by a pontiff †, who
 “ had delegated to it all his powers, this tyrant
 “ of the mind had exercised them with a sacred
 “ horror ‡. It was in Seville itself that the first
 “ of these barbarous sacrifices was celebrated,
 “ which is call’d an *act of faith* ||. This execra-
 “ ble day cost Spain twenty thousand subjects:
 “ they fled in terror; and Africa received them.
 “ In Castile and in Leon new fires were kindled;

* Thomas Torquemada, a Dominican.

† Sixtus IV.

‡ *Exercised them with a sacred horror.*] Within the space of four years the Inquisition had tried a hundred thousand persons and burnt six thousand of them.

|| *Auto-da-fe.* The first was at Seville in 1480.

“ and thousands of unhappy people were cast in-
 “ to the flames. The same scourge was extend-
 “ ed to Arragon, and the same havoc followed.
 “ All Spain felt the lash, and superstition beheld
 “ new fires, like so many beacons lighted up
 “ from one kingdom to another, in which innu-
 “ merable victims were consumed. Multitudes
 “ of the proscribed, having escaped from their
 “ persecutors abandoned themselves to the mer-
 “ cy of the waves; and Africa was peopled
 “ again. At length Grenada, which had been
 “ conquered by the Moors, became in its turn
 “ a theatre of the most deplorable furies *. Ah
 “ Pizarro ! what a province hath fanaticism ruin-
 “ ed ! An industrious, brave, intelligent people,
 “ who blended with their labours the pleasures of
 “ festivity ; more than thirty large cities in which
 “ the arts flourished, a hundred others less opu-
 “ lent, but all rich and populous ; two thou-
 “ sand villages full of happy husbandmen ; the
 “ most delightful and fertile fields on earth, all

* *[Of the most deplorable furies.]* The first edict, against the
 Jews, was in fourteen hundred and ninety-two. This edict
 compelled them to be converted, or to quit Spain. A hun-
 dred thousand families either were, or pretended to be con-
 verted, eight hundred thousand Jews retired into Portugal,
 Africa and the East.

The second edict, against the Moors, was in fifteen hun-
 dred and one, which compelled them either to be baptized, or
 to leave the kingdom in three months, under pain of being
 made slaves. An assembly of Theologues and Civillians had
 determined that it was lawful to use violence notwithstanding
 the faith of treaties. Pope Clement VII. granted a dispen-
 sation to the emperor Charles the fifth from the oaths, taken
 either by his predecessors or himself to permit the Moors freely
 to exercise their own religion ; and exhorted him to banish
 from Spain all who should refuse to embrace the christian
 faith.

“ are

“ are lost, all destroyed ; death, horror, solitude
“ extend through the whole ; the tyranny of
“ the mind, which, being more unjust and vio-
“ lent, is of all kinds the most odious, hath
“ there made vast graves, and reigns in silence
“ over ashes and ruins.

“ Is this then,” asked Pizarro, “ the reason
“ that Spain hath been so little shocked at the
“ rapine, and cruelties committed in America ?”
“ —“ Spain is hardened,” replied Gonzalo, “ by
“ her own misfortunes.” “ And at what then
“ would you expect she should be shocked and
“ astonished ? Amongst us, in her own bosom,
“ she sees the most odious of crimes sanctified.
“ Humanity is divested of all her rights the ties
“ of blood are not regarded. Such is the tri-
“ umph of false zeal that the son accuses his fa-
“ ther, the father his children, and the wife her
“ husband. They are admitted, heard ; and
“ the accused suffers on their accusation. On
“ the slightest suspicion feeble and fearful inno-
“ cence is instantly seized and dragged to a dun-
“ geon ; while the villain that accuses her, un-
“ der the protection of inviolable secrecy, is se-
“ cure of escaping unpunished. Flight, the on-
“ ly resource of the weak, is accounted a crime ;
“ and the anathema that pursues the fugitive,
“ breaks through the most sacred bonds. In
“ him his friends no longer know their friend,
“ his children their father, his subjects their
“ king : he has no sanctuary to protect him, no
“ refuge to shelter him, not even in the bosom
“ of nature. The hand that stabs him to the
“ heart is innocent ; is the avenger of Heaven.
“ Every christian, is by a divine right, the judge
“ and executioner of the infidel fugitive. Such

“ is the law of fanaticism ; and I spare you the
 “ the recital of a thousand similar atrocities,
 “ which constitute its infernal code *. No lon-
 “ ger fear then any obstacle from the detes-
 “ tation that the ravages in India may have
 “ raised.”

And is the court,” inquired Pizarro, “ infect-
 “ ed with the same delirium ?”—“ The court,”
 answered Gonzalo, “ is solely occupied with the
 “ advantages to be derived from our calamities.
 “ Provided the people be made to tremble and
 “ crouch, it is all that is there desired ; and the
 “ misfortunes of India are but lightly regarded.
 “ Formerly the grandees oppressed the people.
 “ The judges were at their devotion ; the laws,
 “ in their presence, were silent ; and without
 “ restraint, as without shame, they exercised
 “ the most crying vexations. At length, how-
 “ ever, the people recovered their rights ; the
 “ regency of Ximenes rescued them from oppres-
 “ sion ; he armed, disciplined, and united them
 “ for their own defence ; power was on the side
 “ of the laws ; and the people who enjoyed their
 “ protection, protected them in return against
 “ the attacks of the grandees, who were the
 “ enemies of both. Thus the splendor of the
 “ court, affording no internal sources of exac-
 “ tion, the rapacity of the grandees directed
 “ their attention beyond the precincts of its im-
 “ mediate influence ; and the hope of participat-

* *Its infernal code.*] Consult the inquisitor’s directory, and the extract given from it under the title of the Inquisitor’s manual.

“ ing in the plunder of the New World, hath
 “ rendered them the zealous partisans of the
 “ first who engages to become the tributary of
 “ their haughty avarice. Every thing in this
 “ reign is venal; and when gold is the only
 “ standard of worth, nothing can be obtained
 “ but by gold; of this I was solicitous to inform
 “ you. Ambition must be flattered, and the
 “ rage for wealth soothed; for all things bend
 “ to them. They preside in the councils; possess
 “ the ear of the prince, and are the soul of
 “ the court. Even religion is here their slave;
 “ and, you may perceive, that when she attempts
 “ to restrain them, she is awed into silence.
 “ Rome, the seat of the church, has been taken
 “ and sacked; the sovereign Pontiff has been
 “ thrown into chains . . . — “ But by infidels,
 “ without doubt,” asked Pizarro? — “ By us,”
 “ replied Gonzalo, “ by this young emperor, who
 “ himself obtained the mournful victory. Repair
 “ pair to him; set before him the hopes of an
 “ extensive and rich conquest. He will perhaps
 “ sigh over the sufferings of India; but if these
 “ sufferings will conduce to augment his grandeur
 “ and his power, he will consent to inflict
 “ them.”

Pizarro, availing himself of his brother's instructions, easily obtained admission at court. He was presented to the emperor; and in the midst of the assembled council, the young prince having granted him an audience, the warrior thus addressed him:

“ Mighty and glorious monarch, you now behold
 “ one of the first soldiers who, in the reign
 “ of Ferdinand, bore the arms of Castile to the

“ new world. My name is Pizarro; I was born
“ at Truxillo, one of the meanest among your
“ subjects; but I had the ambition of surmount-
“ ing the obscurity of my birth. On the coast
“ of Carthagena and the borders of Darien,
“ I followed Alphonso Ojeda, the most deter-
“ mined of men. In his school I learnt that
“ there were no dangers, which courage could
“ not vanquish; and I may say that he put me
“ to the proof of every hardship. Next to
“ him, I served under Vasco of Balboa, and con-
“ ceived the hope of rivalling Columbus and
“ Cortes.

“ You have heard the riches of America of-
“ tentatiously described; and I now apprise you
“ of what others have not known. Those is-
“ lands, from the discovery of which Columbus
“ acquired glory, that kingdom, whose conquest
“ hath rendered Cortes so famous, are nothing
“ to the country that I have discovered, and of
“ which I offer you the homage. It is the king-
“ dom of the Incas, a people who worship the
“ Sun, from whom their kings boast their de-
“ scent, and whom they dare to call father, on
“ account, no doubt of the riches, which are
“ diffused by his beams through these happy cli-
“ mates. It is a chain of mountains of gold,
“ extending from the equator to the southern
“ tropic, amongst which are interspersed the
“ most delightful hills and fertile vallies. The
“ same day presents to your view all the seasons
“ united; the same soil at once produces flowers,
“ fruits and harvest. The inhabitants of these
“ countries are valiant, but ill provided with
“ arms. It is easy to conquer them, but easier
“ to gain them by clemency and gentleness. I
“ have

“ have been on their coasts, I have entered their
“ country; with one ship and less than two hun-
“ dred men, I would have subjected people with-
“ out number to your laws, and piles of gold
“ to your feet. The viceroy of Panama, jealous
“ of an enterprise begun before him, and of
“ which he partook not the glory, recalled my
“ companions; all but twelve of whom left me;
“ and with them, on a desert island in the midst
“ of tempests, I have supported the rudest as-
“ faults of necessity. Here I waited for a weak
“ reinforcement: but this was refused me, and
“ I was myself recalled. I submitted, without
“ renouncing the glorious enterprise; and to sub-
“ due for you the richest country on earth, I ask
“ only the distinction that Cortes enjoyed in
“ Mexico, the honour of commanding for you,
“ and obeying yourself alone.”

Pizarro then submitted to the council a narra-
tive of his adventures, attested by his compa-
nions, which, though drawn up in the simplest
manner, failed not to excite their wonder. But,
whether the young emperor was willing to try Pi-
zarro still further, or else thought that the ho-
nour he aspired to, was too great for the mean-
ness of his origin, said: “ The boldness of your
“ enterprise seems to authorize your daring am-
“ bition; but content yourself with partaking of
“ the riches you have mentioned, and asked no
“ more.”——“ Riches,” said Pizarro, with an
air of mortification and disdain, “ my sailors and
“ my soldiers will bring back in abundance.
“ Glory is the object of my aim. Every other
“ consideration is beneath my regard. If I am
“ unworthy to govern, I am not worthy to con-
“ quer.

“ quer. Name the viceroy to supplant me; I
 “ will furnish him with instructions, I will com-
 “ municate to him my plan, my projects, my
 “ discoveries, and every thing but my courage . . .
 “ that I shall need to digest the disgrace of a re-
 “ fusal.”

This blunt and bold freedom was not offensive to the young monarch. “ He will serve me faithfully,” said he, “ since he knows not how to flatter me.” The suit was granted; and Pizarro, from that moment, beheld a crowd of courtiers pressing round him with their congratulations importuning the honour of protecting his cruelties and rapine, and requesting the infamous reward of the proffered support. He saw the young, impetuous and ambitious, contending for the glory of following him, and partaking in his toils; he saw avarice itself, seduced by the thirst for gold, eagerly offering to equip a fleet, and to risk, while it trembled at the apprehension of a miscarriage, the expence of an undertaking from which it expected treasures.

Pizarro, without designing to impose on those, who confided implicitly in him, by the profusion of hopes he dealt forth, procured for himself the support of the grandees, and the favour of the people. He had his option of the expertest sailors, and the most resolute soldiers, from whom he selected twenty of the bravest to command under him, in the number of whom were his brothers*. Young Davila was not forgot-

* *In the number of whom were his brothers.] Ferdinand, Juan, and Gonzalo Pizarro.*

ten: Charles condescended to recommend it to Pizarro to take him with him, as he touched at Hispaniola.

Thus, every thing corresponding to his wishes, in the same church, and on the same altar where Magellan swore obedience and allegiance to the crown of Castile, Pizarro, between the hands of Charles, took the same oath.

“Warrior,” said the young prince, “here all rights are confounded; every one, according to his interests or opinions, inclines the balance either to the Indians or ourselves*.” Weary with all these debates, I recommend to you two things: the one, to do your country all the good you shall think is compatible with justice, and which depends on yourself; the other, to do the Indians the least possible injury: for though I wish to be obeyed, I had rather be loved.” On saying this he girded on him the sword, which was to be the mark of his dignity†, and which proved but an ineffectual defence against base assassins.

In the mean time his fleet was in the road, and his companions, collected in the port of Palos, waited only for him and a propitious gale. He came; the winds invited their departure; he embarked, weighed anchor and receded from the

* *Every one, according to his interests or opinions.*] It is well known that the court was composed of Flemish and Spaniards. The former were for the Indians, and contended that they should be left free, while the latter consulted their own interests, and therefore espoused opposite principles.

† *Of his dignity.*] Marquis, governor and adelantado, or lieutenant-general.

land amidst the acclamations of an assembled people, all exhorting him to return loaded with the treasures of America, and consecrate the spoils of the temple of the Sun at the foot of the true God.

C H A P. XLIII.

PIZARRO, on his arrival at Hispaniola, was informed that Las-Casas, having been attacked by a dangerous illness, was languishing on the brink of the grave. He went to visit him, and found young Davila with his sick friend, serving him with all the tender assiduity that is shewn by a son to his father.

The recluse felt a lively emotion at the sight of Pizarro. On his countenance, where pain, languor and resignation were painted, a beam of joy gleamed forth. “My friend,” said he, as he stretched out his hand to Pizarro, “I am going into the presence of that God who sent us all into the world to love one another, to live in peace, to help the needy, and to comfort the afflicted. Behold how calm, and even delightful is the approach of death to a sincerely good man who can say to himself: I have never caused the innocent to sigh.” “See with what confidence I can raise my eyes, before they

“ they be closed for ever, towards Heaven ; with
“ what consolation expand my arms towards
“ my father.” He views me expiring and says :
“ This man was weak, but not wicked ; huma-
“ nity dwelt in his bosom, he never saw the
“ tears of the unfortunate without mingling his
“ own along with them ; his hands, which are
“ now extended to me, were spread in the same
“ manner to relieve the distressed : towards the
“ merciful man I will shew myself merciful.”
“ Ah Pizarro ! may your death resemble mine !
“ Deserve it by the exercise of justice and com-
“ passion.”

His feeble and pathetic voice, together with his expressions which were animated by a lively and tender piety, accompanied by a look in which the last glimmerings of life and feeling seemed to shine, made a deep impression on the heart of Pizarro. Grasping the hand of this upright man, “ O my father,” said he, “ live, still
“ live, to see me practise the lessons which your
“ example has taught, and the resolutions with
“ which your virtues have inspired me. With-
“ out being invested with authority, I could not
“ be responsible to you for my conduct. This
“ authority I now enjoy ; and I hope to instruct
“ my country how, without oppression, to con-
“ quer.”

The recluse inquired after his friend, the virtuous Alonzo. “ He had forsaken me,” replied Pizarro, with concern, “ and hath thrown
“ himself among the savages.”

“ Good young man !” said Las-Casas, “ he
“ always loved them ; and he deserves their love.
“ But tell me, what is the disposition of the new
“ court of Spain towards them ?”——“ It is
“ divided,

“divided, said Pizarro; but the party of the
“avaricious and tyrannical is always the strongest.
“I have seen, even amongst the ministers of religion, some devoted to this cruel party. They
“pretend that the cause of God authorizes them
“to recommend violence; and in Spain they
“exercise it with a rigour that I shuddered to
“behold.” He then described the abominable festival of which he had been a spectator.
“Monsters!” cried Las-Casas, with so deep and impassionate an emotion of horror as made him forget his weakness. “O my friend! vouchsafe your
“belief to the evidence of a dying witness: for the
“fears, the hopes, and all the concerns of mortality vanish in his view who is quitting the
“world, to leave behind him only his lifeless
“ashes. This moment I have chosen to do honour to religion. You have already heard,
“and will hereafter hear, the most detestable
“excesses committed in the name of Heaven: pride, ambition, lust, the insatiable thirst for
“tyranny and depredation, have found in the
“sanctuary, and even at the altar, base partisans, and ferocious advocates. From a meanness disgraceful to the dignity of the sacred office, there are those who combine with the
“powerful, the great, and unjust, to enjoy their support in return. But, my friend, God is
“immutable, and truth is like him. Neither
“have any need of an avaricious court, nor a greedy populace. The sword of tyranny, and
“the scepter of injustice will be reduced to ashes; even thrones will cease to exist; but God will
“remain, and truth with him. I call this God
“then to witness, before whom I am going to
“appear,

“ appear, that he will condemn in his ministers
“ this shameful policy, to which their passions
“ are enslaved: I call him to witness that he hath
“ delegated to no mortal on earth the right of
“ compelling belief, or armed any one with a
“ poniard to dictate his law; that he who created
“ the souls of Moors and of Indians, wants not
“ our tortures to convert and reform them; and
“ that the God who hath caused the Sun to
“ rise on these regions, will, when it shall ap-
“ pear proper to his infinite wisdom, bestow on
“ them the day-star of truth. As often then as
“ you shall see sacrilegious men put, into the
“ hands of kings and people, sword and fire,
“ affirming, with eyes lifted to Heaven, that
“ they are innocent, and have not shed blood;
“ fly from these hypocritical impostors. If they
“ must have martyrs, let them become their
“ own executioners. But be cautious that you
“ impute not to religion, the severity, pride and
“ cruelty of its ministers. Peace, indulgence
“ and love are its essence, and by these immu-
“ table characters it will ever be known. My
“ friend, I have said it to kings, and to the ty-
“ rants of India; and if God should prolong
“ my days, I would go to say it to this young
“ monarch, whose understanding is misled; I
“ would ascend the pile, which you describe as
“ destined for the destruction of so many mise-
“ rable victims; from thence I would demand
“ of this sanguinary tribunal, whether it hath
“ taken these blazing fire-brands from the altar
“ of the Lamb? I would demand of this king,
“ who hath constituted him a judge of the
“ thoughts, and the tyrant of soul? and whe-
“ ther

“ther these fanatic priests could confer on him
“a power they possess not themselves? They
“would either destroy this infernal pile, or burn
“me on it alive.”

“Just man,” said Pizarro, “be calm; and
“shorten not your life, which is so important
“to us. You have done enough; and this heroic
“zeal exceeds the duties of your station.”
“My station! and who will do honour to religion
“if its minister will not? who will avenge
“it of the injury it hath received from the impious
“invocations of a barbarous fanaticism?
“This is indisputably our duty. While neither
“people nor kings confound the interests of
“Heaven with their iniquitous projects, they
“may stop our complaints; but when they pretend
“that the cause of God impowers them to
“be unjust and cruel, it is our duty to cry aloud,
“amidst swords and spears, that God disavows
“the crimes committed in his name. Woe be
“to us, if by our silence we become accomplices
“with them. What then! shall zeal be only
“employed to oppress and destroy? Shall not
“charity, as well as orthodoxy, be renowned for
“its martyrs?”

Whilst Las-Cafas, with a voice elevated by the love of mankind, was engaged in this discourse with Pizarro, the night had veiled in shades the island of Hispaniola. Silence now reigned: all, even the slaves reposed; nothing was heard but the sound of the waves that broke on the shore in plaintive murmurs, which seemed to express the complaints of nature, oppressed in those climates.

A knocking was heard at the door of the re-
cluse. Young Davila arose, went to inquire the
reason

reason, and returned in alarm. He repaired to the bed of Las-Cafas, and hanging over it, privately asked his advice. “Yes, let him come in,” said Las-Cafas; “Pizarro is magnanimous; and we should injure him by betraying distrust.” “You will see,” said he to him, “a Cacique, who, having, for more than ten years, retired into the mountains of the island*, maintains himself there an unexampled instance of valour and goodness. Having made his wild retreat inaccessible, it is become the secure refuge of all the islanders who escape from their tyrants. He hath disciplined three hundred brave men, and he restrains them within the bounds of lawful defence. Vigilant, active, full of ardor, and not less prudent than intrepid, he keeps them constantly on their guard, without ever permitting them to begin an attack. He hath seen his friends, and all his family massacred: he beheld his father and his grand-father † burnt alive; and if there falls into his hands one of the executioners of his country, he disarms and sends him back; his cruelest enemy, when taken alive, is sure of his safety: he considers him only as a man. Happily, and to the glory of religion, he is a christian. I had the felicity to enlighten him; he remembers it, and tenderly loves me. He knows that I am ill; and you see the hazards he hath run to visit me.”

* The mountains of Baoruco.

† At Xaragua, under the government of Ovando.

Bartholomew had scarcely finished, when young Davila returned, followed by the Cacique, whom an Indian woman accompanied. Henry (this was the name of the savage hero) threw himself with eagerness on the bed of Las-Cafas, and a thousand times kissing his hands with inexpressible affection: "O my father," said he, "my father! again I behold you. How much did I wish it! But I behold you suffering; and your hand burns beneath my lips! My brethren, your children, alarmed at your illness, have afflicted my soul. Should I be taken, I know my fate; but I was willing to incur the hazard for the sake of embracing my father. Hear me," said the savage raising his head, "they tell me that the milk of the breast is good for your disorder. My consort, whom I bring to you, hath lost her child; she hath lamented his death; she hath moistened with her milk the earth that covers him; he requires no more. Behold her. Come, my wife, and present to my father these two sources of health. I would give my life for his; and if thou shouldest prolong his days, I will cherish to my last breath the breast he hath sucked."

Bartholomew, with his eyes fixed upon Pizarro, enjoyed the impression that the goodness of the Cacique had made on the heart of the Castilian; young Davila, who was present, shed tears; and the Indian woman, with celestial beauty, and a modesty still more captivating, casting on Las-Cafas a look of the tenderest respect, waited only for the word to present to his mouth her chaste bosom.

Las-

Las-Cafas, penetrated to the soul, would have refused the offered assistance. “ Ah, unkind man !” cried the Cacique, “ tell us then, if you will die, what friend you will leave us. You know that on yourself alone all our consolation and hope repose. If you love us, if you pity us, and if I myself am dear to you, grant what, at the peril of my life, and surrounded by enemies, I am come to implore. Approach, my wife, embrace my father ; and let thy bosom compel his mouth to draw sustenance from it.” On saying this, he took his wife in his arms, and, having made her incline over the bed of Las-Cafas : “ Adieu, my father,” said he, “ I leave with you the partner of my soul ; and I desire not to see her again till she shall have restored you to life and our love.”

This young and lovely Indian, on her knees, before Las-Cafas, said to him in her turn. “ Man of peace and gentleness, what fear you ? am not I your daughter : are not you our father ? My well-beloved hath often told me so ! He would shed his blood for you. I offer you my milk. Condescend to draw life from this bosom, which you have made so often to thrill with delight, when the wonders of your goodness have been recounted to me.”

Too much affected to reject so tender an intreaty, and too virtuous to blush at an acquiescence, the recluse received the benefit with the same innocence, with which it was offered. The young woman he permitted to stay ; and it was to the piety of Henry and his wife, that the earth owed the happiness of possessing a considerable time longer this excellent man.

— “ Guar-

“Guardian Angel of the New World,” said Pizarro to him, “how happy are you thus to reign in their hearts! Others have subjugated India; but you only will have conquered it by the ascendancy of virtue.”

The tenderness which young Davila discovered on this occasion was observed by Pizarro, to whom Las-Cafas then named him. “Son of a father too inimical to the Indians,” said Pizarro, “you will see examples very different from his!” He told him that the emperor had recommended him to himself and that he was destined to follow him. But the youth, at this moment, could not resolve to separate himself from Las-Cafas.

“My friend, said the recluse to him, “it is your duty to obey. I had much rather see you obscure, than to know you were guilty. But the confidence with which Pizarro inspires me softens my anxiety and moderates my fears. I advise you to follow him, and exhort you to imitate him. Come, and see me again tomorrow: I will write to my dear Alonzo; I will trouble you with my letter; and if Pizarro can discover where this good young man exists, he will transmit it to him.”

Who could have told him that in writing this fatal letter he was signing the destruction of the Indians!

C H A P. XLIV.

PIZARRO, impatient to arrive at the isthmus, set sail with the first favourable breeze and left the island of Hispaniola. His return to Panama restored hope and joy to his friends. No time was lost in providing him a fleet; and, as soon as it was equipped, he embarked with the resolution of making a descent on those coasts he had already discovered. But contrary winds obliged him to steer for the port of Coaca, which was not far from the promontory of Palmar. Determined to depend no longer on the inconstancy of the waves, he proceeded by land along the coast, having ordered the fleet to join him again at the port of Tumbéz.

Sands; vallies filled with thick and almost impenetrable woods, in which the bamboo, intertwining itself among rushes, formed an inextricable texture; cataracts; rapid rivers; a scorching atmosphere; the horrors of a vast solitude, and every object the most terrible that nature could oppose, were ineffectual to retard his progress. He continued his route under a sky on fire, and upon a burning soil. His companions, whom he encouraged with the hopes of glory and of gold, entered with him those woods, where the venomous snakes with which they abounded had never before seen the footsteps of man. He rushed into torrents; he taught his associates

to

to cross them by swimming; and those whom the danger disheartened, or their strength failed them, he animated, he supported; he contended with the waves that overpowered them, and advancing with one hand, while he bore them up with the other, brought them all in safety to land. Intrepid and indefatigable, he persisted, and at length discovered cultivated fields, cottages, and hamlets inhabited by Indians. The terror that he spread among them soon carried to Quito the news of his return. But the distressful situation of the kingdom of the Incas had incapacitated them from placing the vallies in a posture of defence.

Huascar was a prisoner within the walls of Canara; but one of his brothers, Mango, who had retired into the defiles of the eastern mountains, with the relicts of his family and the shattered remains of his army, there meditated the hardy enterprize of returning to Cusco, and forcing Palmore to relinquish it. He beheld his camp daily augmented by the refugees that were resorting to him, which he supposed might intimidate the usurper of the empire and oppressor of their king.

Thus, when an immense fire expands itself in a forest, the animals that inhabit it, driven from their recesses by the rapidity of the flames which an impetuous wind diffuses, roar as they fly to the lofty rocks, and from thence, fixing a mournful eye on the forest in a blaze, they seem to murmur forth to each other their terror and their grief.

Soon the intrepid Mango descends, at the head of his adherents, from the mountains of the East. Fame, which preceded him, spread the report of his

his march. Courage and hope revived in every heart; in Cusco commotions began among the people; and a rumour privately gained ground that a revolt was threatened.

At the signal of an insurrection and the approach of an army, Palmore abandoned the city. Having well stored the citadel which commanded it*, he there shut himself up with his troops.

Mango found the city open to receive him and marched into it, as in triumph. Relying on the numerous army with which he had invested the walls he sent a summons to the citadel for Palmore to surrender. To this the general replied, that nothing should disarm him but peace or death. They pressed him to comply, they told him that the whole empire was in arms, that Ataliba was undone without any resource, and that himself had no hope but from the mercy of Mango. "I know not what may have happened without the ramparts I defend," answered this generous warrior. "Ataliba is a man, and therefore liable to a reverse of fortune. But, as there remain with me two thousand faithful subjects, he hath not yet lost his all. Were it only for myself I might then perhaps be guided by necessity; but while he is alive, I depend entirely on him; and I leave it for Mango to exercise his clemency over the unfortunate, if they be mean enough to implore it."

However, perceiving that some of his soldiers were affected by these menaces, he said to them:

* *The citadel which commanded it.*—This citadel was built by Tupac Yupangué, the tenth Inca, from the materials collected by Yupangué his father.

“ Though it should be true that Ataliba has been
“ unfortunate, ought we to be the less faithful ?
“ should we resemble those birds that forsake the
“ tree, which some sudden gust hath shaken ?
“ The tree is bent, it will recover : let the storm
“ pass on.” Then selecting from amongst them
a messenger in whose ability and integrity he
could confide : “ Repair to Ataliba ;” said he,
“ and acquaint him that the garrison of Cusco is
“ still in our possession ; that it is I who guard it ;
“ and that I have with me two thousand men de-
“ termined to shed their blood for him. It is
“ thus,” said he turning to his soldiers, who
were listening around him, “ it is thus we should
“ speak to our friends in distress ; and the best of
“ friends to a good people is a good king.

The king of Quito, on the first advice he had
received of the insurrection at Cusco, advanced
to the assistance of Palmore ; and Alonzo, not-
withstanding the tears of Cora, chose to attend
him. They had passed the plains of Loxa, seen
the origin of the river Amazons, and, from the
summit of those mountains which tower over the
Abancai, were tracing the progress of its stream,
as it winded through the distant plains, when the
messenger of Palmore, coming to Ataliba, in-
formed him that Mango was marching against
him ; that Palmore, with two thousand men,
still kept the citadel ; and that both the general
and his soldiers were devoted to his service.
Molina heard the message, and instantly resolved
on the part to be taken. “ Suffer me,” says
he to the Inca, “ to choose near the river a spot
“ to encamp on, round which a trench may be
“ easily drawn, and where your army may be

“ able

“able to rest. Here let us avail ourselves of the
“advantage which fortune may bestow.” He
then conducted the army to the eminence that
commanded the plain, himself traced out the
camp, and, towards night, having given proper
instructions to the messenger, sent him back to
Palmore.

Mango passed the Abancaï, advanced, and dis-
covering the enemy intrenched in their camp, in-
sulted and challenged them to combat.

Ataliba, deeply stung, was highly dissatisfied
to be detained within the trenches; he thought
himself covered with disgrace, and complained of
it to his friend. “Do you not perceive,” said
Alonzo to him, “that these challenges and
“threats are indications of nothing but the un-
“steadiness and imprudence of your enemies?
“Let the day come that I have marked out for
“their defeat, we shall answer, like men, the
“temerity of children.”

Two days after, when the splendor of morn-
ing had gilded the horizon, the king of Quito
beheld, on an opposite hill, beyond the enemies
camp, the standards of Palmore advancing,
“Now, Prince,” said the young Spaniard, is
“our time; and if Palmore does his duty, the
“empire is entirely your own.” He spoke; and
the army, on receiving the signal, evacuated their
camp, and formed on the plain.

Alonzo reserved a body of two thousand men,
armed with hatchets and clubs, to charge the
enemy with himself at their head. This was
the troop of Capana; and this Cacique incited
his savages to merit the honour of fighting un-
der Alonzo. The engagement began with ar-

rows and flings, but as the combatants continued advancing, they soon closed, and a terrible contest ensued, in which much blood on both sides was spilt.

On perceiving this, Palmore, from the summit of the eminence where he had halted, instantly charged the enemy; while with equal ardor the impetuous Alonzo marched on to the attack at the head of that formidable band he had reserved for this juncture.

Mango, between these unexpected and furious charges from opposite quarters, surprised and intimidated, could no longer dissemble his fear. A panic prevailed through his army. All were dispersed, all fled. The legion of the Incas alone stood their ground, and remained firm as a rock in the midst of the waves that cover it with their froth. In vain was it weakened by losses; in vain was it overpowered by numbers; thrice was quarter offered, and thrice, with contempt, was it indignantly refused. Its resistance, and the carnage consequent upon it, extinguished all compassion in the battalions with which it was engaged. It, at length, was overborne; but not one of these warriors quitted their ranks; they fell on the ground where they fought: the rest of the vanquished that survived, fought for safety in flight, and left Ataliba, though a conqueror, overwhelmed with distress, wandering over the bloody plain, and reproaching himself for his conquest. Alas! this conquest, which called forth his tears, was the close of his prosperity, and, as it were the last smile, the malignant and treacherous smile of fortune, who was now forsaking him for ever.

This

This melancholy day beheld the arrival of Pizarro on the shore of that river which waters the fields of Tumbez.

C H A P. XLV.

NEAR the mouth of this river lay an inhospitable island *, on which Pizarro had resolved to provide himself a refuge. Thither he went in canoes; for he had preceded the fleet. But this island was the residence of a bold and ferocious people. Pizarro, disdaining to lose any of his time, which was now precious, in subduing them, waited only the arrival of his fleet to return and encamp on the coast, before the fort of Tumbez.

A detachment of Indians, from the army of Ataliba, to the number of a thousand, were here shut up in the garrison, with Orozimbo at their head. The next, under him, in command was Telasco. The beautiful and tender Amazili, having a bow in her hand and a quiver on her shoulder, with great dignity in her air, and lighter in the chase, than Diana herself is described, had followed her brother and her lover,

* The island of Puna.

deserving, by her courage, to partake of their glory.

Pizarro remembering the people of Tumbez, and the reception full of benevolence, candour and humanity*, with which they had received him, was sincerely determined to cultivate their esteem and friendship. With this view he assembled his warriors and thus addressed them :

“ Castilians, I have promised you riches and
 “ glory. Of the former of these blessings you
 “ are already secure, the latter depends on your-
 “ selves. To those of you who wish for gold, I
 “ will be your surety that you return burdened
 “ with the object of your wish : only disgrace not
 “ yourselves with the low concern of amassing
 “ it. The acquisition of glory is not equally cer-
 “ tain : a great enterprize promises, but does
 “ not assure it. He only who hath deserved,
 “ can obtain it : never can it be acquired by
 “ guilt. The conquerors of America have done
 “ every thing that could be expected from their
 “ boldness and valour : But they will ever be
 “ accounted illustrious plunderers. That won-
 “ derful man to whom Spain is indebted for the
 “ New World, Columbus, disgraced himself by
 “ treachery ; Cortes by a still blacker and more

* *The reception full of humanity.*] History here attributes to the people of Tumbez an instance of treachery which is in the highest degree improbable. They are recorded as having sacrificed to their idols three Spaniards who confided in their sincerity. The people of Tumbez had no idols amongst them. They worshipped only the Sun ; but in the sacrifices offered to him no human blood was ever spilt. This absurd imputation is still more strongly disproved by the manners of the people, their candour and benevolence.

“ flagitious

“ flagitious instance of perfidy ; and it was this
“ that tarnished the chains with which he fet-
“ tered Montezuma. The rest have dishonour-
“ ed themselves by their shameless excesses. It
“ depends on us, my friends, either to partake
“ of their infamy, or by a contrary conduct to
“ preserve ourselves from reproach, and to wash
“ off the stain they have cast on our country :
“ on our own option the alternative now de-
“ pends. Our object is to subject to the power
“ of Spain the richest part of the New World ;
“ and the two means by which it may be effected
“ are gentleness and violence. Violence is use-
“ less ; and amongst warlike nations, where our
“ number is but small, it would be no less peri-
“ cular than unjust. The peril I know is no-
“ thing ; but glory is the whole ; and when we
“ shall have oppressed, laid waste, and changed
“ these countries into desarts of slaughter and
“ capacious graves, can we venture to re-pass
“ the sea, laden with wealth and crimes, and
“ pursued by remorse ? The execrations of one
“ world, the reproaches of the other, the ven-
“ geance of Heaven, the cries of nature and hu-
“ manity, will unite to harrow up our souls.
“ Neither grandeur nor riches can console us for
“ becoming objects of universal detestation. The
“ courage to sustain it I do not possess ; nor
“ have ye more of it than myself. Let us so use
“ prosperity as to have no reason for blushing on
“ reflection, or adversity, as that it may confer
“ honour upon us. Nothing is so excellent as jus-
“ tice, nor is any thing on earth so just as the
“ empire of virtue. By its influence let us seek
“ to prevail. What a victory, my friends, would
“ it be, to gain without blood-shed or tears !

“ What a triumph to acquire only by exertions
“ of goodness ! Gratitude and love would sur-
“ render into our hands whatever these people
“ possess ; to conquer and captivate them, our
“ arms would be useless : and under these cir-
“ cumstances might be converted into proper or-
“ naments for the temples of that God, whose
“ worship we are come hither to spread.”

The younger part of the audience applauded the address ; but those of the Castilian soldiers who had served under Davila, and whose hands had been imbrued in the blood of the people on the isthmus, drew an evil presage from what they called the weakness of their general. Vincent de Valverde especially, a furious and fanatical priest, was enraged to discover in the language of Pizarro the sentiments of Las-Casas ; and knitting his atrocious brows : “ They shall
“ bend,” send he, within himself, “ they shall
“ bend beneath the yoke of the faith, or be de-
“ stroyed.”

Without hearing this odious murmur, Pizarro marched towards Tumbez, and required of the Cacique, to be received as a friend. But the Cacique, shut up in the city, answered that its fate depended upon Ataliba, king of Quito, who had taken it under his protection ; and that the fort would defend it.

This fort it was necessary to attack. Pizarro approached and surveyed it ; and what was his astonishment to discover, from the form of the inclosure, its angles and walls of turf, which were proof against the thunder of his artillery, the effect of European art ! “ It is Molina, it
“ is he who hath taught the Indians to intrench
“ themselves before us,” said Pizarro : “ he hath
“ built

“ built for them these ramparts, which, perhaps,
“ he likewise defends.” Impatient to gratify his
curiosity, he demands a parley of the commander
of the fort; and Orozimbo appears. “ Span-
“ niard, I am a Mexican, and the nephew of
“ Montezuma. Judge whether I ought not to
“ know thee, and whether I can confide in thy
“ words. This is my last asylum. It shall be
“ my grave, if it should not be thine.”

Mexicans in the fort of Tumbez! nothing
could appear more incredible. Pizarro would not
believe it. However it became necessary to yield
to the importunities of the Castilians. Irritated
at a resistance, which they regarded as an insult,
they murmured and insisted on beginning an at-
tack. Pizarro promised to gratify their desire.
But, with the hope of rendering it less bloody,
he was disposed to avail himself of the night,
and assault them by surprise. His prudence was
censured: it was interpreted into an injury on
those whose safety he appeared to consult: his
officers, and even soldiers, would think them-
selves dishonoured by such timid precautions:
it was not before these flocks of Indians that it
was necessary to fear the light of day, which is
so propitious to valour. The hero sighed and
yielded.

The attack was sudden and resolute. The
thunders of Europe flew over the ramparts; the
terrified Indians durst not appear; and fascines
in heaps were got ready to fill up the ditch.
Orozimbo, who beheld the terror that had seiz-
ed his adherents, re-animated and encouraged
them. “ What! my friends,” said he to them,
“ is there any thing in this noise that affrights
“ you? Is the sound mortal? and does it require

“ so great an effort to break the thread of life?
“ These burning mouths, without doubt, do
“ vomit forth death; but the point of an arrow
“ is as fatal, and, in the hand of a brave man,
“ the bow is not less terrible than fire. Each
“ of you have but one death to fear, and a thou-
“ sand to inflict: your quivers are full. Shew
“ yourselves then, and repell a troop of men,
“ who, though bold, are weak, and like your-
“ selves vulnerable and mortal.” Having said
this, a shower of arrows instantly answered the
Castilians’ fire. The approach to the ditch, and
the ground on which the soldiers were advanc-
ing to fill it with fascines, began to be dangerous.
More than one arrow, and especially those of the
Mexicans, were stained with blood. An aveng-
ing eye directed their flight, and selected its vic-
tims. Pennatez, Mendes, and Salcedo, retreat-
ed with wounds; the intrepid Lerma heard the
shaft destined for his destruction whiz through
his plume. The brave Peraltez was astonished
to find the rapid weapon had penetrated his thick
shield, and grazed on his bosom. The nervous
arm of Telasco had discharged it; but, blunted
by the iron, it fell without force at the feet of
the haughty Spaniard.

Benalcazar, who was one of the scourges of
these countries, mounted on a fiery steed, stimu-
lated the ardour of the soldiers. An arrow, aimed
by the hand of Orozimbo, struck his horse on
the flank. The beast became unmanageable,
reared up, beat the air with his feet, fell back-
ward, and trampled upon his rider, who lay ex-
tended on the sand. Orozimbo, on seeing him
fall, exclaimed with a shout of joy: “ Shades
“ of Montezuma and Guatimozin! Shade of
“ my

“ my father ! Shades of my friends ! receive
“ this tribute, this weak tribute of vengeance.
“ I shall not die without having caused one of
“ our tyrants to pour forth his blood and his
“ soul !” He was deceived : the loose sand
yielded under the weight of the horse, and the
Castilian, covered by it, arose from his fall more
furious, implacable, and thirsty for blood.

The fatal lead, which carried within the walls
unavoidable havoc, but too well avenged
Pizarro, without affording him any consolation.
He deeply felt the most inconsiderable loss, and
was sorry to see the Indians enured to war, and
familiarized to the report and fire of those arms,
which had every where spread terror through the
New World. The only choice remaining was,
either to render them still more intrepid by yield-
ing to their resistance, or, to stake all hopes of
success on the hazard of a moment. The ditch
was filled up so as to afford them a passage, and
it was in their power to scale the fort. Pizarro
resolved to attempt it, and gave the proper or-
ders. The fire was instantly redoubled to cover
the scalade.

Orozimbo lost not his courage. He forbade
his Indians to expose themselves to the fire.
“ Imitate us,” said he, “ Telasco, my friends,
“ and I, will give you an example.” The sole
precaution he took was to remove his sister from
the place of attack. She extending her arms,
conjured him with tears that he would permit her
to be near him.

Then arming themselves with hatchets and
massive clubs, and bending to conceal themselves,
they waited the approach of their boldest assail-
ants.

Three

Three appeared at once. Moscoso, Alvara, and Ferdinand, the younger brother of Pizarro. They mounted with a sword in one hand, in the other a shield, and in their eyes the most determined courage.

Telasco attacked Moscoso, and with a blow of his club crushing the helmet which the Spaniard wore to defend his head, forced him backwards from the top of the walls. He fell like a thunderbolt on the soldiers behind him, and rolled down on their shields.

Ferdinand Pizarro was preparing to leap from the ladder to the rampart; but still tottering on a slender support, he could neither ward off the strokes of an opponent, nor be certain of his own. Orozimbo having grasped him by that arm in which he held his sword, wrenched it from him, and drew him towards himself. Ferdinand still struggled, but was brought to the ground. His conqueror spared his life, and the soldier that succeeded him received the fatal stroke in his stead.

Alvara, at the instant he seized on the wall to surmount it, felt the murderous hatchet descend upon his casque, and, glancing from thence, enter the arm by which he preserved his hold. He fell down covered with blood; and his soldiers, seeing the lifted clubs ready to fall upon their heads no longer dared, by following his example, to expose themselves to inevitable death.

Pizarro thought he had lost the most affectionate, amiable, and virtuous of his brothers; but he restrained the emotions of grief. He saw the consternation of those with whose advice he had too readily complied, but forbearing to
recreate

recriminate, he desisted from storming the fort.

The first care of Orozimbo, after the enemy had retired into their camp, was to burn the vast heap of fascines with which they had filled up the ditch of the rampart; and as the smoke and flames rose above the walls; "Come," said he to young Pizarro, "and behold this pile. If I should throw you into it alive, and with you burn all your companions, their fathers, their children, and their wives, I should not have requited to you all the evils that your nation hath inflicted on us Go then, go back, and tell these barbarians that the nephews of Montezuma having at their feet a fire, and in their hands a Castilian Go, I tell you without delay; for methinks I hear the shade of Guatimozin repine."

Ferdinand Pizarro departed with a dejected heart, not daring to avow, even to himself, that he was indebted for his life to the clemency of an Indian, and that Indian the nephew of Montezuma! On the plain that separated the camp of the Spaniards from the fort of Tumbez, he found an old man weltering in his blood on the sand. The aged sufferer, still alive, stretched out his arms towards the youth to implore his assistance. Pizarro approached him. The Indian fixing upon him his dying eyes, shewed him his wounded side, and made one sign towards the shore and another towards Heaven, as if to point out the crime and the avenger.

The warrior, commiserating his misfortune, performed for him every office of humanity; he staunched the blood of his wound; and helping him to rise and support himself, was desirous of conducting

conducting him to the camp. The old man trembled with horror, and conjured him, by kissing his hands to lead him the opposite way. "No," said he; "it is that way they are gone."—"Who," asked Pizarro.—"The murderers," said the old man. "They were cloathed like you; they resemble you . . . No, forgive me, I would not do you wrong: you are as good as they are wicked. They came from the fort and went towards the shore; I was crossing the plain; I did them no injury. One of them eyed me with a fierce and threatening look. I trembled; I saluted him to soften his ferocity, and he, drawing his sword, plunged it into my side."

Ah! barbarians!" cried the young man in a tone expressive of horror. "And I at the moment when they were assassinating you!" He could add no more; sighs stopt his voice. He embraced the old Indian, and bathed him with his tears. "Ah! if you knew," replied he, "how much I detest their crime! how much I ought to abhor it! Good old man, thy days shall be dear to me: I will not desert thee. Tell me, where shall I conduct thee?"—"To the village you see yonder," said the Indian. "It is there that my children expect me. In the name of your father help me to drag myself on towards my hut: all I ask of Heaven is once more to see my children, and expire in their arms." This happiness he did not enjoy. Having advanced but a few steps, his knees tottered under him and he felt a universal languor. Sinking back on the breast of Pizarro and fixing his eyes on those of his supporter, he tenderly pressed his hand; after looking stedfastly on

on Heaven, and casting a tender and dying glance towards his village, he breathed his last.

Ferdinand, overwhelmed with distress, returned to the Spanish camp. The council was assembled in the tent of the general; and great was the transport of the hero at the sight of his brother, a brother whom he tenderly loved, and whom he thought for ever lost! He arose and embraced him. The two other warriors of the same blood discovered equal emotions of joy; the whole Council participated in their happiness, and rejoiced at his return. They inquired into the circumstances of his absence. He informed them of every thing that had passed, of the valour of the Mexicans, the clemency of their Chief, and his discovery of the old man. The recital, on which he dilated with pleasure, yielded him consolation: his emotion expressed itself by tears, which he did not attempt to suppress. "O my brother!" said he, at length, to the general, "it is we who teach the savages to be cruel and perfidious; but they cannot teach us to be generous and good! What a disgrace to us! I demand vengeance for the murder of this Indian, I demand it in the name of Heaven and humanity. Discover who amongst us is base and barbarous enough to have plunged his sword into the breast of a peaceful, fearful, and feeble old man."

There were in the council unfeeling men, who said in a low voice, accompanied with a smile, that young Pizarro set a great value on his life, since he was so grateful to them for condescending to leave it. He observed the smile of contempt and was stung by it; but the general restraining

straining his impetuosity, bade him take his seat at the board.

The great object of the Castilians was to husband their forces. They were too few in number to hazard a diminution from a second onset. It was necessary therefore to leave behind them the city and fort of Tumbez, to seek a more accessible landing place on another part of the coast, or to reduce to the last extremities, by a long siege, the defenders of this.

The proposition of a siege appeared the wisest and most glorious : it obtained a general suffrage. The general alone, collected in himself, and profoundly occupied, seemed still to be irresolute. He raised his head, which, for a long time, had rested upon both his hands, with majesty, and slowly looking round the assembly : " Castilians," said he, " I was desirous, by my deference to
" your opinion, to give you a proof of my esteem.
" I permitted the fort to be stormed ; the event
" hath shewn the imprudence of the measure.
" Ye are desirous of besieging these walls, ye
" wish it, and I again consent. But among people, who, without us, and remote from us,
" lived in peace on these shores, which, whatever may be said, we have invaded by an unjust
" war, expect not that I shall reduce a whole
" city to undergo the last extremities of scarcity
" and famine. I wish to intimidate them. But
" if this people have the fortitude to persevere,
" I shall never have the cruelty to compel them.
" When in battle I hazard and defend my own
" life and the lives of my friends, the danger
" to which I expose myself compensates the evil
" I do ; and I may be forgiven. But to be in-
" human where there is no danger ! to behold a
" famished

“ famished multitude languishing before one’s
“ eyes, infants expiring on the bosoms of their
“ mothers, and old men in the arms of their
“ sons! To behold them tearing in pieces and
“ devouring each other in the ecstasies of grief,
“ rage and despair! I am firmly resolved against
“ it, and of this I forewarn you. Short of
“ this, whatever war may authorize—I will
“ do.”

C H A P. XLVI.

THE presage of Pizarro was soon accomplished. The treasures of harvest being collected into the villages, scarcity prevailed within the walls of the city. To facilitate the access of provisions it was necessary to attack and force the lines of the enemy. Orozimbo undertook the command of these sallies; and neither his sister nor his friend would remain behind him.

The Spaniards, having surrounded the whole fort, were too much weakened by the extent of their line, and being surprized by an attack in the night, were soon overpowered by superior numbers. The success of the first sally revived, for some time, the hopes of the besieged; but the second proved fatal to the heroes of Mexico: both lost in it the object most dear to their hearts.

The charge had been so well conducted, that the lines were broken, a supply was introduced
into

into the fort, and the Indians had retired without being pursued. In this retreat Amazili thought she saw, by the glimmering light of the moon, a young Indian struggling between two Spaniards. They had taken him, and were dragging him away. Telasco was not with her, and the young man appeared to resemble him. She approached them, and her fears were confirmed. Distracted, she called out for help, but without being heard. There was no one but herself to defend him. She determined to save him, or perish. Her bow was extended. But will she pierce the bosom of an enemy, or the heart of her lover? Her eye is certain, but her hand trembles, and her fear increases the danger. Twice she takes her aim, and twice her lover presents himself before the arrow just ready to fly. A sudden chillness seizes her; her trembling knees bend beneath her; her bow, which she has not the strength to unstring, falls from her hands. Nature and love at length call forth one of those efforts which are reserved for extreme dangers. She availing herself of the moment when one of the Spaniards pressed on the Mexican with his shield, discharged her arrow. Beneath its stroke the soldier fell, and that arm of Telasco which wielded the hatchet was immediately disengaged. The other enemy experienced its terrible exertion. Telasco delivered, as by a prodigy, hastens to join his companions, who were now re-entering the walls But unhappy man, what dost thou? Thou leavest thy mistress in the power of thine enemies.

No sooner was the arrow flown, and Amazili had beheld her lover at liberty and flying, than her strength forsook her, and left her unable to follow

follow. The terror arising from those reflections which are consequent upon imminent dangers, and that continues to occupy the mind when the peril itself is passed, preserved its ascendancy over her heart, which had now lost all its courage, and exerted so powerful an influence, that she sunk lifeless on the ground. In this condition she for some time lay. On opening her eyes she beheld herself surrounded by Castilian soldiers, whom the noise of the conflict had brought together on the place. They found her motionless, and beheld her with pity, each eagerly endeavouring to recal her to life. Her beauty re-animating, impressed their hearts with a tender respect. Savage hearts! beauty at least can soften your ferocity: it is one right over you that nature hath not lost.

The young and brave Mendoza, mounted on a haughty courser, was dazzled at the charms of the heroine, whom he met surrounded by soldiers. The circlet of feathers that crowned her head, her quiver of gold, suspended by a chain of emeralds, the valuable present of Ataliba, the tiffue that incircled her waist, and confined the folds of her floating robe, but especially the superior dignity of her air and deportment, betrayed her, and indicated her illustrious rank.

“Young beauty,” said Mendoza, “by what misfortune or imprudence have you fallen into our hands?”—“Vengeance and love,” said she, “the two passions that actuate my heart.”—“Are you the daughter, or the wife, of the King of Tumbes?”—“Neither,” said she, “I was born in other climates. These walls have been my refuge. That liberty which is ravished from me was my only blessing.”—

“It

“It shall be restored to you,” said Mendoza; “deign to confide in me,” and taking her behind him on his horse, he carried her to the camp of Pizarro.

The morning diffused its light; and Pizarro, in the midst of the camp, was inquiring the effects of the night. Mendoza arrived, and presented to him his lovely prisoner. The hero received her with that noble, modest, and consolatory goodness to which the unfortunate are entitled, and which are the constant tribute to weakness and innocence protected by beauty.

But fortune, malignant, pursued Amazili. By means of young Ferdinand Pizarro, who had seen her in the fort of Tumbes, she was immediately discovered. “Ah, my brother!” cried he, “it is herself, it is the sister of the valiant Cacique, of the generous Mexican, who saved my life and gave me my freedom. I conjure you, requite the obligation.” Pizarro was disposed to send her back, but the majority of the Spaniards vociferously complained. “Is it necessary with Mexicans to pique ourselves on such frivolous ceremonies and nice attentions? Does a Spaniard hope to conciliate their friendship? He has in his hands the certain, and perhaps the only means of obliging them to surrender; and he will suffer it to escape him! Had he rather behold two hundred men committed to his care, totally unprovided of every supply on an hostile shore and without any shelter perish around these ramparts, either by fatigue, misery, or the weapons of savages? Was it his design to sacrifice them?”

The general would have despised these complaints, had not this exchange of prisoners so nearly

nearly concerned him. But his personal interest would have rendered odious this instance of justice; and he was solicitous to place himself above the reach of suspicion. He ordered Valverde, the only man who, on account of his profession, could with propriety be appointed to guard the prisoner, to be called: and confided her to his care, with instructions to carry her on board the ship. The same day he informed the commander of the fort that his sister was a prisoner; and that he had assigned her his ship for an asylum: that every attention should be shewn her and every convenience provided, which could alleviate the misfortune of captivity: but that a duty more sacred than gratitude, forbade him to restore her, unless that by renouncing a resistance it would be useless to protract, he would admit them into their fort.

The Mexican heroes, on discovering the absence of Amazili, had uttered cries of grief and rage. They every where sought her with their eyes; they called her; they ran through the whole inclosure of the rampart that separated them from her, ready to encounter a thousand deaths wherever they might hear her lamentations. Her lover, dared even to leave the fort and seek her in the country. At length in despair, and supposing her lost, they were weeping together, when the messenger of Pizarro informed them she was alive. The first emotion of their hearts was devoted to joy; but their rapture was delusive, and soon followed by grief.

Amazili in slavery, at the mercy of the Spaniards, without the possibility of being delivered, but on condition of surrendering the fort! was a species of misfortune not less distressful than death
itself

itself. But indignation having re-animated the heart of Orozimbo with courage, he greatly replied, that his sister was very dear to him, but that he would not for her sake betray a King, who was his benefactor, his host, and his friend; that he thanked the chief of the Castilians for the attention he shewed to a captive Princess; but that he thought, by sending back his brother, he had given a more generous example.

When Pizarro heard the answer of Orozimbo, he sternly eyed the Castilians that surrounded him and said to them: “Behold how far superior these men are to us, and in comparison of them, how vile, wicked, and base we appear? Learn to blush at your own, and imitate their conduct.” From that moment he resolved to restore Amazili, and to charge Ferdinand himself with the care of re-conducting her. As the day, however, was declining, he deferred the execution of his design till the next.

In the mean time the hypocritical villain, to whose care she had been committed, finding himself alone with her, felt the deadliest poison of love rankle in his veins. He approached her at first, under the pretence of offering consolation. “My daughter,” said he, “moderate your grief. Heaven watches over you: and both the asylum it hath provided, and the guardian it hath chosen you, are evident marks of its goodness. Under this plain and modest habit know you who I am, and all that I can do for you? I am as you see unarmed, but those who bear arms are subject to my will. “ I have

“ I have only to command them to shed blood,
“ and blood will be spilt. I have only to bid
“ the sword desist, and it returns to its scabbard.
“ Nations, armies, kings themselves, are sub-
“ ject to my equals, and we rule over men as over
“ babes.”

Amazili, who had remembered priests in Mexico, perceived that Valverde exercised this dreadful function. “ You are then,” said she, “ one
“ of the interpreters of the Gods?”—“ Of the
“ Gods!” replied Valverde; “ know, there is
“ but one: and it is he whom I serve. All trem-
“ ble before him; and he hath committed into
“ my hands his power. My spirit is his; my
“ voice is his organ; I speak, and it is he who
“ is heard; it is his will that I declare; and his
“ will changes when, and how I please, for
“ he hears me; and my prayer either pro-
“ vokes, or appeases him, according to my plea-
“ sure.”

“ Will, then,” said she, “ that your God be
“ just, and that he cease to pursue the miserable
“ who, having never known him, cannot pos-
“ sibly have offended him.”

“ Your calamity, I acknowledge, is deserving
“ of pity,” said Valverde; “ but without a pro-
“ digy you can scarcely avoid the precipice on
“ which I now see you. You are known to be
“ the sister of the warrior who defends these
“ walls: it has been proposed to him to surrender
“ them: your ransom is the price. If he loves
“ you enough to comply with this disgraceful
“ prescription, you will be united again, but
“ in shame and in slavery: I say in shame, my
“ daughter, for he must be regarded as base.

“ and

“and perfidious, if for your sake he violates his
“trust.”

Amazili shuddered with terror while he spoke
“Well then,” replies he, “do you think if there
“should come from Heaven a beneficent being,
“who would protect you beneath the shadow of
“his wings, strike your enemies with confusion
“and terror, and rescue you out of their hands,
“that you ought to despise his care, and refuse
“his assistance?”——“And who,” asked she,
“will be this propitious being?”——“I,” an-
swered Valverde.—“Ah!” said she, “we shall
“respect our deliverer as a God.” “It depends
“on yourself alone, for me to deliver you,” re-
plied the villain; “and it is you that may in-
“duce me to it.”——“Alas! by what means?”
——“Think on the happy moment when the bro-
“ther whom you so ardently love, when the
“lover who is still so much dearer to your heart,
“beholding your return, shall rush forward to
“meet your embraces.”——“I should be overcome
“with transport.”——“I believe you; and my
“imagination with pleasure contemplates the
“happy interview. Amiable maid, methinks I
“see you flying to their bosoms, and bestowing
“upon them the most tender caresses; your
“charms revive, and shine forth with an heaven-
“ly splendor; your heart palpitates, your breast
“throbs; a sparkling radiance sits trembling on
“the tear of rapture that is ready to stream from
“your eye. Yes, I will restore to you this
“lover, this happy lover. Enjoy the foretaste
“of those delights that I shall procure you, and
“let me participate in them by realizing the il-
“lusion I have raised in your mind. Imagine
“you behold him inviting you, contemplating
“your

“ your charms, and fondly breaking forth in
“ the tenderest expressions of joy and of love.
“ Throw yourself into his arms, and partake
“ the disorder, the intoxication and the ecstasy
“ with which you inspire him.” At these words,
with eyes inflamed, he sprung She es-
caped, and snatching up her bow, which she
armed with an arrow, cried out, with an air in
which indignation was blended with terror:
“ Forbear! false and barbarous man, forbear!
“ I understand your design, I perceive the price
“ at which you rate your base compassion. I am
“ weak, a captive, and in the power of my op-
“ pressors; but in my weakness I have one re-
“ source to support me. This resource, which
“ places me beyond the reach of tyrants, is a
“ generous contempt of death.”

“ Imprudent woman!” replied Valverde,
“ see you nothing to be dreaded but death?
“ what think you of a perpetual slavery? the
“ misfortune of beholding no more the objects
“ most dear to your heart? and the still more
“ terrible evil of dragging into chains your bro-
“ ther and your lover? Tremble, and fall
“ on your knees to appease my resentment; or
“ the fugitives from a country that we have re-
“ duced to ashes, thy brother, thy lover and
“ thyself, ye all in your turns shall undergo the
“ fate of your kings.”

“ Go,” said she with horror, “ were the
“ burning gridiron before me on which Gua-
“ timozin was laid, I would rather throw my-
“ self upon it alive, than at the feet of the vil-
“ lain I abhor.” On saying these words she ex-
tended her bow to pierce his heart. Valver-

de, confounded but remorseless, retired full of rage.

Left to herself, the unhappy maid gave way to the impulse of her grief. To find herself separated for ever from her brother and her lover, or to behold them surrender themselves to the murderers of their family and the destroyers of their country! They could never resolve to do it; and though they could, would they on this account experience the more mercy? Their enemies have already been taught to fear them, and will take care not to leave Mexico such formidable avengers.

In the silence of the night, these reflections, animated by the image of her country, which obtruded itself on her view all covered with blood, so violently agitated her mind, that she would have suffered a thousand deaths, rather than, for her deliverance, they should submit to the terms which the Castilians had proposed.

But it was not by submission that Orozimbo and Telasco meditated her rescue. To choose a dark night, sally forth from the ramparts, attack the enemies camp, perish together, or penetrate to the ship where Amazili was confined, and bear her away; was the bold design they had formed in their despair.

Both burned with impatience till morning should shine on the port. They hoped that Amazili would appear on the stern, where, from the top of the ramparts, they might be able to distinguish her. Their expectation was not disappointed.

Amazili, with a heart still perplexed by the terrors of the night, was waiting on the stern before

before the dawn, till the splendor of morning should appear, and in the mean time her eyes, through the glimmering of twilight were fatigued with attempting to descry the fort, which hung over the sea. At first she thought it begun to be perceptible; at length she saw it distinctly, and on the wall she discovered two men, whom her heart assured her were her brother and her lover. "They are seeking we with their eyes," said she, "they cannot live without me. I shall render them weak and pusillanimous, perfidious towards their country, and faithless towards a king, their benefactor and friend. No, I will not so fatally overvalue my life; if it be to them a shameful chain, I will free them from it." Then, to fix on her their attention she took off her girdle, and waved it in the air. One of them, her faithful Telasco, answered her signal by waving in return the circlet of feathers that crowned his head; and when she was well assured that their eyes were rivetted on her, attentive to all her motions; she drew an arrow from her quiver, raised her arm, and said, but without the hopes of being heard: "Adieu, my brother, adieu unhappy Telasco. Lament my fate, but above all avenge me, avenge Mexico." At these words she pierced her bosom and threw herself into the sea.

"O Heaven! my sister! Amazili! It is over. I saw her strike the fatal blow and fall. I beheld," cried Orozimbo, "the waves open to receive her and close again upon her. My sister, my dear Amazili, is no more. She is no more! Yet we, and the monsters who have compelled her to destroy herself still

“ live ! Ah ! we will avenge her. My brother ! my friend ! Yes, we will avenge her. “ It is the last hope of our souls.” Having thus spoken, pale, trembling, suffocated with sobs and overwhelmed with tears, they embraced each other, fell together, rolled on the dust, and vented their grief in groans which were interrupted at intervals by a dreadful silence. At length recovering their fortitude, they concerted measures for falling forth on the following night, and carrying into the enemies camp, terror, carnage and death. Alas ! how vain a project ! before the evening arrived, fortune had changed the fate of every thing on that coast.

They saw the people from the vallies of Ica, Pisco and Acari, running in crowds to meet the Spaniards, offering them homage, and soliciting them to repair to the port of Rimac, on those shores, where soon after they built the city of Kings. This sudden revolution was the work of Mango. Pizarro availed himself of it with joy : he embarked with his men ; and the Mexicans, furious to behold the Castilians escaping from their vengeance, gloomily resumed the road from the tops of the mountains through the fields of Tumibamba.

C H A P. XLVII.



ATALIBA, who after his victory had heard of the arrival of the Spaniards, allowed his army to repose on the banks of the river Zamora; and at this time, the Sun, in the northern tropic, having attained that limit, which an invariable law hath appointed, and which he never exceeds, in a spacious plain, and in the midst of an extensive camp, saw his festival solemnized. The people there assembled in crowds; the court of the Inca repaired hither from the palace of Riobamba, where the prince had left it; the dearest of his wives, the lovely and tender Aciloé, came with it; her eyes were yet streaming with tears, called forth by the memory of her son, and which time had been unable to absorb. Cora, by whose misfortunes the princess had been sensibly touched, and who had been received at her court, accompanied her to the feast. She met again her Alonzo with transport, proud to display the effects of their mutual passion.

All the festivals of the Sun had some object of public morality in view. This, more solemn and striking than the rest, was the festival of death. What distinguished it from those already described was a hymn which was sung in the celebration. The pontiff, with a serene air and wearing on his brow a mysterious tranquillity, began the funeral stanzas; the Incas responded,

and the people, listening in silence, mused on death.

“ Man, destined to labour, to suffering and
“ to sorrow, comfort thyself, for thou art mortal. In the morning thou arisest to feel thy
“ wants; in the evening, thou layest down, weary, and dejected with toil. Comfort thyself,
“ for death awaits thee, and in his bosom is repose.

“ Thou seest a bark that has been tossed by
“ the storm re-enter the peaceful harbour, and
“ rest secure in its port. This ocean, incessantly
“ vexed by tempests, is life; the peaceful and
“ safe harbour that no storms can molest is the
“ grave.

“ Thou beholdest the fearful infant, whom
“ his mother hath left at a distance, to make him
“ put forth his strength. He hastens towards
“ her with tottering steps, holding out his weak
“ arms; he approaches her, rushes into her bosom, and feels no longer his weakness. Such
“ a child is man; and such a tender mother is
“ nature, which, in a moment like this, the
“ vulgar call death.

“ Frail man, during thy life thou art the slave
“ of necessity, the sport of accidents. Death
“ will break thy bonds: thou shalt be free; and
“ to thee there will exist through immensity only
“ thyself and the God that formed thee.

“ Let the God, which animates the world but
“ breathe; it is life. Let him resume that breath;
“ it is death. What is there surprising in the
“ exility of a breath that passes into thy bosom,
“ as the wind passes through a tree? Is the foliage
“ astonished at a want of power to retain
“ it?

“ Thou

“ Thou hast seen thine equal expire ; his convulsions have filled thee with fear ; and those efforts of grief, the moment of relinquishing his prey, thou attributest to death. Death is exempt from suffering ; and on the brink of the grave is a bulwark, where the remaining evils of life are accumulated ; but beyond it is an eternal calm.

“ Deemest thou that time is slow in its progress ? It is because time conducteth to death, and death is the term towards which nature, disquiet, and impatience of life, is tending. What man is there that does not wish for to-morrow ? It is, because that to-day is life, and to-morrow is death.

“ Old age which dissolves all the ties of the soul, the unavoidable alternative of decrepitude or mortality, the soother of slumber, which is only the forgetfulness of one's self, the disgust, the oppressive consciousness of a languid and tedious existence, all dispose, invite, habituate us to death.

Whence then, O man, arises this repugnance to a blessing towards which thou art led, by an invincible proclivity ? It is that thou thinkest thyself wiser than nature, better than the God that gave thee existence ; it is that thou takest the darkness of futurity for an unathomable abyss.

“ And who would suffer life if the exit were less terrible ? Nature intimidates us to retain us in it. It is an immense gulph, which she hath hollowed out on the confines of being and death, to prevent our desertion.

“ Were there a God so inexorable as to will that man should be driven to despair, he would

“ have condemned him never to die. Disgust
“ and distress would afflict his soul ; the necessity
“ of living, like a thorn armed with innumerable
“ points, would incessantly wound his heart. The
“ sign of reconciliation between heaven and man,
“ is death.

“ There is but one means of rendering life
“ more valuable than death : that is to live for
“ our country, faithful to its worship and its
“ laws, conducive to its prosperity, and worthy
“ of its gratitude ; to be able to say, when dy-
“ ing : I have not only lived for it ; it shall have
“ my last sigh.”

Thus sung the offspring of the Sun ; and these songs, which resounded in the souls of the young warriors, raised them above themselves. But the women and the children regarding their husbands and fathers with eyes which expressed both tenderness and terror, seemed to conjure the continuance of their love, or at least, that they would still bear the evils of life, and oppose the spontaneous emotions of nature, to this enthusiasm that prompted them to set death at defiance.

The monarch, after the hymn was concluded, having pronounced an eulogy, upon the brave Indians, according to their tribes, who had fallen in his defence : “ We have lamented over
“ the dead,” resumed he ; “ our mourning is
“ concluded. Let us leave the past, which is
“ now no more ; and think only on the future,
“ which, to us, is a new being. Plunderers,
“ and the scourges of all countries wherever they
“ come, are arrived at Tumbez. I think I
“ have placed that city in a situation to withstand
“ them. It is defended by heroes ; but this is
“ not

“ not sufficient; to-morrow I fly to their relief.
“ People, it is there that dangers, worthy of
“ the most intrepid courage, invite us, Ye will
“ there behold swift animals bearing men to bat-
“ tle; ye will there see the image of the terrible
“ Illapa * in the arms of the plunderers. They
“ possess the art of giving death the most for-
“ midable appearance. But it is no more than
“ death; and ye have heard if death should be
“ feared. These robbers, however, are mortal
“ like us; and so small is their number, that if
“ ye surround them, they will be in the midst
“ of you, like leaves in a whirlwind. Behold,”
continues he, pointing to Alonzo, “ one who
“ knows how to conquer them; he will com-
“ mand you.

C H A P. XLVIII.

THUS spoke Ataliba, and inspired them with his courage. But towards the close of day he beheld the arrival of the Mexican warriors to his camp, who acquainted him with the circumstances of their disgrace. They informed him that Mango, reduced to despair, had pretended, and propagated among the Indians the report of,

* See the last note of the *second* chapter.

an oracle delivered by the king his father,* who, when he was dying, foretold the arrival of the Castilians, had recommended to his people to meet and adore them; that to support this opinion, Mango had himself set the example, by sending an ambassy to the Castilian general, imploring his aid in favour of the king of Cusco, against the usurper of the throne of the Incas, the destroyer of their race, the oppressor of the Inca his brother, who was a prisoner within the walls of Cannara.

The same news, which arrived from all quarters at the same time, rapidly spread through the army. Anxiety and terror prevailed in every mind, when the Cacique of Rimac came to deliver to the Inca the letters with which the Spanish general had dispatched him, for Alonzo Pizarro, when he sent him the letter of Las-Casas wrote to him to this effect:

“ My dear Molina, if you love your country,
 “ now is the moment to save it from the com-
 “ mission of crimes. If you love the Indians,
 “ this is the moment to save them from misery.
 “ You know not the friend you have abandoned.
 “ What hath distressed you, is still more distress-
 “ ing to me. But without rank to make me
 “ respectable, and authority to exact obedience,
 “ I was compelled to overlook what I was un-
 “ able to punish. I have since made a voyage
 “ to Spain, and am at length returned with the
 “ plenary power of our invincible Monarch.
 “ This young Prince is a lover of mankind.
 “ He requires that the Indians shall be treated

* Huaina Capac.

“ with lenity and indulgence. He hath enjoined
“ me to watch over them with the tender solici-
“ tude of a father. Happy shall I be to fulfill
“ his designs ! Be assured my inclination coin-
“ cides with my duty. But you well know how
“ much the influence of delegated authority is
“ diminished by distance, and with what pre-
“ caution I ought to conduct myself towards men
“ so impetuous and resolute. Among them
“ there are some of a disinterested soul, and a
“ feeling and generous heart ; these are easily
“ governed. But the greater part are blind,
“ turbulent, and, above all, avaricious : these,
“ I confess to you, I fear myself unable to con-
“ troul. My friend, should hostilities provoke
“ them, I cannot answer for their conduct. A
“ peaceful reception on the part of your people,
“ is the only means of establishing between us
“ concord and good understanding. It is your
“ part to assist me in conciliating their minds. I
“ find one half of the empire eager to join me.
“ I have more than a sufficient force to ravage
“ the country ; but without your good offices not
“ enough to preserve order and peace. I am
“ proceeding towards Cassamalca, where the
“ Inca of Quito hath, they tell me, collected
“ his forces. Many crimes are imputed to him ;
“ but can you be the friend of a tyrant ? I am
“ unable to think it ; and your esteem is his apo-
“ logy. Give me the meeting. We will con-
“ trive together how to conquer them, without
“ oppression.

“ Las Casas, your friend, and I may call him
“ also mine, the virtuous Las-Casas, whom I
“ left dying at Hispaniola would write to you by
“ me. I have sent you his letter. Much do I

“ fear

“fear, my dear Alonzo, that it contains his last
“farewell.”

The affliction which filled the heart of Alonzo on reading these words, was considerably increased, when he threw his eyes on the letter of Las-Casas himself.

“If you are yet alive, my dear Alonzo, if
“you still continue among our Indians, and if
“Pizarro should find you again upon those
“shores which he designs to visit, receive from
“my hands this last and affectionate pledge of
“sacred friendship. I am dying. I have lived
“only to grieve. God hath permitted that,
“under my own eyes, I should behold an accumulation of every sort of crime and distress.
“What have I to regret in the world?

“I intrusted you with my fears concerning
“the enterprize of Pizarro: but the virtues of
“the Hero have entirely dispelled them. Pizarro thinks as we do. He feels that it is far preferable to be the protector and father of the Indians than their conqueror and tyrant. Unite your efforts with his, to gain him their esteem and affection; he merits them in my opinion, no less than yourself. Adieu. The symptoms of my dissolution seem to increase. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall stand before the throne of my judge; and if it be permitted me to implore his mercy, it will be for the Spaniards, who worship, and insult him; and for these Indians, misled by error, but sincere, gentle and beneficent, whom he created, whom he loves, and whom he will not make eternally miserable. Protect them, consider them, next to yourself, as my dearest friends, whom I shall love beyond the grave.”

This

This letter was moistened by the tears of friendship. Alonzo a hundred times kissed it in the most respectful manner. Ataliba could not hear it without partaking in the concern that swelled the young man's bosom. "Who then," asked he, "is this Las-Cas, this upright man?"—"Ah!" said Alonzo, inquire of this Cacique "and his people." The Cacique was Capana. He had heard the letter of Las-Casas: and leaning on his club, he shed from his down-cast eyes a flood of tears. "He is not a man," said he, "he is a celestial messenger sent down from his God, to soften tygers, and to comfort mankind. We would have worshipped him, if he would have suffered us."

This testimony, but that especially of Alonzo, prevailed over the terrible impressions, which the example of Montezuma and all the sufferings of Mexico had made on the heart of Ataliba. "I submit myself to you," said he to his faithful Alonzo. "Go meet Pizarro: possess yourself of his designs: and if he correspond to the character you have received of him, answer him with all the openness and integrity of a Prince who is your friend, and who desires also to be his."

The retinue of Alonzo consisted of Indians, burthened with the most magnificent presents; and these treasures * should have excited in their minds a favourable disposition. But such was

* *These treasures.*] It was here that the Indians, observing the horses champ on their bits, supposed they would feed on metal; and under this persuasion, which no one was solicitous to correct, they were anxious to place before them vessels filled with grains of gold.

the thirst of gold amongst the Castilians, that what ought to have flaked, served but to increase it.

The conference of Pizarro with Alonzo was the effusion of two hearts abounding with generosity and frankness. The state of affairs on both sides was disclosed with candour. Pizarro discovered nothing in the Inca of Cusco, but an excess of pride unrestrained by prudence, and in Ataliba the conscious dignity of a feeling and noble heart. Alonzo, on his part, perceived the danger of irritating in the Castilians that rage for gold and thirst of blood; which had only been soothed for a time, and which a fanatical barbarity was eager to provoke. It was resolved that Molina should precede Pizarro in the fields of Cassamalca: that the Spanish general should advance with his two hundred men, and that the Indians of his party should bring up the rear. Each equally confident of the other's fidelity, mutually embraced; and Alonzo returned to the Indian camp.

The King of Quito was anxious and impatient for the return of his friend. But his solicitude was speedily removed; and he assembled his warriors to communicate his joy. The Peruvians rejoiced; but the Mexicans, with a gloomy air and eyes fixed on the ground, heard in silence the tenders of peace that Alonzo brought back. Their Chief, who thought he perceived the Inca to be falling into a destructive snare, was earnest to apprise him of his danger. "Ah! then, "Prince," said he, "have you forgotten the "fate of Montezuma and of Mexico? You "give up your country to the same plunderers "that desolated ours, and overwhelmed it with "blood!

“ blood ! - You commit yourself into the hands
“ of those who have fettered our Kings and
“ burnt them alive ! Ah ! will not our exam-
“ ple instruct and alarm you ! Too fully admo-
“ nished by our misfortunes, learn to be wise at
“ our expence. See you not here the same con-
“ nexion in the causes of your own ruin, as were
“ apparent in our destruction ? Our empire
“ was divided ; this is the same. A fallacious
“ oracle prescribed to us the shameful law of
“ bending before our tyrants ; a like oracle in-
“ joins it on you. Our King, seduced and
“ deceived by the appearances of peace, since-
“ rity and benevolence, ruined himself, and
“ destroyed his people ; and will you, unhappy
“ Prince, give yourself up, like him ! Ah !
“ had Montezuma possessed that firmness and
“ courage we have beheld in you, he would have
“ saved Mexico. Why then suffer yourself to
“ be depressed, and offer your neck to the yoke ?
“ Are you destitute of hope ? without resources ?
“ Remove from hence. Leave Palmore at the
“ head of your army. Let him attack the In-
“ dians. These Caciques and I, with our two
“ thousand men, will charge the Castilians ; and
“ we will take the shortest way to vengeance or
“ death.”

Alonzo thought it incumbent on himself to re-
ply. “ Inca,” said he, “ the character of my
“ nation is bravery and pride. These are evils
“ only to its foes. Its passion is a thirst for gold,
“ and this you may easily assuage. All else is
“ personal : vice and virtue are productions of
“ the same climates. A people, which is made
“ up of individuals, becomes wicked or good,
“ according to the example before them. It is
“ animated

“ animated with the dispositions of the ravager.
“ or the hero that conducts them. Cortes hath
“ destroyed his conquest and disgraced his ex-
“ ploits. Pizarro, more humane, sincere, and
“ generous, wishes to spare, to render happy
“ and peaceful the world he shall have subjected,
“ and to acquire glory unsullied by reproach or
“ remorse. Pizarro is a Spaniard: but am not I
“ myself one? Have you found me deceitful,
“ avaricious or cruel? No? you believe me sincere
“ and beneficent. Why then will you not sup-
“ pose that Pizarro, at least, may be like me?
“ You will answer for me, I will answer for him;
“ and I will answer on the faith of Las-Casas,
“ on the faith of that Spaniard, the most up-
“ right, virtuous and compassionate of men,
“ and, more than all, the best friend the Indi-
“ ans ever enjoyed. He could not deceive me;
“ but he himself might be deceived, he might
“ have been imposed on. Be then prudent,
“ without being unjust. Stretch out your
“ hands to peace, without, however, discard-
“ ing your arms; and, in the midst of a nu-
“ merous camp, dare to receive two hundred
“ men who present themselves before you as
“ friends.”

The Inca, full of the confidence with which Alonzo had inspired him, was not even willing to prepare for his own defence. This, however, was provided for by Alonzo. He appointed eight thousand Indians of experienced valour to attend the Inca's person. On the right wing and in front, he placed the Mexicans, with the troop that he himself had commanded. The savages of Capana formed the opposite wing, and Palmore, with his army, occupied the centre,
and

and compleated an inclosure around the throne of his King. "Prince, I pray Heaven," said the young man, "that sincerity may preside in this conference, and connect between Pizarro and yourself the ties of a lasting peace. If my prayers be unsuccessful, and my hopes fallacious, I will shed my blood in your defence. Every thing in my power I have done. Nothing have I left to uncertainty; nor will there be any ground to reproach me."

C H A P. XLIX.

THE approaching night suspended this flux and reflux of fears and of hopes with which a perplexing uncertainty and confused presentiments had agitated their minds. But those emotions which had been soothed by slumber, were instantly renewed, when, by the first rays of the morning, they beheld the troop of Pizarro advancing, which were easily to be distinguished by the splendor that glittered on their arms. They approached, and the King, elevated on a throne of gold, which twelve Caciques supported, was prepared to receive them. The Spaniards opened into two lines, of which the cavalry formed the wings, having at their head Pizarro, and twenty warriors who, like himself, all on horse-back, advanced, with a slow and stately pace, till they came

came within the reach of a javelin. Pizarro then ordered them to halt; and, accompanied by Valverde and six of his lieutenants, presented himself, with a noble confidence, before the throne of the Inca.

Silence was preserved, whilst the Castilian hero, continuing on his horse, which bore him on a level with the throne, addressed the King in these words: “ Great Prince, you know who
“ we are; and I wish to Heaven that the name
“ of Spaniards had been less famous in the New
“ World, since it hath been indebted for its
“ fame to the most terrible calamities! But the
“ reproach and shame of guilt should fall only
“ the guilty; and if fame hath extended it to
“ the innocent, it hath been unjust; which you
“ ought not to be. If your enemies may be cre-
“ dited, I must regard you as the most barba-
“ rous of tyrants. But your friends have assur-
“ ed me of your equity, and I believe them.
“ Treat us in the same manner; or at least,
“ condemn us not till you know us, and cause
“ not the evils of which we are innocent to re-
“ coil on our heads.

“ When the Incas your ancestors founded this
“ empire, and subjected to the regulations of
“ their laws, the people of this continent,
“ they said to them: We bring to you a system
“ of religion, arts and laws, which will render
“ you better and more happy. This was their
“ title to conquest. The same also is mine; and
“ like them I would introduce myself to you by
“ favours. I shall have no difficulty to persuade
“ you that we are superior in industry and know-
“ ledge to all the people of this world. They
“ are the fruits of three thousand years experi-
“ ence.

“ence by which we have been enriched. In
“your laws I shall make such changes only as
“you yourself shall judge conducive to the good
“of your people: whilst these laws, and the au-
“thority which supports them, shall still conti-
“nue in your own hands; your people shall
“not experience the misfortune of losing a good
“King. Protected by mine, you will become
“his friend, his ally, his tributary; and this
“this tribute, inconsiderable to you, is only a
“participation of a production, which nature
“hath lavished on you, and withholden from
“us. In barter for gold, we will bring you
“iron, a present of inestimable utility, and to
“you a thousand times more precious. Our
“fruits, our harvests, our flock, which con-
“stitute the riches of our climate; some animals
“of an exquisite flavour, contributing to the
“nourishment of man, others, at once, strong
“and tractable, ordained to partake of our la-
“bours; the productions of our arts, which in-
“hance the enjoyment of life, the inventions for
“aiding our senses, and increasing our strength,
“the means of healing our disorders or assuag-
“ing our sufferings; a thousand depredations
“that the industry of man hath committed on
“nature, a thousand new discoveries to supply
“our wants, and augment our pleasures: these
“are the blessings I promise you, in return for
“this metal, this shining dust, of which you
“are happy not to experience the want. Inca,
“such is the treaty of peace and mutual com-
“merce that my master, Charles of Austria, a
“powerful Monarch of the East, hath commisi-
“oned me to offer.”

Ataliba,

Ataliba, with a heart full of joy and gratitude, replied to Pizarro that he amply justified the opinion he had been taught to entertain of his rectitude and generosity; that he saw nothing but justice in what he had proposed; that the mountains from whence gold was drawn, should be opened to the Castilians; and that he should consider this as an inadequate compensation for the friendship of an enlightened people, who brought to him knowledge, and the alliance of a great King.

“The most sublime part of our knowledge,” said the Castilian hero, “is that which respects
“the existence of a God, by whom the Earth,
“the Heaven, and the Sun were created. Inca,
“let not this offend you: that glorious lumina-
“nary, whose children your ancestors called
“themselves, is without doubt, the most strik-
“ing of the wonders of nature; but it came
“from the hands of the eternal Creator; and
“enlightens the world in obedience to him. It
“is then this God, who, at one view, prescrib-
“ed to the Sun its course, to the Sea its
“bounds, to the Earth its station, to the Hea-
“vens their revolutions, and to all Nature its
“different motions, its order, its invariable
“laws, it is he alone whom we ought to
“adore.”

“The God, whom you have described,” replied the Inca, “was not entirely unknown to us:
“he hath a temple amongst us: this temple is
“dedicated to him who animates the world*.
“But why may not this exalted Being be the Sun?

* Pacha Camac.

“ This splendour, this majesty, seem to be worthy of him.”

“ Inca,” asked Pizarro, “ if I should see a traveller go and return, every year, from one extremity of your empire to the other, without ever relaxing his speed, or resting a moment on his journey, or deviating a step from his road, should I suppose him to be the King of the country, or only one of his messengers ? The God of the universe is neither limited by any portion of time, nor circumscribed within any extent of space. He whom a transient cloud obscures, and who can enlighten but one half of the globe, without leaving the other in darkness, is not the God of the universe. I have been told that your people formerly worshipped the sea, rivers, and mountains. These, like the Sun, hold their place in the system of nature, but are all subordinate, and obedient to superior controul. Let us worship him who governs the whole ; and that you may form an idea, though infinitely inadequate, of his perfection, hear what our sages have lately disclosed. These men, occupied in observing the appearances of the Heavens, are all persuaded that the world we inhabit is not the only habitable world ; but that there are thousands in the regions of space ; and that each of the Stars is a Sun, which, though at an immeasurable distance from us, was formed to enlighten other worlds. Let your imagination soar into this immensity, and contemplate these Suns and worlds all subject to the same laws. He, who superintends them all and whom they all obey

“obey, is the God I adore. Judge how far
“this God is superior to yours.”

“You confound me, while you instruct me,”
said the Inca, “I begin to believe that our ances-
“tors were mistaken. Tell me only if your
“God be just and good, and whether his law
“requires men to be like him?”—“He,” an-
swered Pizarro, “is justice and goodness itself;
“and the only duty of man is to resemble him.”
“I ask no more,” replied the Inca. “Come
“and instruct us, illuminate us with your rea-
“son, enrich us with your wisdom, and be as-
“sured of finding us docile and grateful.”

Thus every thing went smoothly on, till the
hypocritical and furious Valverde required to
speak in his turn. “Yes, Prince,” said he to
the Inca, “what you have heard is true, but
“truth that is obvious to the understanding. It
“is now necessary for you to suspend the opera-
“tions of your reason, or subject it to the yoke
“of the faith. Hear what the faith teaches.”
He then imprudently * plunging into the pro-
found darkness of our awful mysteries, in the
number of which he comprized the authority of a
man ordained by God himself to command
Kings, to exercise domination over nations, to
dispose of crowns, and all the possessions of
sovereigns and subjects, and to exterminate
those who disclaim the plenitude of his power.

The Peruvian monarch astonished at a doctrine
so strange, mildly enquired of the propounder

* *Imprudently*] “Supposing, perhaps,” says Benzoni,
“that the King was instantaneously become an adept in the-
“ology.” *Pensando forse che il re fosse un qualche gran theologo*
“divenuto. (*Hist. du nouv. monde. liv. 3.*)

from whence he had collected these positions. "From this book," replied Valverde, in an arrogant tone, "from this sacred book, dictated by the Holy Ghost himself." The Inca, without emotion, receiving the book, and looking upon it, said: "Every thing that Pizarro hath told me, I can conceive, and, without difficulty, believe. But what I hear from you appears to be unintelligible: and this book is silent, it tells me nothing." He added, it is said, some offensive expressions * concerning the man, who arrogated to himself the right of commanding Kings, and disposing of Empires; and either through contempt, or negligence, in returning the book to Valverde, let it fall.

This was enough. The fanatical monk transported with rage, ran towards the Spaniards and began to cry out for vengeance in the name of religion, which this barbarian had trampled under foot †.

Instantly, a vigorous and destructive fire succeeded, the harquebuses commenced hostilities, and gave the signal to commit the blackest of crimes. The battalion opened; and from the centre issued forth thunder and death. At the discharge of those brrzen volcanos, from whence proceeded flames and a stupendous report, at the unexpected massacre and the invisible strokes that fell before the throne, the King was confounded;

* *Some offensive expressions.*] "That the Pope must certainly be an egregious fool, to give away so freely what was not his own." *Eche il Pontifice dove va essere, un qualche gran pazzo, poi che dava così liberamente quello a' altri.* (Benzoni, *Hist. du Nouv. Monde*, liv. 3.)

† *Which this barbarian had trampled under foot.*] *Uccidete questi cani che dispreggiano la legge di dio.* (*Ibid.*)

he

he beheld at his feet his guard astonished and trembling, crowd together for their general safety, and perish before his eyes, like a fearful flock, amongst which the destructive blaze of lightning had descended. The Inca, having forbidden them to commit any kind of hostility, they strictly observed his prohibition. Alonzo, enraged, incited them to follow him, and charge in despair this troop of assassins. "Avenge yourselves, avenge me of the traitors that dishonour my country. Defend, save your King." The brave youth, at these words, felt himself wounded, and fell. The Inca, at the sight of his fall, broke forth in exclamations of sorrow.

"It is our part," said Orozimbo, "to exterminate these monsters. Follow me, my friends, and let us silence their thunder." He spake, and at the head of the Princes of his blood, and his two thousand Indians, undauntedly marched up to the mouths of the cannon, which were pouring forth their fires against him. The blood of his wounded friends burst forth upon him; fragments of their flesh and splinters of their bones flew every where around him; his fury blinded and transported him. Telasco, who was still left, continued to follow him. Unfortunate friends! as they were rushing headlong on the battery, a dreadful explosion reduced them to atoms. They disappeared in a cloud of smoke, and those of his brave and unhappy troop that escaped the fire, were mowed down by the Castilian swords.

This terrible and instantaneous disaster discouraged neither Palmore nor Capana; both advanced to surround the enemy. But, two squadrons
of

of Castilians, at the same moment, impelled by unconquerable fury, file off to assail them. The commanders unable to restrain the impetuosity of their soldiers, give way to their rage. They fly through a cloud of arrows, which stick in their horses. The animals, not less furious than their riders, break into the opposing battalions, rush through their lances, trample upon a crowd of Indians already beaten down; and the sword, reeking with blood, redoubles the horrid carnage.

Of Ataliba's guard six thousand were already massacred, and the same fate awaits the rest. Those who support the throne have scarce time to succeed one another; all are cut off; and the dying fall on the dead, whose places they supplied. Pizarro who had thrown himself before his soldiers to stop their ruthless fury, not being able to make them obey, or even hear him, saw but one means of preserving the life of the Inca. He put himself at the head of these murderers, preceded them, entered the camp, arrived at the throne, with one hand diverting the sword that was raised against Ataliba, himself received the stroke, while with the other he seized the Prince, dragged him from his seat, threw him at his feet, and cried out while he guarded him, "Let us take him alive for the sake of his treasure." This speech suspended their rage.

Pale, terrified, distracted, the King fell, and beheld himself weltering in Indian gore. He discovered the bodies of his friends torn, mutilated, and hacked, and embraced them with such cries of distress, that even the hearts of their executioners were moved. Amongst the rest he perceived Alonzo. "Dear and ill-fated friend!

“thou hast undone me,” cried he; “but they
 “deceived thee: it was thy misfortune to possess
 “an Indian soul.” At these words, observing
 that Alonzo still breathed: “Ah! cruel man,”
 said he to Pizarro, “at least save him that deli-
 vered me to thee.”

Pizarro caused both of them to be carried from
 the field, and committed them to the care of
 Ferdinand his brother, whilst himself flew to the
 plain, with the hope of saving the deplorable re-
 mains of Palmore’s legion, on which the Castili-
 ans were venting their barbarous rage. There,
 Valverde*, in the midst of slaughter, with a
 crucifix in his hand, while his mouth was foam-
 ing with rage, exclaimed: “Friends, Christi-
 “ans, go on, go on. The destroying angel is
 “your guide. Strike only with the point, that
 “ye break not your swords; plunge them,
 “dye them in blood.——“ Begone, exe-
 “crable monster,” said Pizarro, “retire, or I
 “will make thee yield up thine atrocious
 “soul.” The affrighted monster withdrew,
 trembling. “Stop, barbarians! stop,” cried
 Pizarro to his soldiers, “or turn your arms on
 me.”

Either from respect to their commander, or
 else, that by so furious an exertion, their strength
 was exhausted, they obeyed; and Pizarro led
 them back.

* *There Valverde.*] “As to the Monk who began this
 “outrage, he ceased not during the whole of the carnage, to
 “lead on and stimulate the soldiers, advising them to use
 “only the point of their swords, and not to employ them-
 “selves in hacking and cleaving, for fear of breaking their
 “blades.” *Perche di taglio non rompeffero le spade. Benzoni,*
ibid.)

In this day of horrors and crimes, humanity for a moment prevailed. Capana, perceiving that all hope of success was gone, fled with an handful of his savages. A party that pursued him, came up and surrounded them. The Cacique in despair, turned, strung his bow, and with a vindictive eye selected the leader of the enemy's troop. This was Gonsalva Davila. The arrow flew; and the youth fell mortally wounded. They rushed on the Cacique, seized him, and dragged him to the feet of Davila to rend him in pieces in his presence. Gonsalva half-opening his dying eyes, and discovering him to be the person who had given him his life and restored him to freedom, when he was wholly at his mercy, said: "Is it you, generous Capana," extending towards him his trembling arms? "Is
" from your hand that I receive my death? you
" once conferred a favour on me; to your cle-
" mency I was indebted for my life; to your
" bounty for my liberty. I have made a cruel
" use of them! Heaven is just: it hath chosen
" you to deprive me of your own gifts. Castili-
" ans, hear me, and, from my example, trem-
" ble at the hand of God that hath stricken me.
" To this Indian I owe my all; suffer me to ac-
" quit myself. Let him live, and let him and
" and his people be free. Come my brother, my
" benefactor, my destroyer, and my friend,
" come that I may embrace thee in my death. I
" ought from you to have learnt justice and hu-
" manity." These words were immediately fol-
lowed by his last sigh; and Capana, with his sa-
vages, went to seek, beyond the mountains of
the East, amongst the Moxes, who were still free,

or amongst the barbarous inhabitants of the Andes, who satiated their thirst with human blood, a refuge against the rage of a people still more inhuman.

and to have him. It was through him that he hoped to make himself independent and absolute. The traitor Alonso, their mutual agent, carried on the business.

ed this conspiracy. Had he heard the language of Pizarro to this lawyer, he would have suspected. Charles was reproached as

C H A P. L. supplanting Charles, and a treaty of commerce, instead of a tribute, were the object of his mission.

THE Spaniards, fatigued with murder, and burdened with the valuable spoils they had amassed in the Indian camp, were almost all of them collected within the walls of Cassamalca. Some, of these however the number was small, retired in silence, ashamed and shocked, reproaching themselves for the blood they had spilt. At first, to avoid the disgrace of deserting their companions, they had yielded to their example; but having satisfied the requisitions of honour, they abandoned themselves to remorse. The rest, insolent and boastful, applauded themselves for having avenged the faith; and by a dreadful instance awed the nations. To these it was that Valverde complained of Pizarro, with all the violence of a seditious fury.

“Castilians,” said he, “ye have avenged your religion, which a barbarian had insulted. Arm yourselves with constancy; for this heroic zeal is accounted a crime. Pizarro regards you as assassins, who have merited death; and were his power equal to his will, he would inflict

“ inflict it on you all. His sole design in seizing
“ this king, who by his orders is here guarded
“ in the palace, was to rescue him from you,
“ and to save him. It was through him that he
“ hoped to make himself independent and abso-
“ lute. The traitor Alonzo, their mutual agent,
“ carried on their correspondence, and concert-
“ ed this conspiracy. Had ye heard the lan-
“ guage of Pizarro to this savage; ye would
“ have shuddered. Charles was represented as
“ supplicating Ataliba. An alliance instead of a
“ conquest, and a treaty of commerce, instead
“ of a tribute, were the objects of his humble
“ solicitations. And as to religion! . . . it
“ would have filled you with horror to hear him.
“ Pizarro spoke of it in the language of the im-
“ pious. He avoided an exposition of the faith;
“ he blushed at our mysteries; in the presence
“ of infidels he was ashamed to shew himself a
“ Christian. Full of indignation, I spoke; I
“ raised my voice; I declared what a Christian
“ should neither disguise nor conceal. Ye be-
“ held with what an insult Ataliba replied. And
“ it is this that his friend, his ally, his protector,
“ reproaches you for having punished. As for
“ me, I am odious to him, and I comfort my-
“ self with the thought. I saw the sacred ma-
“ nual of our faith trodden under foot, and I
“ cried out for vengeance; such is my crime.
“ It might be necessary to dissemble sacrilege, to
“ applaud blasphemy, and betray religion in fa-
“ vour of impiety; I have not done it; and ex-
“ pect to suffer pitiless humiliations, reproaches,
“ exile, perhaps martyrdom!” Scarcely
had he ended when a hundred voices at once ex-

claimed, "he shall be protected, defended, and
 "revered as the avenger of the faith."

This commotion in their minds against Pizarro was greatly increased by his arrival. As he passed through his soldiers, he perceived in them no symptoms either of fear or of shame; they viewed him with a fixed eye, prepared to revolt, should an angry expression or invective escape him. Further on, Valverde, in the midst of seditious fanatics, appeared still more daring; and received with an unaltered countenance, his menacing looks. Pizarro went through the crowd, preserving a gloomy silence. He inquired for Ataliba, and was conducted to the prison; there he beheld this unhappy prince surrounded by a small number of Castilians, who, with eyes fixed on the ground, resembled condemned criminals more than conquerors.

Ataliba, in his distress, preserved too much firmness and dignity to utter a complaint. But when he beheld Pizarro enter, he started; turned off his eyes with horror, repulsed him, and rejected his embraces. "You suppose me treacherous and perjured," said Pizarro; "but behold this hand, wounded and bleeding, which warded off from you a mortal blow. Is this the hand of an enemy? I drew you from the throne, where twenty swords were aiming to pierce your heart; I have imprisoned you to protect you from the fury of those whom I was unable to disarm, or restrain. Ask these warriors if, during this horrible massacre, I did not exert my utmost efforts to suppress it. What could you desire from me? What more could one man do? My soldiers have already disobeyed my commands, and I
 "have

“ have every reason to apprehend they will soon
 “ resist my authority. But, of this, unhappy
 “ Prince, be assured, I will protect your life at
 “ the hazard of my own.”

The Inca, at these words, regarded him with
 eyes in which resentment had yielded to tender-
 ness, and suffered some tears to escape him. “ I
 “ loved you,” said he, “ as soon as I saw you,
 “ and my soul, captivated by yours, hath re-
 “ linquished to you both my thoughts and my
 “ will. With what view then could you betray
 “ me? With what pleasure could you behold the
 “ slaughter of an inoffensive people, who had
 “ received you as a God? No, it could not be
 “ your orders. You weep! Come and embrace
 “ me. Your pity consoles the heart of a wretch
 “ who still loves you. But, tell me, is all lost?
 “ Is my army entirely destroyed?”—“ I have
 “ saved all of them I could,” answered the hero,
 “ If it be possible,” replied the Inca, “ rescue
 “ me from the hands of these traitors: their
 “ shouts of joy distract me; their approach ex-
 “ cites my horror. Spare me the dreadful pu-
 “ nishment of hearing and seeing them. Sati-
 “ ated with blood, they thirst for gold; I wish
 “ to gratify them. I engage for my ransom, to
 “ fill the room * in which we at present are, as
 “ high as my arm can reach. Let them carry
 “ with them these pernicious treasures, and leave
 “ us to live in peace.”

* “ The apartment in which he was confined was twenty-
 “ two feet in length and sixteen in breadth.” Dr. Robert-
 son’s Hist. of America. Vol. II. p. 177.

“ Your

“Your cause,” said Pizarro, “is mine; and
 “I will do every thing for you that can be ex-
 “pected from the zeal of a friend. Let us al-
 “low some time for their fury to subside, and
 “both arm ourselves, you with constancy, and
 “I with resolution. I leave you, and am going
 “to take care of Alonzo, whose situation afflicts
 “and alarms me.”

Pizarro, as he left the prison of Ataliba, felt his heart torn with grief; but a fight, still more distressful, awaited him in the place where Alonzo was dying.

Before the young man had recovered from the oppressive faintness into which he had sunk, they had dressed his wound. But being re-animating by its anguish, he looked around him and beheld himself in the midst of Castilians, still reeking from the carnage. He shuddered with horror; and collecting his remaining strength, said to them: “Barbarians! how durst ye approach
 “and recal me to life? Ye have rendered it
 “odious to me. It is time for you to express
 “your compassion and offer your assistance, after
 “having committed, on the faith of peace,
 “twenty thousand murder! These are Christian
 “heroes, dyed in blood, and panting with rage.
 “O fanatical monsters! Heaven, just Heaven
 “will not leave such an execrable crime unre-
 “venged. It is not to remorse, but to the im-
 “petuosity of your own passions that I, with my
 “dying breath, devote you. I know your hearts,
 “and already foresee pride and avarice kindling
 “amongst you the flames of infernal hatred.
 “Armed against each other, ye will like beasts
 “of prey, devour one another. Ye will rend
 “asunder these greedy entrails, and these hearts
 “thirsting

“ thirsting for blood, which neither the tears of
“ innocence, nor the cries of humanity could
“ ever move. Retire, infamous robbers, base
“ murderers, and let me die.” On saying these
words, and stripping off the bandage, he tore
open his wound with his hands.

Pizarro found him lying in his blood; and the
enraged Castilians retired at his approach. Alon-
zo stretched forth to him his hand, and lifting
up his eyes to Heaven, as if to implore forgive-
ness for his violence, he breathed his last.

At the same instant Gonzalo Pizarro came to
speak to the general in private. “ What do you
“ here,” said he, “ they have formed a confe-
“ deracy, are ready to revolt, and appoint a lead-
“ er in your stead. Appear, frustrate this con-
“ spiracy, calm their minds, reduce them to or-
“ der, or we are all undone.”

Pizarro, in this perilous situation, perceived
the two rocks of violence and lenity it was neces-
sary for him to avoid. He appeared at the en-
trance of the palace, and there having assem-
bled his soldiers, with a countenance expressive of
dignity and sorrow, addressed them: “ Casti-
“ lians, ye have butchered an innocent and peace-
“ able people, who confided in you, freely im-
“ parted to you their property, respected you as
“ their guests, and who, renouncing their own
“ religion, were desirous of embracing the wor-
“ ship and laws of Christianity as soon as they
“ could be taught them. Their king forbid
“ every kind of hostility towards us: And so
“ far were they from violating his command,
“ that they beheld a general massacre begun be-
“ fore they had spilt a drop of your blood, or
“ even drawn an arrow. They lie lifeless on

“the dust before the face of Heaven, that Heaven who will be your judge and theirs. The destruction of twenty thousand men, had they been criminals, would have been a dreadful spectacle, how much more shocking then must it be, when the twenty thousand sufferers are innocent? Their king requires from you the rights of burial. Grant them this mark of humanity, which is always allowed to the most implacable enemies.”

Instead of the complaints, reproaches and threats, which they expected from a commander, whom their conduct had so justly exasperated, this moderate expostulation made a deep impression. The soldiers replied that they would not refuse to bury the dead, if the rest of the Indians in the neighbouring villages would come to assist them. “They will aid you,” said Pizarro: “to-morrow, on these bloody plains, they will meet you at day-break. Go now to repose: ye must be fatigued with your murders.”

Every one, from this moment, struck at the melancholy picture, felt his blood thrill with horror. Nature insensibly resumed its influence over them, and the hearts of the guilty were wounded by remorse.

In the villages the aged, women and children only remained. Pizarro sent orders for them to come, at the dawn, and help to inter the dead. These unhappy people all obeyed. As soon as the morning afforded light sufficient for the commencement of their labour, the Castilians beheld these women, children, and old men resort to their melancholy duty. Their deep and silent grief, their paleness and dejection excited compassion in the most unfeeling hearts. But, when
their

their eyes met, amongst the heaps of slain, those who were dear to them, when they threw themselves with piercing cries on their corpses, cold and bloody, pressed them in their arms, bathed them with their tears, clung with their sobbing lips, one while to the livid mouths, and another to the gaping wounds of a husband, a father, or a son; the murderers could not support the sight without uttering expressions of sorrow and repentance. The assassin of the father embraced the children; the hands that had been dipt in the blood of the son and the husband drew back the wife and the mother, from the pit in which they attempted to bury themselves with the objects of their regard. In this manner, were varied during this lamentable day, the torments of remorse.

On their return to Cassamalca, the Castilians, with dejected foreheads, eyes fixt on the ground and heavy hearts, appeared before Pizarro. "Is it finished," asked he, "and doth this unhappy earth conceal in its bosom all the traces of our excesses?"—"Yes, it is finished."—"Have ye," said the general, "infatuated and cruel men, have ye then seen this carnage at which nature trembles? Yourselves were the perpetrators But no," cried he, "this abominable crime, the blackest and most atrocious that the rage of hell hath ever inspired, I impute not to you; behold the execrable author. It is he, it is this ravenous tyger, this ferocious hypocrite, it is Valverde, who, by your hands, hath spilt so much blood. Know that, at the moment, when he cried out to you for vengeance on an insulted God; this people and their king were adoring him with

" us,

" us, and hearing with delight the wonders of
 " his power. I swear it to you, and I call the
 " warriors who accompanied me to confirm the
 " truth. They heard the homage of the virtu-
 " rous prince; whom this villain hath slandered.
 " Charge the crimes then on him of which his
 " imposture hath been the only cause; and as
 " an impure victim, let him fly far from us to
 " some desert island, to expiate, if possible, the
 " guilt of twenty thousand assassinations with
 " which the traitor hath sullied your hands. Let
 " vultures and vipers prey on his unnatural heart,
 " as on their proper food." *Valverde then came forward to defend himself.*
 " Wretch!" said Pizarro to him, at the same
 time seizing him with violence and dragging him
 to his feet, " come speak and say if thou didst
 " expect that a king, who had never seen thee,
 " should understand what thou thyself canst not
 " comprehend, and on thy word implicitly be-
 " lieve doctrines repugnant to reason. Thy
 " book was sacred to thee; but how could it be
 " so to him, who knew not what it was, whence
 " it came, nor what it contained? It fell from
 " his hand; and for this offence, alas! which,
 " perhaps, was not intended, thou causest a
 " whole people to be slaughtered! and I heard
 " thee, in the midst of the carnage, crying out,
 " Let no one escape! Go, monster, I leave
 " thee, for thy punishment an hateful life; but
 " go drag it out far from us, an object of hor-
 " ror to heaven, to earth, and to thyself, if
 " there remain in thee a heart that is capable of
 " remorse." On pronouncing these words in the
 tone of an inexorable judge, the boldest friends
 of Valverde were afraid to undertake his defence.

He

He was seized, pale and trembling; and orders were immediately given to rid themselves of him for ever.

“At length,” resumed the general, “we are come again to ourselves; and reason, humanity, and glory, will preside in our councils. The king demands to pay his ransom; and ye will be astonished at the pile of gold that he offers to accumulate in his prison. Castilians, I have promised to grant it: Your ships will return freighted with immense treasures. But, in the name of that God who is our judge, and of the king whom we serve, exercise no more cruelties. Let us forbear them, at least, to a conquered people.”

From that time the promises of Ataliba occupied their thoughts. This king, preserving in fetters that equanimity which constitutes the mean between pride and dejection, governed his people, though confined to a prison; and his people obeyed him not less willingly than when he sat on a throne. From all quarters they were seen resorting to Cassamalca, some bending under the weight of the gold they had stript from the palaces and temples; others bearing in their hands the grains of this metal they had amassed, and in which their wives and their children adorned themselves on their festival solemnities. They left their sandals at the threshold of the palace where their king was confined, they kissed the dust at the door of his prison; and, in depositing their burthen, they fell at his feet and washed them with tears. It seemed as though his calamity had rendered him more sacred.

A line

A line was traced on the walls at the height to which the gold was agreed to be raised. After accumulating the quantities brought in they were found not to reach the mark. The king perceived the murmurs that escaped before him from their impatient avarice. He represented to them the impossibility of being more expeditious; that the distance of Cusco* was the inevitable cause of the delay at which they complained; but that this city alone had sufficient to realize his promise. Two Castilians† were sent thither to inquire if he had deceived them; and it was in this interval that a fatal revolution filled up the misfortunes of the Indians and the crimes of the Castilians.

C H A P. LI.

ALMAGRO, with a reinforcement, came from Panama to the assistance of Pizarro. He heard immediately on his landing*, the disaster of the Indians. And as part of an hungry pack that had been thrown out in the chace, when the horn informs them that the stag is at bay, forget

* Two hundred and fifty leagues.—† Soto and Peter de Varco.

* At Puerto Viejo. The old Port.

their

their fatigue and redouble their speed, panting with eagerness and joy; so Almagro and his companions hastened towards Cassamalca for their share of the prey. On their way, they met the fanatical hypocrite Valverde, whom a strong guard was conducting to the port of Rimac. The situation to which he was reduced excited the compassion of Almagro, who inquired what crime could have caused his disgrace? "The zeal that makes martyrs," answered this perfidious villain, with a simple and tranquil air that intimated a peaceful heart. He added, that if Almagro was disposed to hear him, he would acquiesce in his decision, being very certain that to him he should appear not only innocent, but to have acted even laudably.

Impatient to gain information that might be subservient to his interest, Almagro requested and easily obtained permission to converse with the prisoner in private; and whilst the guard, with the newly arrived soldiers, were rejoicing at their meeting in a country the conquest of which would enrich them for ever, Valverde, sitting by Almagro in the shade of an old cypress, communicated to him in these words that infernal venom of which he was full.

"Faithful and generous friend of the most ambitious of men, his success, his glory, his elevation, the authority that he exercises, and the favour he enjoys are all owing to you; your fortune hath been exhausted to equip his fleet; your courage hath supported, and raised up his, which had been dejected by obstacles and misfortunes. We have seen you, thro' tempest and rocks pass and repass with unremitting perseverance from the port of Panama to
"these

“ these dangerous shores, where, without you,
“ he must have perished; and by unexpected
“ supplies we all have been restored to life and to
“ hope. Without you he never would have ac-
“ quired fame but by a blind improvidence, or
“ rather he would have still continued in his ori-
“ ginal obscurity. You will soon discover with
“ what gratitude he will repay so many obligati-
“ ons. He hath been in the court of Spain; he
“ hath obtained from the Emperor the most dis-
“ tinguished favours, and illustrious titles; but
“ for whom? for himself alone. Have you seen
“ his commission? are you named in it? Has
“ he thought even of soliciting that his friend,
“ his associate, the maker of his fortune should
“ even command under him? It is not forget-
“ fulness; no, Pizarro still remembers and fears
“ you. He would assume to himself a regal
“ power; but a lieutenant like you would have
“ restrained his ambition, and perhaps obscured
“ his glory. Learn this, which he is greatly
“ anxious to conceal from every observer, but
“ which I have been able to discover. The ex-
“ tent of his power in these regions is not with-
“ out its limits, and his patent grants him but
“ one half of this empire, which the equator
“ divides. The imperial city, the splendid Cus-
“ co is beyond his limits; and the first who will
“ dare to dispute the conquest with him, will
“ have a right equal to his. This, Pizarro hath
“ foreseen; and on the empty pretext of a ran-
“ som from a King, his ally, whom he pretends
“ to retain in prison within the walls of Casta-
“ malca, he is drawing from Cusco all the trea-
“ sures it contains. Go, Almagro, hasten to
“ him; but be extremely cautious how you men-
“ tion

“tion to him either your favours, or his pro-
 “mises; be cautious how you pretend to a share
 “of the gold accumulating for him: it is the
 “ransom of an Indian, who was taken without
 “you: you have no right to a share, and Pizarro
 “hath said so.”

At this harangue the heart of Almagro was
 inflamed with envy and pride. But he still af-
 fected to doubt that his friend could be ungrate-
 ful. “Think you that he cannot be a traitor to
 “his friend and benefactor?” replied the wretch,
 “He hath basely betrayed his King and his
 “God.” He then repeated all the calumnies
 with which he had aspersed the Castilian hero.
 “And would you know,” adds he, “the King,
 “who is the friend and the ally of Pizarro?
 “He is a perfidious usurper, who hath relent-
 “lessly destroyed the whole race of the Incas,
 “embrued his hands in the blood of the people
 “of Cusco, driven his brother from the throne,
 “loaded him with chains, and keeps him con-
 “fined in a scanty prison. This we have learnt
 “from the Indians of the valley, who, under
 “the yoke of Ataliba, lament the fate of their
 “King—“And where is the prison of this
 “King?” asked the ambitious Almagro—“It
 “is,” replied Valverde, “in the fort of Cann-
 “ra, a city situated in the way from Quito to
 “Cassamalca.”—“Go,” said Almagro, “I
 “have learnt enough: proceed to the port of
 “Rimac. You shall not leave it without re-
 “ceiving some proofs of gratitude from a man,
 “who hates the ungrateful, and will never be of
 “their number.”

Almagro, who from this moment, became the
 most implacable enemy of Pizarro, saw that the
 deliverance

deliverance of the Inca of Cusco was the sure and ready means of forming to himself a powerful party, and, at the same time, of bearing from his rival by much the fairest part of his conquest. He proceeded towards Cannara, where the news of the massacre had spread universal terror. At his approach the inhabitants fled in the utmost consternation. He attacked the fort, and threatened to ravage it, and immediately exterminate all without mercy, if they refused to deliver up to him the Inca, King of Cusco, whom he had taken, he said, under his protection.

Though reduced to despair, the intrepid Corambé resolutely replied, that Ataliba was still living, and he would obey no one but him.

The artillery was discharged and the gates of the citadel began to give way. At the noise, and the terror which prevailed within the walls, the Haughty Huascar exclaimed in a transport of joy and of rage: "Lo these are my avengers! May he die at the price of my crown! May the perfidious and bloody Ataliba perish!" Corambé heard him, and rendered furious by the excess of misfortune: "You, who prefer," said he, "the oppression of these ravagers to the friendship of your brother, and the ruin of your country to the peace that might have saved it, shall never enjoy your implacable vengeance." Having said this, he struck him with his hatchet a mortal blow.

He had scarcely given the stroke, when, on seeing Huascar convulsed at his feet, and wallowing in dust and blood, he was shocked at the crime he had committed. Wild, distracted, he left the room, ordered his Indians to follow him, and threw himself in despair amongst the enemy.

He

He was soon severely wounded; but, in seeking for death, opened himself a passage, by which most of his attendants escaped. Some of them were taken alive.

Almagro, impatient to carry off Huascar, hastened to enter the fort; he there found the King assassinated, weltering in his blood, struggling against his fate, and in agonies of pain and rage, crying aloud for vengeance. The sight of his death filled him with vexation; and having lost the hope of dividing the empire, he, from that moment, determined to take from his rival the support of Ataliba, who, though a prisoner, was still a King, and preserved his authority over his people. He, on this, gave orders that the body of the Inca of Cusco should be carried in his train, and proceeded on his way to Cassamarca.

Pizarro received him with all the ardor of grateful friendship. But this emotion of joy was succeeded by another of terror, when in the midst of the Castilians and in the presence of Ataliba himself, Almagro drew aside the veil which covered the corps of Huascar. "Dost thou know him?" said he to the King in the tone of a menacing judge. Ataliba looked, trembled, recoiled in affright, and with an exclamation of the bitterest grief; "O my brother;" said he, "hath not then the pitiless sword spared thee! They massacre Kings!" At these words either from affection, or recurrence to his own situation and a presentiment of his fate, he was unable to refrain from tears; sobs stifled his voice. "Thou weepest," said Almagro, "after having assassinated him!"—"I!"—"Thyself," "perfidious man, and by the hand of a traitor,"
"who

“ who pursued by remorse, hath fallen beneath
“ my strokes. Pizarro,” adds he, “ you have
“ forgotten this King, whose faithful subjects
“ came even to Tumbez to implore your aid;
“ and, in the mean time, his enemy, the mur-
“ derer of his family and people, from the recess
“ of his prison hath caused him to be assassinat-
“ ed. I knew his danger, and flew to his re-
“ lief, but, in doing this, have hastened his fate.
“ The barbarous Ataliba hath been too well
“ obeyed.”

“ O heavenly justice !” cried Ataliba, asto-
nished at the crime of which he was accused,
“ I ! the assassin of a brother ! Ah ! inhuman
“ men, the perpetration of crimes like this is
“ reserved for you. It is to you that nothing is
“ sacred. This only was wanting to complete
“ your infamy. Ye have basely betrayed me;
“ ye have drawn me into a dreadful snare, ye
“ have violated the rights of confidence, peace,
“ hospitality, friendship, and all that is held sa-
“ cred by the greatest barbarians; ye have
“ slaughtered my people; ye have loaded me
“ with chains, ye have set a price on my liberty
“ and my life; is not all this enough? Can
“ neither tears, nor blood, nor gold appease
“ your rage ! To inflict on me an evil more
“ cruel than death, ye impute to me the murder
“ of a brother ! Ah, great God ! what have I
“ done to offend thee that from the height of
“ happiness thou shouldest overwhelm me in
“ misery ? What more have ye to ask ? Is it
“ my life that ye seek ? Take it. Embrue your
“ hands in my blood, I will not resist you : but
“ why must ye charge me with guilt ? I am
“ weak, in chains, defenceless, and forsaken :
“ Heaven

“Heaven only is our judge, and Heaven de-
“votes me to destruction. Strike. Ye have
“neither witnesses nor avengers to fear. Strike.
“Terminate my misfortunes; but spare my in-
“nocence. Pierce my heart, but insult it
“not.”

These words, interrupted by tears, had excited in the Castilians emotions of pity, when Almagro produced the Indians he had taken to attest the crime. These unhappy men trembled and remained silent, not knowing whether they ought to declare, or conceal what they had seen; but, compelled by their King himself to speak without any disguise, they confessed that their chief the lieutenant of Ataliba, and keeper of Huascar, finding himself urged to give up his prisoner, killed him with his own hand. This was enough; and calumny supported by the semblance of a plot, left sufficient room for an unfavourable construction. These Indians, terrified by threats, let fall some expressions which were construed in the most odious sense, and the suspicion of a correspondence between the Indians at Cannara and their King was converted into a certain proof of the blackest guilt. Ataliba, in the minds of the multitude was convicted of having privately conspired against even the Castilians themselves: and a hundred voices at once called aloud for death.

Pizarro, who perceived, through these clouds, the innocence of Ataliba, had together with his friends the courage to defend him; but hatred and envy awakened those suspicions which Valverde had already excited; and under this generous zeal they thought self-interest and ambition appeared.

At

At the head of this faction was Alphonso de Requelme *, a gloomy and untractable fanatic, sincerer than Valverde, but not less violent. Almagro more dissembling, avoided to join the party. He lamented with Pizarro the trouble he had occasioned, and blamed himself for, what he called, his unfortunate imprudence. But Pizarro too plainly discovered thro' the disguise, the deceit that triumphed in his heart.

In the mean time this confusion increasing, proceeded to kindle disturbances. Ataliba himself had added fuel to the fire by the boldness of his defence, and the severity of his reproaches against these tyrants. Deeply injured, his heart had recovered that elasticity which courage acquires from excessive oppression. He no longer followed the advice of his friends, who exhorted him to be patient. “ Ah! I have suffered too much,” said he, “ and why should I dissemble? If gentleness could touch their savage hearts would they not have relented before? Pizarro, they require my death; they wish to destroy your friend; I plainly perceive it. But it is unbecoming in virtue, tho’ slandered, to wear the dejected countenance of a suppliant.”

Too weak, in the midst of so numerous and determined a faction, to awe them by threats, Pizarro was obliged to offer violence to himself; and like a pilot surprised by a tempest amidst innumerable rocks in a narrow channel, one while by yielding to its force, and, at another, resisting it, he narrowly evaded a shipwreck. The inflexi-

* Treasurer for the Emperor.

ble and undaunted magnanimity of Ataliba, and especially the imprudent warmth with which the young Ferdinand engaged in the defence of this unhappy Prince, served but to irritate them the more. Pizarro began with removing Ferdinand. Him he appointed to go with the Inca's ransom to Spain. Notice was given of a division; and it was necessary to determine whether shares should be allowed to the attendants of Almagro. Pizarro proposed it. A murmur arose; and at length it was declared aloud that as they had not contributed to the conquest, they ought not to come and usurp its fruits.

Almagro saw that if he insisted on partaking of the spoil, he should lose his new adherents. "Let us dissemble," said he to his men; "for this is a snare laid for us." He immediately in a general address, declared that himself and his adherents were come to participate in their toils and not their booty, and that in a country where gold was found in abundance, it ought not to create divisions between men whom mutual esteem, honour, and duty had united. By this perfidious harangue he had the address to silence every disagreement. His feigned moderation acquired him by degrees a powerful party; and Pizarro despairing of being able to weaken it, attempted to gain it by largesses,* but could not succeed. He caused the gold and silver that had been amassed to be weighed out; these he distri-

* *To gain it by largesses.* Zarate affirms that Pizarro gave to each of the Spaniards who came with Almagro a thousand *pesos* of gold, or two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling. Benzoni says, *five hundred ducats to some, and a thousand to others. A tal cinquecento, ea tal mille ducati.*

buted, and his army was enriched. The part * which he reserved for the Emperor, was sent to the port from whence Ferdinand was to embark; and being pressed to go thither, he came to take leave of Ataliba, with a heart full of grief.

He had conceived for the Inca that elevated and tender attachment with which disinterested minds are inspired by virtue in distress. This delightful support Heaven sometimes affords to an upright man under oppression, to enable him the better to sustain the burthen of adversity. "I am come to bid you farewell: they have sent me to Spain: my duty separates me from you," said he, "but I depart with the hope of serving you, seeing you again, free, acquitted, re-established on your throne, and to embrace there an hero whom I respected while in chains."—"Ah! generous friend!" answered Ataliba, folding his chains about him, and pressing him in his arms, "if you leave me, I am undone."—"What then," said Ferdinand, "do you forget my brothers, and our friends?"—"They have not your courage; and Pizarro to save me will not hazard his own safety. See," adds he, "that arrogant and haughty man who appears to have been fattened on blood;" (this was Alphonso de Requelme) "and this other who is watching us with a luring eye;" (this was Almagro) "they wait only for your absence to destroy me. We shall meet no more. Farewell for ever."

* A fifth.

C H A P. LI.

AFTER this melancholy parting, Ferdinand repaired to Rimac. He there found the implacable Valverde, who under the exterior of voluntary humility, concealed his shame and his resentment. He appeared before Ferdinand. “An excess of zeal,” said he, “hath led me astray; I ought to expiate all the misfortunes I have caused. The exposal of me in a desert isle, to beasts of prey, is a sentence less severe than I have deserved. May heaven give me fortitude to expire without a murmur; and I will bless you. But if this fortitude shall be denied me, and despair should seize my soul, it must be lost for ever. Ah! let me save it by penitence. What have ye to fear from me? Proscribed and exiled, tho’ I should continue wicked, I have no opportunity to injure you. The favour I implore is to expiate my crime by the most burthensome labours: to go amongst the wildest Indians on these shores and diffuse some light, at least, some seed of the faith. I wish only to dye a martyr.” At these words perfidious tears flowed from his hypocritical eyes.

The young man possessing all the simplicity and flexibility inseparable from a generous nature, by yielding to the impulse of compassion became the dupe of artifice. He restored to the monk his

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freedom; who, like a tyger, in breaking his chain, trembled with fury and joy.

The prodigious wealth that had been divided was but a small part of Ataliba's ransom.* To authenticate his promise messengers had been sent for that incredible mass of gold which the flourishing city of Cusco had beheld, during eleven reigns, gradually accumulating in the palaces of the kings and the temple of the Sun. Almagro was exceedingly enraged at the idea, that this illustrious city, on which his ambitious hopes were founded, would be entirely ruined: and even tho' the Inca's ransom should not absorb all its treasures, yet, that the whole of them would be at Pizarro's command, so long as the king should live. It was from this motive that he solicited Ataliba's destruction, and urged it on with so much ardour.

At first feigned promises of treating him with indulgence were employed, and the hopes of obtaining him a pardon held forth, to extort from him a confession of his guilt. But this unhappy Prince preserved, even in chains, the inflexible dignity of his race: "They are criminals who need a pardon," said he; "I am innocent." They magnified the clemency of the Prince in whose name he was to be judged. "There will be occasion for it," said he, "to forgive my accusers the crime of my death; but towards a king, his equal, who never hath offended him, his clemency is useless. Let him be just, and I have nothing to fear."

* Only a fifth.

This pride appeared shocking to those who were persuaded of his guilt. They contended that he should be brought to a trial since he had the audacity to demand it. Pizarro, on this occasion, exerted the most disinterested efforts to save him. He insisted that a council formed in his camp was not intended to judge kings; that a lieutenant of Ataliba had supposed he should serve his master by taking off his brother, and therefore had done it without either gaining his consent, or informing him of his purpose: that in the same manner, a project, without the Inca's knowledge, had been formed for his rescue, which in his estimation was so far from being criminal, that it ought to be considered as just and commendable; that the Inca, full of dignity, candor, and rectitude had given no room for those suspicions with which he had been maligned; but that were he guilty, it belonged to the Emperor to appoint his judges; and that he claimed, in his behalf this important and inviolable privilege. He added that in his dispatches he had informed the Emperor of every thing that had passed; that he had referred the cause to him; that he would wait to know his pleasure, and that the whole process should be suspended until Ferdinand's return.

Requelme then began. "You have informed
" the Emperor," said he; "and of what? of
" your own opinion, no doubt, and the opinion
" of a few of your friends, who, like you, have
" suffered yourselves to be misled? Is it thus
" then, Pizarro, that he is to gain an insight of
" so important a cause? It is my demand that
" the council hear and try Ataliba, and that the
" process, conducted with all the formalities of

“ the law, be referred to a supreme tribunal
“ where the fate of this usurper, whom you call
“ a king, may be decided.”

This opinion appeared wise and moderate to the minds of the majority : and Pizarro, perceiving that even his own friends were inclined towards it, acquiesced. But observing that nature had still some influence over the hearts of those, whom he wished to gain, he thought it necessary to avail himself of it, and from this motive, tho’ under the specious pretext of prudence and safety, he sent to Riobamba for the family of the captive king, to retain them all in one prison.

It was a sight truly worthy of commiseration, to see the arrival of his children and wives to the palace of Cassamalca, each loaded with chains. Innocence in distress, is always an interesting object. But when on the brows of the unhappy some traces of glory remain, and when we contemplate in their abasement those who have been accustomed to receive the homage and veneration of mankind, their misfortunes appear unjust because they wound them the more. Thus, the first impressions of pity at this sight were sensibly and deeply felt by the crowd.

They beheld these illustrious prisoners, sorrowful, dejected, sighing, with down-cast eyes, full of tears, slowly approaching on those desolated fields which were still reeking with the blood that had been spilt. The companion of Aciloe, Cora, wept not : a deadly paleness was spread over her face ; and the gloomy and devouring fire which glimmered in her eyes, had dried up the source of her tears. Her looks, sometimes fixt, at others wild, fought on these plains of slaughter the wandering shade of her husband. “ Where is he ?

“ in

“in what spot repofes my dear Alonzo,” faid ſhe? “Where, in this horrid carnage, fell thoſe
“who guarded our king?” An Indian replied
to her: “This is the place. Here was the
“throne of the Inca; there fell all his friends
“around him; there they are buried. Alonzo
“was at their head; and this ſmall eminence
“that you ſee, is his tomb.” At theſe words,
which pierced the heart of the tender wife of
Alonzo, ſhe with a ſhriek that expreſſed her anguiſh, threw herſelf headlong, and fell on the damp earth, as yet uncovered by turf, embraced it with the ſame ardour as though it had been the body of her huſband, reſiſted every effort to draw her from the grave; and when they would remove her by force, it ſeemed from the groans that ſhe uttered, as though they were rending her heart-ſtrings. At length the exceſs of her grief burſting aſunder thoſe ties by which nature had till then confined within her the offspring of a fatal paſſion, ſhe expired at the moment of becoming a mother. But this agony of deſpair was not fatal to herſelf alone; it extended to the infant ſhe had brought into life. It perished without opening its eyes to the light, without having felt its miſerable condition.

The conſtancy of Ataliba had hitherto diſdained to ſooth his perſecutors, but the ſoul which miſfortune had elevated and confirmed, and whoſe tranquil pride deſpiſed adverſity, was at once dejected, when he beheld in his priſon, his wives and his children loaded, like himſelf, with chains, throw themſelves into his arms and crowd around his knees. He was confounded; his eyes teemed with tears; overpowered with

grief he received them into his bosom; he pressed them to his heart; mingled his sighs with their complaints, and forgot that his enemies were the witnesses of his weakness; or rather blushed not to shew himself a husband and a father.

Pizarro, observing the eyes of his companions melt with the same emotions of compassion that he experienced in himself, was pleased with his device, and the rather, as he perceived the pride of Ataliba abated; but to allow more time for his courage to relax, he ordered that the Inca should be left alone with his family.

During this suspension of restraint nature freely yielded to every impulse of grief and of love. Bathed with a profusion of tears, Ataliba beheld himself in the midst of his children, kissing his chains, and inquiring what evil he hath done? what crime their mothers had committed? and if they were all brought thither that they might die together? This affectionate husband and good father cast a languishing look on his desolated family; and his heart, oppressed with anguish, pity and fear, could answer them only in sighs.

C H A P. LIII.

THE fatal day arrived, and the council was assembled. It was composed of the eldest, and those of the highest rank amongst the Castilian warriors. Pizarro presided; but Almagro and Requelme were assessors. An awful silence prevailed. Ataliba was brought forth; they interrogated him, and he replied with that noble frankness which accompanies innocence. They charged him with the destruction of the family of the Incas; they opposed to him the witnesses of the murder of the king of Cusco, and imputed to his contrivance the plot formed for his rescue from the palace of Cassamalca. His defence was supported by truth. He briefly explained to them the cause and calamities of the civil war; the measures he had taken to bend the inflexible pride of his brother; and to appease his resentment even after he had conquered him.

“ If at any time I could have wished for his death,” said he, “ it would have been when he raised his people against me, and when, from his prison, he rekindled the flames of war; as this crime would then have conduced to the grandeur and repose of my empire, I might perhaps have been seduced. I have ever revered the blood of my race; never have I sought to spill it; and if in battle, when I was absent, and at a distance, in opposition to my will the blind ardour of my soldiers spared no

“ one, the crime is his who compelled me to arm
“ them for my own defence. Castilians, my
“ victory cost me more tears, than all the evils
“ I experience will ever make me shed. Enquire.”
continued he, “ if I have rendered myself odious
“ to my people. I am fallen from a throne;
“ my sceptre is broken; my friends are dead;
“ I am alone in chains, with women and chil-
“ dren; they have nothing further to fear from
“ me, or to hope. It is in such an extremity
“ of weakness and misery that a good king may
“ be distinguished from a tyrant; it is in cir-
“ cumstances like mine that the hatred of the
“ public breaks forth or its love becomes con-
“ spicuous. Examine what interest I have in
“ their hearts, and if they treat me as wicked
“ or guilty. A respectful tenderness, a disinter-
“ ested and faithful attachment, an obedience at
“ once voluntary and entire; in a word, the
“ love that my people discover towards a misera-
“ ble captive, will witness for me against the im-
“ putations of slander; and I require, even of
“ you, to be told whether a triumph like this be
“ reserved for guilt or for virtue? Their senti-
“ ments and conduct are now open to your own
“ inspection, and to it, judge of my life, I ap-
“ peal. Ye cannot, whatever ye may have been
“ told, ye can never believe that he, who from
“ his prison, and degraded as I am, still finds
“ his will, though destitute of power to enforce
“ it, is received as sacred, and beholds his obe-
“ dient subjects prostrate before him, whilst
“ their tears trickle over his chains, was ever
“ unjust or sanguinary on the throne. What I
“ have been on the throne, you have found me
“ in fetters, plain, sincere, sensible to injury,
“ but

“ but more sensible to friendship. I am accused
“ of having attempted to escape, and of medi-
“ tating an insurrection against you. The
“ thought never entered my mind; but, had I
“ cherished such designs, would it have been
“ criminal in me? Regard those bloody plains;
“ behold these chains with which ye have dis-
“ graced the innocent hands of a king; and de-
“ termine whether any expedient could be un-
“ lawful that might have conduced to my safe-
“ ty. Ah! ye yourselves have but too fully
“ justified what despair might have prompted
“ me to try. Notwithstanding, I call Heaven
“ to witness that, as Pizarro had given me his
“ word and your’s that my life should be grant-
“ ed me, my liberty restored, my family spared,
“ and the remains of my unfortunate people suf-
“ fered to remain unmolested, I had placed all
“ my hopes in him, and was entirely occupied
“ in collecting the gold for my ransom. My
“ God, who no doubt is your God, knows my
“ heart, and is my witness, that I tell you the
“ truth. But if my innocence will not affect
“ you, respect my misfortunes. I am a father,
“ a husband, and a king. Judge then the an-
“ guish of my heart. Do ye wish to see me a
“ suppliant; I am one, and I bring to your feet
“ the tears of my people, my children and their
“ feeling mothers. These are, at least, inno-
“ cent.”

The hearts of the judges were touched by this artless and affecting address; and Pizarro entertained no doubt of their favourable disposition. Ataliba was ordered to withdraw; and their opinions were collected. . . . But how great was the

astonishment of Pizarro and his friends, to find that they majority condemned him to die ! They instantly remonstrated against this unjust decision, and reminded the council of their resolution to refer the cause, after having gone thro' this process, to the tribunal of the Emperor. Requeleme proposed it; the whole council had acquiesced; the unanimity of the resolve could not be denied; and Ataliba, though condemned, had still the hope of being carried into Spain, and there heard and tried. But the malignant fury that pursued his life was too vigilant to lose his prey.

Valverde, escaped from his chains, and again at large, returned, with rage still rankling in his heart, and having disguised himself, entered, unknown, in the midst of a dark night, into the walls of Cassamalca. At this hour Almagro with his partisans were contriving their horrid plot. The villain presenting himself before them, said:
“ Acknowledge, my friends, the faithfulness of
“ his promises, who hath declared to the just
“ man, *Thou shalt tread on the lion and adder.*
“ Ye have seen me loaded with irons, pro-
“ scribed, sent on board a ship to be left in
“ a desolate island, where I might become the
“ prey of voracious beasts; and now, behold me
“ in the midst you. God hath broken the snare
“ of the wicked; he derides the counsels of the
“ ungodly; he hath held forth his hand to the
“ weak, innocent, and persecuted. But will
“ ye, warriors, whom he hath chosen to defend
“ his cause, and whom he hath blessed with
“ strength and courage to avenge it, consent that
“ Pizarro shall send to Spain a tyrant, his friend,
“ your

“ your accuser, him, who, by his riches, can
“ gain the court and the council, and who, if
“ he be heard, will impeach you, as vile plun-
“ derers, base assassins, made for murder and
“ rapine, faithless, shameless, pitiless, unworthy
“ the name of men, and of Christians? Is this
“ your design? and what right have you to screen
“ him from the punishment of his crime? He
“ hath been tried and convicted of usurpation,
“ tyranny, and the murder of his brother; why
“ then with-hold the execution of the sentence
“ to which he is condemned? Let him die, and
“ the whole will be ended.”

The atrocity of this advice startled the boldest. But, Valverde, without allowing them time to hesitate, said: “ on this your life and honour
“ depend, and, what is far more to be regarded,
“ the glory of religion, and the interests of
“ Heaven: the God of vengeance who sent me,
“ hath forbidden you to deliberate. Pizarro is
“ now at rest; all is quiet; and Requelme, who
“ conducted the process, hath a right to see,
“ and interrogate Ataliba at all hours; let him
“ procure me admission to the prison, and I de-
“ sire only two determined men with him and
“ myself.”

The importance of the crime prevailed over the horror of committing it, and by a guilty silence, they shuddered while they consented to what they could not approve. Then, Valverde, relaxing his voice, went on: “ In depriving this
“ infidel of life we shall not neglect the care of
“ his salvation. It is my wish, by purifying him
“ with the holy water of baptism, to render his
“ death no less precious to himself than it is just,
“ and

“ and to sanctify the homicide prescribed to us
“ by the law.”

The family of Ataliba, with eyes exhausted of tears, and hearts wearied with sobs, were now sleeping around him. But the prince, perplexed with melancholy forebodings, was unable to close his eye-lids. He heard his prison open. He beheld Requelme enter, and, with him, three men, wrapped in long cloaks, that concealed all but their eyes, which appeared to gleam with cruelty. An emotion of terror seized him; he rose; and overcoming his weakness advanced to meet them. “ Inca,” said Requelme, “ let us
“ retire, and not wake these women and chil-
“ dren. It is but just that the innocent should
“ repose in peace. Attend. You have been
“ tried and condemned; according to the ri-
“ gour of the law, fire would be your punish-
“ ment. But it depends upon yourself to avoid
“ the flames; and this religious man, whom
“ you will hear, is come to offer you the
“ means.”

The prince, at these words, turned pale. “ I
“ know,” said he, “ that the council have tried
“ me; but must they not send me to the court
“ of Spain, and reserve for your king a right
“ that belongs only to him?”——“ Trust me,
“ the moments are dear,” continued Requelme:
“ attend to this virtuous and wise man, who hath
“ interested himself in your misfortunes.”

Valverde then went on. “ Do you not desire
“ to worship the God of the christians?”——
“ Certainly,” answered the unhappy prince, “ if
“ this God, as he is declared to be, is benefi-
“ cent, powerful, and just, if nature is his work,
“ and

“ and the Sun himself one of his gifts, I join,
“ with all nature, to adore him. How ungrate-
“ ful, how irrational must he be, who should
“ refuse him his love ?”—“ And do you desire
“ to be instructed,” still asked this perfidious
monk, “ in the sacred truths that he hath reveal-
“ ed to us, to become acquainted with his wor-
“ ship and follow his law ?”—“ I earnestly de-
“ sire it,” replied the Inca, “ as I have told you,
“ and am impatient to open my eyes to the light,
“ that they may be enlightened and I may be-
“ lieve.”——“ Heaven be praised,” replied Val-
verde, “ he is disposed as I wished him to be.
“ Implore then on your knees this God of good-
“ ness and of clemency : and receive the saluta-
“ ry water that regenerates his children.” The
Inca, with an humble mind and a docile dispo-
sition, bowed, and received, on his knees, the
holy water of baptism. “ Heaven is opened,”
said Valverde, “ and the moments are precious.”
At the same instant he gave the signal to his two
attendants ; and the fatal cord suppressed the In-
ca’s last sighs.

It was from the lamentable cries of his chil-
dren and their mothers that the news of his death
was spread, at the return of morning. Some of
the Spaniards were stricken with horror ; but the
greatest part applauded the audacity of the assas-
sins ; and it was thought they had been sufficient-
ly merciful in not extending the fate of this un-
happy prince to his wives and children, who, from
this moment, were abandoned to the compassion
of the Indians.

Pizarro, indignant, shocked and weary of con-
tending against wickedness, after having impre-
cated

cated curses on these execrable assassins and their fanatical partisans, retired to the city of the Kings *, which then was beginning to be built in the vale of Rimac. Licentiousness, plunder, rapacity, murder, and desolation, without restraint, every where prevailed; the face of this continent presented nothing to the view but tribes of Indians, falling, as the fled, into the snares, or beneath the swords, of the Spaniards. From the coast of Mexico came Alvarado, the friend of Cortes, and the scourge of both Americas. The rival of the new conquerors, he seized on their prey, thirsting like them for gold and for blood. Through the whole extent of this immense empire, ravage and desolation universally prevailed. An innumerable multitude of Indians were slaughtered; almost all the rest, enslaved, were driven to perish in the mines, a thousand times envying the fate of those who had been massacred.

At length, when these ravenous wolves had satiated themselves with the carnage of Indians, their ungovernable ferocity turned them on each other. The cry of blood from Ataliba reached

* He gave it the name of Ciudad de los Reyes, either from the circumstance of having laid the first stone, at that season when the church celebrates the festival of the Three Kings, or, as it is more probable, in honour of Juanna and Charles, the sovereigns of Castile. This name it still retains among the Spaniards, in all legal and formal deeds; but it is better known to foreigners by that of *Lima*, a corruption of the ancient appellation of the valley, in which it is situated. Dr. Robertson's Hist. of America, Vol. II. p. 194.

to Heaven. Scarcely any of those who had contributed to the crime of his death escaped from punishment; and while some, taken by the Indians in unfrequented places, expired beneath the fatal cord, others, for once just, destroyed one another. The execrable Valverde*, conducting a band of these plunderers in pursuit of some Indians, who had retired to the woods for safety, fell into the hands of Cannibals; and being burnt and tore asunder while alive; was devoured before he expired; he died with blasphemies on his tongue, in rage and despair. Perjured and a traitor † towards Pizarro, Almagro suffered the most shameful punishment, and his pusillanimity compleated the just opprobrium of his death. Pizarro, whose guilt consisted in having given scope to the commission of so many crimes, was betrayed by his own adherents, and fell by assassination. Overpowered by numbers, he sunk, but as a great man who disdained life and defied death. After he expired, a war was kindled between his rivals and his brothers. Cusco, sacked and deserted, saw the carcases of its tyrants scattered on its plains. The waves of the Amazon were red with the blood of those it had beheld spreading desolation on its banks;

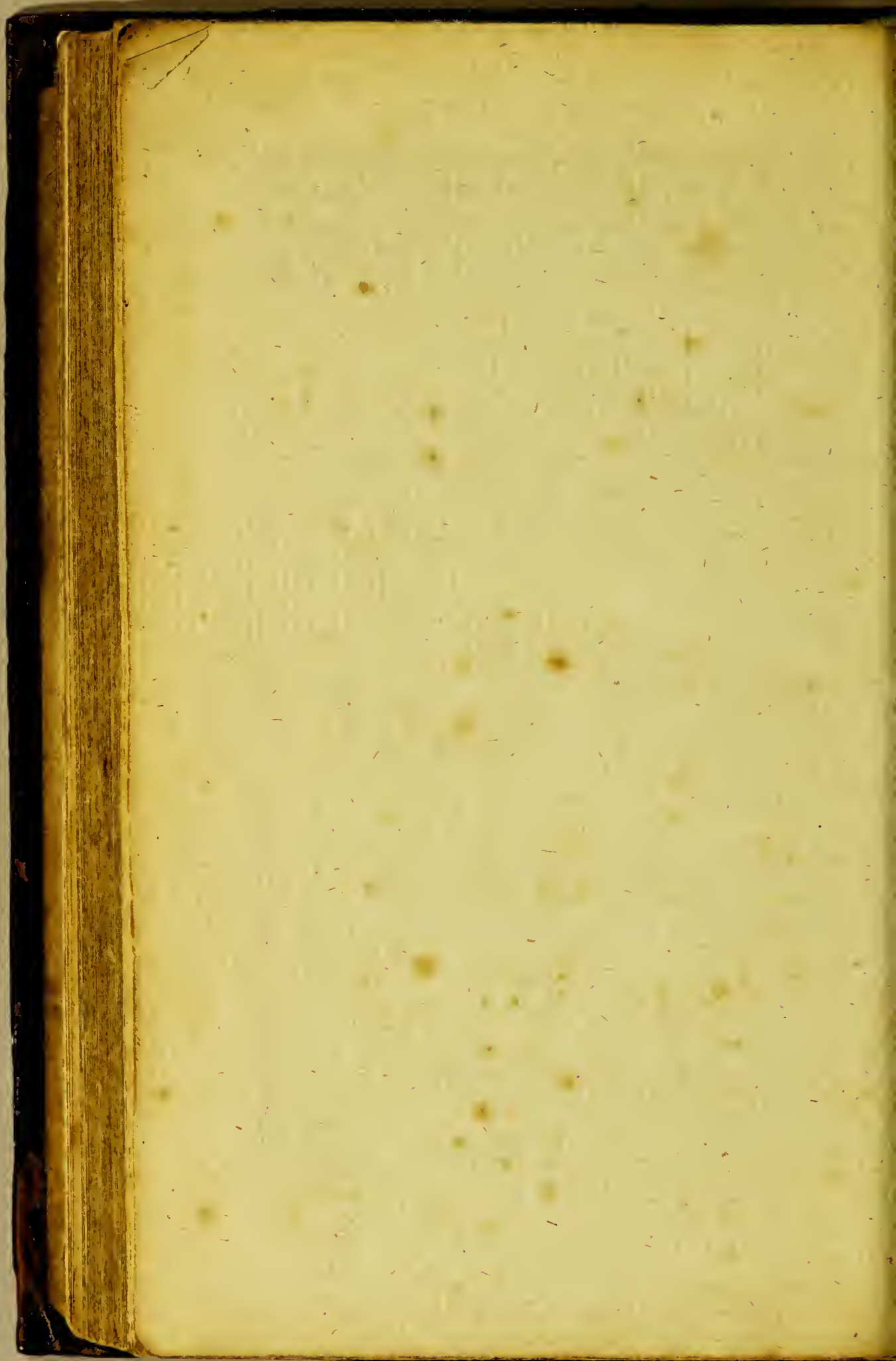
* *The execrable Valverde.*] The truth is too horrid to relate; Justice is here substituted in its place.

† *Perjured and a traitor.*] Almagro had sworn a-new, on a consecrated host, never to infringe on the rights of Pizarro, and his oath was expressed in these words: *O Lord, if I violate the oath which I here make, I wish that thou mayest confound me in my body, and in my soul.* According to this oath he was perjured.

and

and fanaticism, surrounded by massacres and devastation, sitting on heaps of slain, extended her looks over immense ruins, applauded herself at the sight, and praised Heaven for crowning her labours.

T H E E N D.





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